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THE LAND OF TO-MORROW

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOUTH AMERICA, OUR NEIGHBOR CONTINENT—THE FABULOUS RICHES LOCKED UP IN ITS FORESTS, PLAINS, AND MOUNTAINS—TREMENDOUS POSSIBILITIES OF DEVELOPMENT, MUCH OF WHICH HAS ALREADY BEGUN

SOUTH AMERICA is distinctly the land of to-morrow. It is a continent of vast and varied possibilities. The traveler and the scholar or the merchant and the promoter will find its peoples, problems, and potentialities of impelling



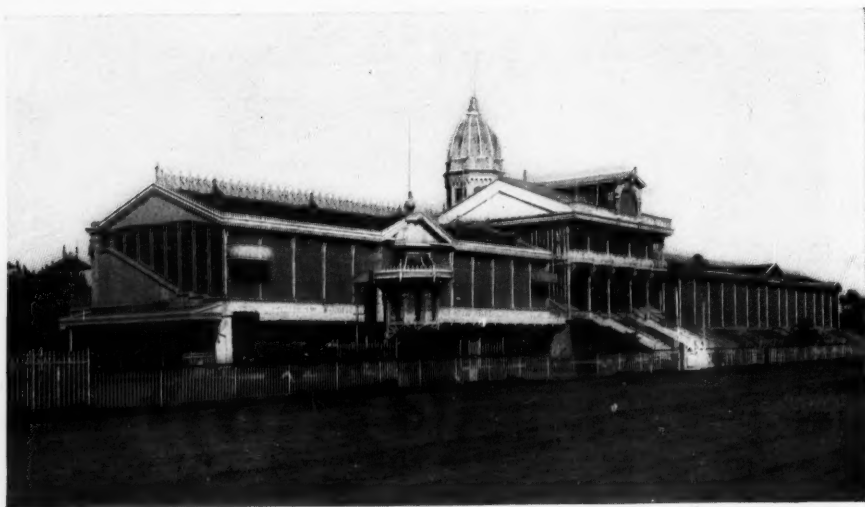
PLAZA VICTORIA, BUENOS AIRES—THE STATUE IN THE MIDDLE BACKGROUND COMMEMORATES THE EXPULSION OF THE ENGLISH FROM THE CITY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—AT THE RIGHT IS THE GREAT CATHEDRAL, WITH A COLUMNED PORTICO LIKE THAT OF THE MADELEINE, AT PARIS



THE PALM DRIVE, BUENOS AIRES—THIS BEAUTIFUL AVENUE, SEVERAL MILES LONG, IS THE PLACE WHERE THE FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES OF ARGENTINE SOCIETY ARE SEEN—THE TREES ARE ROYAL PALMS, WHICH, THOUGH NATIVE IN CUBA, HAVE BEEN TRANSPLANTED INTO MANY PARTS OF SOUTH AMERICA

interest. And yet the ignorance prevailing generally throughout the United States in regard to this great Southern continent is almost appalling. The average American, with all his close study of Europe and Asia, has neglected the history, growth, and characteristics of our sister American republics. He has been so absorbed, moreover, by our own astounding material progress and our home politics that he has given no heed to the industrial and economic movements and to the administrative achievements of South America.

Now, the whole world is beginning to turn its eyes southward. Europe has been gazing thither longer than the United States—and has results to show for her atti-



THE STAND AND PART OF THE RACE-TRACK OF THE JOCKEY CLUB, BUENOS AIRES—THIS IS ONE OF THE RICHEST TURF CLUBS IN THE WORLD—RACING IS A VERY POPULAR SPORT IN ARGENTINA

tude. Even Japan, China, South Africa, and Australia are discussing, more than we appreciate in the United States, the valuable opportunity for the extension of their commerce and trade with that wealthy, resourceful continent which is so accessible by either the Atlantic or the Pacific. More attention is given by the

sum in proportion to its population. Their diplomatic representatives in Washington constitute its governing board, of which the Secretary of State of the United States is chairman *ex officio*.

Although the bureau has done excellent work in the past, its responsibility



AVENIDA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES—TO CARVÉ THIS AVENUE THROUGH THE CITY MUCH PROPERTY HAD TO BE CONDEMNED—HERE ARE FOUND MANY STREET CAFÉS, LIKE THOSE OF PARIS—THE BUILDINGS ON EITHER SIDE ARE RESTRICTED TO A CERTAIN HEIGHT

press of Europe to South America in a week than by all the papers of the United States in a year. There are many signs of increased interest, however, throughout this country.

The International Bureau of American Republics at Washington, of which the writer is the director, finds particular evidence of this wider interest through the growth and nature of its correspondence. The bureau, founded sixteen years ago by the first Pan-American Conference, over which James G. Blaine presided, is maintained by the twenty-one republics of the western hemisphere, each of which contributes annually a certain

and program were broadly enlarged at the third Pan-American Conference, held in Rio de Janeiro last summer. It is the intention of the International Union of American Republics—the official name that represents their united action—to make the bureau a practical, world-recognized office and agency not only to build up commerce and trade among all the American republics, but to promote closer relations, to establish more friendly intercourse, to bring about a better understanding one of the other and to assist the approach to one another on the educational, intellectual, moral, and social as well as material and commercial

side. This is an ambitious scheme, but it is all possible of attainment.

The most encouraging feature of the new interest in the bureau's work is Andrew Carnegie's generous gift of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars,

and equipment. Facing the so-called White Lot, below the White House and State, War, and Navy Building, in Washington, a structure will be erected, not only noble in architecture and helpful in the consummation of the Burnham

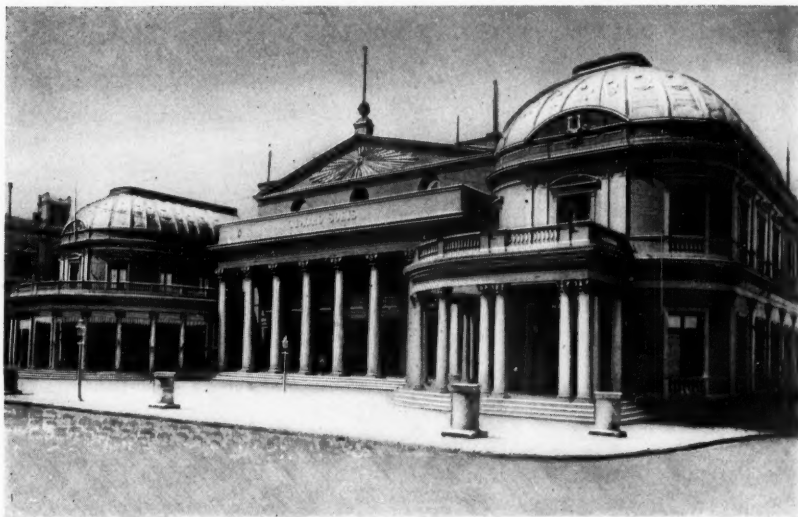


THE HOME OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER, LA PRENSA, OF BUENOS AIRES—BESIDES ITS EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES, THE PAPER MAINTAINS IN THIS BUILDING APARTMENTS FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AND A SCHOOL FOR TEACHING PURE SPANISH—LA PRENSA HAS ITS SPECIAL CABLE SERVICE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

with which to erect a permanent home—or Temple of Peace, as he appropriately names it. This large sum, with the amounts appropriated by the United States and other American governments for the site—about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—provides the bureau with one million dollars for a new plant

plan for beautifying the capital, but also suited in every way to the practical carrying out of the work of the bureau.

South America has many extraordinary features of natural and artificial development that surprise the uninformed. For example: How many people realize that Brazil could completely



TEATRO SOLIS, THE MUNICIPAL THEATER OF MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY—THIS INSTITUTION ENJOYS THE ADVANTAGE OF A GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY

cover the United States proper and still have room for another New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia combined? That out of the Amazon River flows every day three times the volume of water that flows from the Mississippi, and out of the Parana twice that of the North American queen of waters. These great South American streams afford incomparable opportunities for in-

terior navigation and the development of commerce.

The North American does not stop to think, when he remembers the old geographical story about the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro and the threadbare legends of yellow fever, that this capital of Brazil now has a population of eight hundred thousand, and is growing as fast as Boston, St. Louis, or Baltimore; that



THE CATHEDRAL, MONTEVIDEO—THIS HANDSOME EXAMPLE OF SPANISH-AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE FRONTS UPON THE PLAZA CONSTITUTION, OR "CONSTITUTION SQUARE," AS WE MIGHT CALL IT, IN THE URUGUAYAN CAPITAL

it spent more money for public improvements last year than any city in the United States, excepting New York; and that to-day it is one of the most interesting national centers of civilization, industry, art, literature, and education in the world.

Again, how many North Americans know that Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, is the largest city in the world south of the equator; that it is the second

Jockey Club; the most expensive system of artificial docks in all America, representing an expenditure of fifty million dollars.

At Lima, Peru, and at Cordoba, in Argentina, are universities whose foundations far antedate Harvard and Yale. There are so many other high educational institutions which go back to the sixteenth century that we fully appreciate the compliment Secretary Root paid to



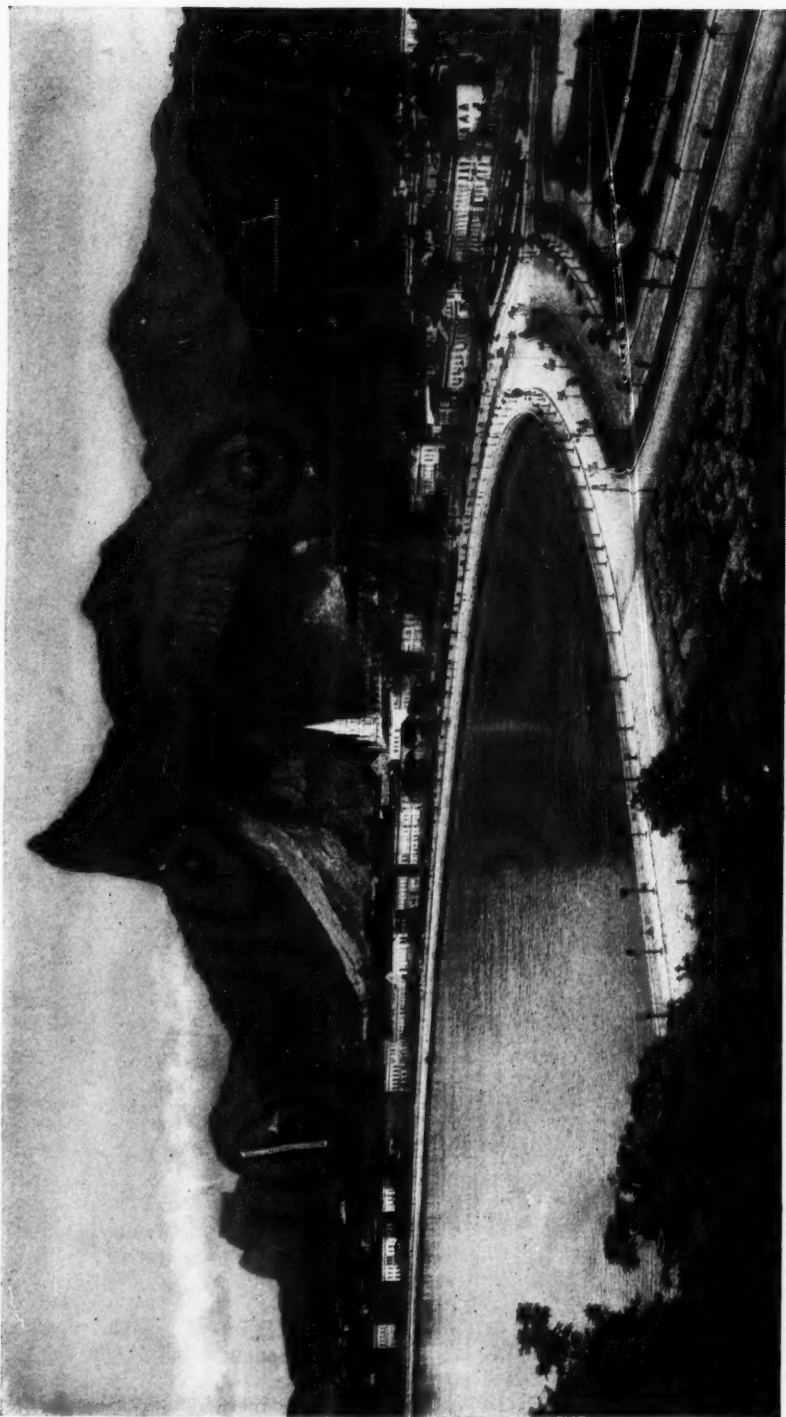
THE RAILROAD STATION AT SAO PAULO, BRAZIL—THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED BY THE ENGLISH COMPANY OWNING THE RAILROAD OVER WHICH A LARGE PART OF BRAZIL'S COFFEE IS TRANSPORTED TO TIDE-WATER

Latin city, ranking after Paris, in all the world; that it now has a population of one million one hundred thousand; and is growing faster than any city in the United States excepting New York or Chicago?

If surprised at this statement, they might be interested to learn that in Buenos Aires are the finest and costliest structure in the world used exclusively by one newspaper, the home of *La Prensa*; the most magnificent opera-house of the western hemisphere, costing more than ten million dollars and erected by the government; the handsomest and largest clubhouse in the world—that of the

South America when he said that the newer civilization of North America had much to learn from the older civilization of South America. Among the ruins of the Incas in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia are evidences of a wonderful age of material and intellectual development that long preceded the Spanish conquest, and are equaled in North America only by the similar ruins of the Aztecs in Mexico.

Referring now to exceptional commercial phases of South American development, there are some remarkable points to be borne in mind. It is predicted that within one or two years Argentina will export more wheat than the United



A GLIMPSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL WATERFRONT OF RIO DE JANEIRO—THE CITY IS BUILT UPON THE SHORES OF A LANDLOCKED BAY, SEVENTEEN MILES LONG—IT IS NATURALLY BROKEN UP INTO A NUMBER OF SECTIONS BY THE SPURS OF THE MOUNTAINS WHICH FROM ALL SIDES ARE STRETCHED DOWN TOWARD THE WATER

States. Two other startling possibilities are linked with this: one is, that refrigerated beef, grown and killed in Argentina, will soon be shipped to New York, and will there be sold far under the present so-called trust prices; and the other is that in a decade the northern section of Argentina will become a great cotton-

lion dollars in new work, while Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Venezuela are considering various practical and needed plans for new construction. A recent issue of a Berlin financial paper estimated that two billion dollars would be invested during the next decade in South American railways.



LOADING COFFEE AT SANTOS, BRAZIL, A SEAPORT TWO HUNDRED MILES SOUTHWEST OF RIO DE JANEIRO

growing country, competing successfully with our Southern States.

REMARKABLE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

The North American railroad man may be surprised to learn that between Chile and Argentina is being constructed the longest tunnel in the world. The highest points and most difficult construction that have ever been encountered in railway extension are found in Peru.

All over South America elaborate programs for new roads are being worked out. Argentina is already gridironed with excellent systems. Chile is pushing lines in all directions. Brazil is preparing to penetrate her vast jungles and connect distant points with Rio de Janeiro. Bolivia is spending more than fifty mil-

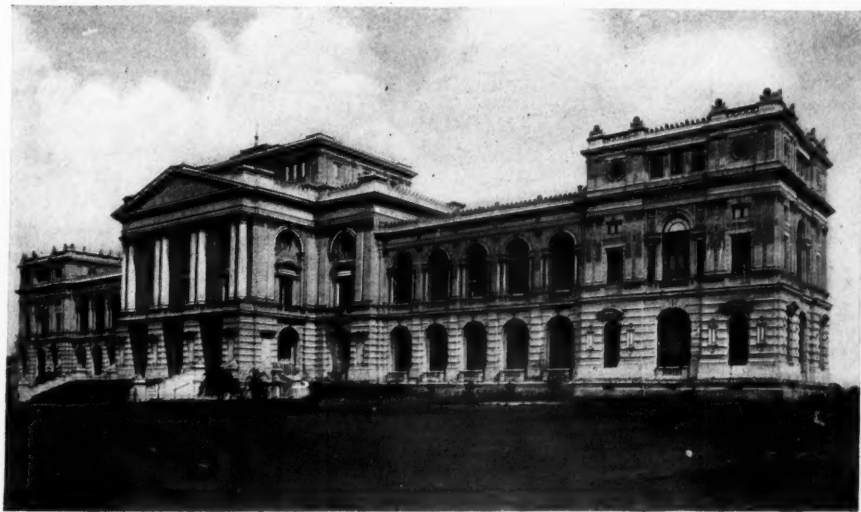
Throughout the United States interest is growing in favor of building, or aiding to build, a Pan-American railway, or connections, that will literally unite North and South America with ties and bands of steel. A permanent committee, created by the second Pan-American Conference, at Mexico, in 1901-1902, and continued by the third conference, at Rio de Janeiro, in 1906, has at its head such men as ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, and Andrew Carnegie, who not only are deeply interested in its consummation, but have the money themselves to undertake the work, if necessary. Charles M. Pepper, an authority on South American matters, recently made a careful study of the plan, and gave his conclusions in an elaborate favorable report.



PETROPOLIS, BRAZIL—IN THIS MOUNTAIN RESORT, NOT FAR FROM RIO DE JANEIRO, THE FOREIGN DIPLOMATS MAKE THEIR HOMES

The average North American may not realize that a perpendicular line drawn south from the statue of Liberty in New York Harbor would find nearly all of South America to the east of it. This

admission sorely distresses the person who thinks of South America as directly south of the United States, or of proceeding to any part of South America by San Francisco; but it is true nevertheless.



MUSEUM IPYRANZO, AT SAO PAULO, BRAZIL—THIS BUILDING MARKS THE SITE OF THE DECLARATION OF FREEDOM FROM PORTUGUESE RULE, WHICH WAS FOLLOWED BY THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EMPIRE

Likewise, few stop to think that north-eastern South America bulges out so far into the Atlantic that it is necessary for a ship or traveler from a North Atlantic port to proceed eastward a distance about equal to that of going to England or France before rounding this bulging point

of South America as possessing a large waste area due to tropical heat, this portion is not any more extensive than that of North America lying barren under snows or continued cold. The tropics, moreover, as a result of marvelous vegetation, will support a great population,



ON THE OROYO RAILROAD, WHICH AFFORDS COMMUNICATION WITH THE CERRO DE PASCO MINING DISTRICT, IN PERU—THIS RAILROAD REACHES A HIGHER POINT THAN ANY OTHER ON EARTH, TOUCHING FIFTEEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED FEET

and continuing southward to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires. South America in its relation to North America ought really to be called South-east America.

On the map, as we commonly study it, South America looks much smaller than North America. If we omit the great barren, frozen end of North America, or, on the other hand, leave out Alaska, South America would, in fact, entirely cover North America from Panama to Bering Sea. Although we think

while the severely cold regions must always be thinly populated.

SURPRISING COMPARISONS OF AREA

Comparisons often help us to grasp the size of unknown portions of the world. Brazil has already been mentioned as exceeding the United States proper in extent—the excess in favor of Brazil being about two hundred thousand square miles, or four times the area of New York.

In Argentina, located in the south tem-



AREQUIPA, PERU, WITH EL MISTI, ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND FEET HIGH, IN THE BACKGROUND—THIS CITY IS ONE OF THE THREE FOUNDED BY PIZARRO, AND BEFORE THE SPANISH CONQUEROR'S DAY IT WAS THE SITE OF AN INCA SETTLEMENT

perate zone, with a climate like that of the United States, could be placed all that part of our country east of the Mississippi River plus the first tier of States west of it.

Bolivia is comfortably half a dozen times larger than the combined areas of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.

Into Chile could be put four Nebras-kas.

Peru would obscure, if placed over them on the map, California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, and Idaho.

Paraguay is only four times bigger than Senator Beveridge's State of Indiana, while little Uruguay could wrap within its limits North Dakota.

Texas could be lost twice in Venezuela and still leave room for Kentucky and Tennessee.

On the globe, Ecuador does not spread

like a giant, but it could hold all New England, New York, and New Jersey.

Finally, there is Colombia, a land of splendid promise and mighty resources, whose nearest port is only nine hundred and fifty miles from the nearest port of the United States. This republic, over which presides with so much dignity and strength General Rafael Reyes, has an area as great as that of Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium combined.

These comparative data may aid in increasing respect for the "small" South American republics, which are too often mentioned throughout the United States in a patronizing manner.

A sad mistake is frequently made in considering the climate of our neighboring continent. Because it is called *South America*, the general supposition seems to be that it is all hot. A look at the map appears to support this theory. A large portion of the northern end is



VALPARAISO, CHILE—THE NAVAL MONUMENT, COMMEMORATING THE VICTORIES OF CHILE IN THE WAR WITH PERU—IN THE BACKGROUND IS SEEN THE ANCHORAGE

wholly in the tropical zone, and the equatorial circle passes across northern Brazil and Ecuador.

Probably, however, it is not remembered, except by special travelers and expert authorities, that vast sections of Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, and Brazil possess wide-reaching high plateaus where, on account of the elevation above the sea, the climate is as cool the year round as that of our Southern States in October. The temperature is so equable and favorable that there can be grown all the products of the temperate zone.

Altitude effects a very remarkable physical phenomenon in climate. For instance: If a man standing on the equator, at sea-level, mounts a mule and rides straight up into the mountains for five thousand two hundred and eighty feet, or one mile, he will experience as great a change of temperature and vegetation as if he traveled one thousand five hundred miles due north by land or sea. If he continues on higher to the plateaus of ten thousand five hundred and sixty feet altitude, or two miles up, he will find a difference as great as if he jour-

neyed two thousand five hundred miles north on the surface of the earth.

MULE-BACK ALONG STRANGE ROUTES

Last summer it was my experience, in company with Mr. Mahlon C. Martin, Jr., of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, to make one of the longest journeys over untraveled routes that has ever been undertaken by any American official in South America.

At the time, I was United States minister to Colombia, and stationed in Bogotá, its remote but interesting capital. Partly in an effort to comply with Secretary Root's instructions to meet him on the west coast of South America during his famous tour of that continent, partly from a desire to study carefully a vast unknown section of South America that will have a great development after the completion of the Panama Canal, and considerably from a spirit of adventure and in quest of strange scenes, we covered, including détours, a distance of one thousand five hundred miles over the high summits and plateaus and through the tropical valleys and deep cañons of the main ranges of the Andes Mountains. Of this one thousand five hundred miles

more than one thousand were traversed on mules by thirty-one days of continuous sticking to the saddle. The rest of the distance we traveled in railroad trains, steamboats, canoes, afoot, and in automobiles.

Not infrequently we would break camp in the morning at an altitude of ten thousand feet and regret that we were not clad like arctic explorers. By noon we would be lunching under a palm-tree with monkeys chattering about and filling us with envy that we were not dressed as sensibly as they. At night we would have climbed up again and sought rest almost under the shadow of perpetual snow. During this one day's journey we had seen growing the vegetation of both Montreal and Panama, and had passed through as many stages of climate and classes of products as we could in a two weeks' trip to and from Canada and the Isthmus.

The country we crossed, from Bogota to Guayaquil, by way of Quito, in Colombia and Ecuador, now has a population of one million, largely Indians descended from the Incas. Within a decade after the Panama Canal is constructed, these uplands and valleys should experience a special exploitation, for they could

easily support a white population of five million and are splendidly rich in both agricultural and mineral possibilities.

THE STORY OF COMMERCE AND TRADE

The foreign commerce of South America tells a convincing story. It shows us that the field is of critical importance to our manufacturers and exporters. It proves that South America has awakened to a new life, and is buying and selling like any prosperous part of the world.

The total foreign trade—exports and imports—of the ten independent South American republics—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela—and of the British, French, and Dutch Guianas, exceeded in 1905 the sum of one billion two hundred million dollars. Now, if we study the long list of exports and imports of these countries and consider the geographical relation of the same countries to the United States, we say that the latter's share of this trade ought to have been at least five hundred million dollars. In fact it was under two hundred and fifty million dollars, with a balance against us of nearly one hundred million dollars in the value of their exports over their imports.



PUNTA ARENAS, CHILE, THE SOUTHERNMOST CITY IN THE WORLD, SITUATED ON THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN—FORMERLY A PENAL SETTLEMENT, PUNTA ARENAS IS NOW A FUR PORT AND WOOL CENTER

This situation alone shows that we are not mastering the opportunity as we should, and that Europe is awake to the benefits which will result from keen exploitation. It is now estimated that the foreign commerce of South America for the year 1907 will aggregate nearly one billion five hundred million dollars, an increase of three hundred million dollars.

Argentina's record in material progress rivals Japan's. With only six million inhabitants, Argentina astonished the world by conducting in 1906 a trade

our exports only to the small value of fifteen million dollars. Something is wrong here; and the situation is emphasized when we note the heavy purchases from or in Europe. Chile engaged in a foreign commerce worth one hundred and forty million dollars, but the allotment of the United States was only seventeen million dollars. Of almost every other South American country we might sing the same song.

There are now nearly fifty million people living south of the Panama Canal,



THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN QUITO, ECUADOR—QUITO IS THE CITY WHICH LIES ALMOST EXACTLY ON THE EQUATOR AT AN ALTITUDE OF TEN THOUSAND FEET

valued at five hundred and sixty million dollars—buying and selling more in the markets of foreign nations than Japan with a population of forty millions and China with three hundred millions. Surely these are figures and results which should make us stop and think. Of these five hundred and sixty million dollars in foreign trade, the portion of the United States was only fifty-two million dollars. Proper effort should double that total in another year.

Brazil sold to the United States in 1905 coffee and other products worth nearly one hundred million dollars, but bought

or a population equal to that of the German Empire. Immigration is pouring rapidly into Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, and Chile. As admission to the United States becomes more strict, the tide will turn to South America. As it is, nearly five hundred thousand Italian and Spanish immigrants landed at Buenos Aires during the past year. The totals at Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Valparaiso were, of course, much smaller, but they indicated a marked increase in the number of people leaving southern Europe to seek new homes in southern and middle South America, where the climate is



PART OF THE ANCIENT WALL OF CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA—THIS CITY WAS THE PORT WHENCE PERUVIAN GOLD WAS SHIPPED TO EUROPE, AND SPAIN SPENT FIFTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS TO BUILD THE HUGE ENCLOSING WALL, AS A PROTECTION AGAINST PIRATES

not at all dissimilar to that of their home countries.

While the Spanish language is the common tongue of all South America except Brazil, it must be remembered that the latter has a population of nearly twenty millions and occupies nearly half the area of the continent. Portuguese is spoken throughout its limits, and Spanish is seldom heard among its people. The languages are similar but difficult for the same person to understand, unless the ear is carefully trained to the sounds and inflections of both. All well-educated persons in Spanish and Portuguese America speak and read French almost as well as their native tongue.

It would be fortunate if more Americans would try one of three or four trips to South America instead of always running over to Europe or seeking Japan and India. The best general route would be to go down to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires on the Atlantic coast, cross to Santiago and Valparaiso, and then come up the Pacific coast by way of Lima and Panama, and thence to New York. Such a tour could be made in

three months, but it would mean rapid movement.

There are fast, capacious, handsome passenger and mail steamers leaving Southampton, Hamburg, Cherbourg, Lisbon, or Marseilles for Rio and Buenos Aires at frequent intervals; but there are few, if any, first-class, large, rapid passenger and mail boats running from New York or other North American ports direct for the east coast of South America. It is true that there are several lines of semi-cargo and regular freight steamers, but they do not answer.

There must come an improvement in steamship facilities between the United States and Brazil and Argentina, if the United States is not to be distanced in the race with Europe for trade.

SOME MISTAKES OF THE PAST

If the question were asked: "Why have we not made more progress with our prestige and trade in South America in the past?"—it might be said that we have not appreciated and studied South American peoples, nations, governments, habits, and customs as they deserved.

There has been a tendency to look down upon our sister republics.

Difference in language and lineage has also worked against us. Instead of our mastering Spanish, Portuguese, or French, we have expected them to understand our English. We have always approached South America on the material side and discussed opportunities for making money without endeavoring to get into closer touch along intellectual,

pective visit of Professor Shepherd, of Columbia University, following close on the journey of Secretary Root, will be productive of great good in inaugurating a new era of intercourse and relationship. One of the principal influences that helped to make the mission of Mr. Root a thorough success was the recognition by South Americans of a great intellectual force and noble, statesmanlike character in him that was far above the consid-



A VIEW OF CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA, SHOWING AT THE RIGHT THE LOURDES CHAPEL—THE CITY LIES IN A FERTILE VALLEY THREE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL—THE POPULATION IS ABOUT ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

literary, and educational lines, to which South Americans give great attention. We have neglected to realize that their history teems with the exploits of patriotic heroes and with the names of brilliant authors, philosophers, and poets of whom we have no knowledge. Then, we have taken little note of the universities, hospitals, training-schools, literary circles, newspapers, libraries, art and scientific museums, which, in proportion to population and opportunity, rival those of North American cities and capitals.

The presence now in South America of Professor Moses, of the University of California; of Professor Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania; and the pros-

eration of barter. They saw in him a man who stood for the best in American contemporary life, and they gave him a welcome that could not have been surpassed in spontaneity, magnificence, expense, and effect, if he had been President Roosevelt or King Edward.

Through his speeches, manner, and personality, Secretary Root accomplished more, in the three months which he spent encircling South America, to bring about a new era of Pan-American confidence and good-will than all the diplomatic correspondence and all the visits of promoters and exploiters in a century.

South America is undoubtedly entering upon a new industrial and material

movement. Its development during the next ten years will arrest the attention of the world. Its mining wealth and resources alone, especially those of gold, copper, silver, tin, platinum, and nitrate in the Andean states of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile, will require the investment of North American capital not unlike that already needed in Alaska and Mexico. If, as statistics certify, eight hundred million dollars of North American money have been placed in Mexico, there will be room for eight billions throughout the immense territory

of all Latin America, from Mexico and Cuba to Argentina and Chile.

There is no limit to the demands upon capital for legitimate railway-building, but the requirements for electric tramways, electric lights, for utilization of water-powers, for the erection of factories, water-supply plants, sewerage works, telephone and telegraph systems, for agricultural extension, stock-raising, and kindred undertakings, offer innumerable attractive opportunities for the personal or combined action and interest of North Americans.

THE OLD RUN TRAIL

Oh, love, to-day I strolled along
 The old run trail we loved so well
 In days gone by when we were young
 And first began our love to tell.
 The old still pools beneath the boughs
 Of matted willows are no more;
 But from their beds stout poplars grow,
 With branches linking shore to shore.

The trail is overgrown, dear love,
 With bugle weeds in lavish spread,
 While here and there, on either side,
 A hardy foxglove rears its head;
 But still unchanged the big rock stands
 Close by the bend, love, where so oft
 We lingered, while the breeze o'erhead
 Breathed pixy love in whispers soft.

The shadow there is still more dense
 E'en than it was years, years ago.
 There's such a leafy mass o'erhead,
 The sunlight seldom wanders through.
 Great squares of moss the old rock line,
 In bright and dark shades gathered there,
 While round its base, like tangled lace,
 Grow long-leaf ferns and maidenhair.

And, love, a little farther on,
 You know, the two old beeches stood,
 The two we thought the dearest trees
 In all that love-enchanted wood?
 You named them for yourself and me,
 So little space were they apart,
 Where, on each one, I carved our names
 And linked them with a single heart.

Well, now their boughs have interlocked,
 Till breezes sway the two as one,
 And thus they cling in fond embrace
 There close beside the old creek run
 Ah, they were sweet, those mem'ries dear
 Of our young love there in the dale,
 That flocked upon me, as, to-day,
 I strolled along the old run trail.

Charles Sloan Reid

A FAREWELL DINNER

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AN elevator was near Marston Ewing's bedroom in the clubhouse, but he turned to the stairway and descended slowly. While he was dressing for Lossiter's dinner, he had resolved to be leisurely and unmoved throughout the evening. Whether or not Lossiter had invited him in a spirit of bravado, Ewing had accepted in that sort of a mood. The invitation was at least unconventional, for Ewing was neither an intimate friend of Lossiter's, nor was he to be an usher at Lossiter's wedding to Miss Constance Brettingham. Moreover, it is not conventional for a prospective bridegroom to ask to a bachelor dinner a man who has once been engaged, if only by gossip, to the prospective bride.

Ewing pretended to scan the bulletin-board in the office. He could see Lossiter waiting for his guests in the strangers' room. Lossiter, the newly risen financial magnate, was a stocky, middle-aged man, with a square and somewhat gross face. Ewing shrugged his shoulders.

"Hello, Marston!" exclaimed young Potter, who was frowning over a menu in the office. "By George, I hardly knew you without the black beard! When did you take it off? Dining alone?"

"No," said Ewing. "Wish I were."

"So do I, for then you'd be dining with me," rejoined Potter paradoxically.

"I'm booked for a blowout of Lossiter's," Ewing said.

Potter stared at him in frank amazement.

"Deuce you are!" he blurted. "I mean, you're lucky," he amended, in embarrassed haste. "It will be as powerful a spread as money can buy in New York."

Ewing smiled grimly and strolled on. It amused him to observe that, in Potter's estimation, he was Constance Brettingham's discarded lover whose heart-wounds were still sensitive. In fact, Ewing had long since determined that they

were nothing of the kind. The incredible suddenness with which the girl had dropped him; the unsolved riddle of Mrs. Brettingham's enigmatical letter from Kluxen, in the Austrian Tyrol, where she and Constance were staying when the change came; their denial to Ewing of any explanation of such amazing unfairness—these things curiously had saved Ewing's heart from serious wound.

After a year, he thought that he could discover within his spirit only the complaint of a grievously hurt sense of justice. He knew that Mrs. Brettingham, with her cruel ambition set on a fortune for her daughter, had always been his unscrupulous enemy, although she was his father's cousin. But Constance? Had she ever loved him? She had never told him so, despite rumors of their engagement. Did he now love her? These were speculations in which Ewing stoutly forbore to indulge.

Lossiter's party was not so large as Ewing had expected. Most of the dozen guests in the private dining-room were men of Lossiter's stamp—adventurous Western barons of high finance, who had evidently made it a point to celebrate their leader's triumphant admission to that which Ewing felt sure they alluded to among themselves as "real New York aristocracy." Monty Mason, an elderly club-man, occasionally caught Ewing's eye with a languid grin which testified that he appreciated the situation.

Ewing found that the dinner was ostensibly a farewell banquet to Forrit, one of Lossiter's partners, who was sailing the next day for a year's absence among some colossal steel-plants in Japan. But when the champagne appeared they toasted Lossiter's bride. Then Lossiter stood up.

"Let me give you a sentiment, gentlemen," he proposed quietly. "The best wish I can make for you: that my—my

future wife may number you all, some time, among her friends."

There was a certain bluff dignity about him which challenged Ewing's approval. Forrit was moved to the expression of a mother-in-law joke. It convulsed Monty Mason, and even Ewing chuckled, forming a mental picture of Mrs. Brettingham's hard face and little, calculating eyes. But Lossiter shot a warning look at the humorist.

"Less noise, Dick," said Lossiter good-naturedly. "Did the new vein of the Bald Eagle assay much?"

However, as Ewing's liking for his host increased, the dinner lost dramatic interest for him in proportion. He declined a second cigar. With the exception of Lossiter, Mason, and Ewing, all of the diners followed Forrit to a card-table in an alcove. It was then that a waiter brought a card to Monty Mason.

II

MASON was perplexed.

"I say, Lossiter," he explained, "I'm in sort of a fix. Here's a German fellow who put himself out a lot for me abroad. I told him whenever he paid his first visit to the States to make this club his own, hunt me up, and so on. Well, he has just landed." Monty twirled the card in his fingers. "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me," he concluded.

"Why, have him in," said Lossiter. "Sure. Have him in."

"He's a good chap," said Mason. "Speaks English, tells stories, and all that. Waiter, show Mr. von Bralenheim in here."

Von Bralenheim shook hands all around with eager vivacity. He was a traveler anxious both to please and to be pleased; he was charmed with New York, charmed with the club, charmed to drink coffee with American gentlemen. These compliments having been delivered impartially, the card-party returned to the alcove, and Von Bralenheim glanced again at Ewing.

"Pardon, sir," he said diffidently. "Your face—somehow—we have met. But no?"

"No," laughed Ewing. "You have never visited our country before, Mr. von Bralenheim? And I have never been out of it."

"Ah, pardon," repeated the stranger, and rapped his forehead reproachfully. "I look again and I see I am wrong. Pardon. So, Mr. Lossiter, you celebrate your marriage? That is good." Von Bralenheim suddenly glowed with a German's sentimental enthusiasm. "To an American lady, may I be so bold?"

Lossiter silently nodded.

"Ah, the American ladies!" cried Von Bralenheim rapturously. "Have I not seen them? They are divine!"

He looked toward the poker-game, now in full swing. Ewing, searching for a chance to say good night, shifted uneasily in his chair, Lossiter was obviously bored, and the conversation halted for a minute.

"I fear I keep you from your play," said Von Bralenheim. "I know not that game. Please, on my account—"

"What about the American ladies?" interrupted Mason, anxious to lead his guest into some anecdote for the entertainment of Lossiter and Marston Ewing. "You fellows are always falling in love with them, I dare say."

"That is true," replied Von Bralenheim soberly. "But now—I am afraid of them. There was an experience—not a love experience, but interesting. Shall I tell you? Yes? Over a year ago it happened, at Kliven, a spa where I am once in the Tyrol."

Ewing, with a growing premonition, bent over the cigar-tray and selected a perfecto studiously.

"Two American ladies come to Kliven then," pursued Von Bralenheim. "A mother and a daughter. Pardon, I shall not call their names. They were a mother and a daughter, but not similar, no. The maiden so sad, so white, so, if you like, without life. I am interested. I say, 'These so abominable spring-waters of Kliven will never cure this maiden.'"

Ewing knew that the foreigner could be speaking only of the Brettingshams, and, for his own part, he was willing that the story should proceed. He scrutinized Mason through a blue cloud of tobacco-smoke. It was evident that Monty did not suspect; he had never heard of Kliven.

"So I am able to procure these ladies some services at our hotel," the German

was saying, "and I become acquaintance. I love not that mother, with her face like that of one who keeps a jail, not soft.

"The daughter so invalid I think she is an angel. All day she is on a bench in the garden, sad, lonely. I make little riding-parties, little music-parties. She thanks me, but they are nothing. Her heart is sick. And the mother knows why. Man sees that in the mother's face, which is not soft.

"So! One day comes the Comtesse Beaufolais to Klisen. Perhaps she came once to your New York, also. No? The mother said so afterward, but the mother would say anything. The *comtesse* we used to see everywhere—Vienna, St. Petersburg, Monaco—and chiefly Monaco. You are aware the species, eh? A lovely lady, gentlemen, who played with scandal and the *croupiers*, always with audacity and victory. But she was not a *comtesse*. That I knew about her with positiveness, but nothing worse—with positiveness. Then a strange thing happens. The young American girl—but I weary you?"

Lossiter grunted a negative, the politeness of which Ewing, puffing his cigar, thought somewhat strained.

"Go on," advised Monty Mason hopefully. "What happened?"

"The young American girl," said Von Bralenheim, "conceived for this Beaufolais a fondness the most extraordinary. It is as if she is bewitched by this Beaufolais. She makes of her a friend. The girl is amused, she smiles, she colors, she has life. Perhaps it is because the so gay *comtesse* is something new to her. Then I take alarm. I am—what you call it?—stewed. In confidence I accost the mother, with no pleasure, I assure you, for her face was not soft.

"All right," says the mother-lady. "I think, Herr von Bralenheim, that it is no harm for my daughter to be amused. I wish my daughter to come from herself, to consider new persons and to forget the old. That is why we are here. All right."

"Very good, then. I know not with positiveness of the *comtesse*, and I must wash my hands. Even when I hear that the *comtesse* has an apartment in the suite of the Americans, still I wash my hands.

But not so, gentlemen, when the *comtesse* is dead in that apartment, poisoned with her chloral.

"It was in the afternoon—three o'clock. Fifine, the maid, meets me on the stairs of the hotel. She is wild, lunatic. She has told no one yet of her mistress. I go back with her to that room. The Beaufolais lies on a couch—cold, smiling, dead—her hands folded on her breast. The empty vial was near by.

"I give a quick search around for letters, tokens; for, to speak truth, I knew men who were friends to the *comtesse*, and I did not wish their names to be found in that room. But I see nothing. In the next chamber I hear a woman rustling.

"Himmel!" I think. 'It is Miss—pardon; it is the daughter,' I think. 'This so sudden death of her friend will hurt her—kill her, too, it may be.'

"But it was the mother who comes. She looks at me, at the poor Beaufolais, at Fifine, fainted on the floor, at the vial. Her face changes not.

"Suicide?" she says, and I gave a yes with my head.

"Then she was a bad woman," says the mother.

"She is dead," I say. 'That is enough.'

"It will be known to all now that she was a bad woman," said the old lady.

"This is to be the most shocking to your daughter," I said.

"Then changes the mother's face. For a minute she says nothing, looking around her slowly and making her lips together.

"My daughter sleeps," she said. 'I will call her presently. Do you go quickly and bring authorities—and take that girl away.'

III

"So! I carried out Fifine to the dressing-room, and I left the mother alone with the Beaufolais, looking around her slowly and making her lips together.

"In Klisen one finds not authorities on the instant. I do not uproar the hotel. I run to their *stadthaus*, I summon officers, we run back, and now, very straight and cold, stands the daughter in the apartment of the *comtesse*. She beckons me into a recess, and I am amazed. Because she did not cry. Her

eyes were clear; only two spots of red in her cheeks.

"Herr von Bralenheim," she said, 'they will search the papers, the belongings, of this woman who killed herself?'

"No," I said. 'For why? It is not murder.'

"I desire to see what they find," she said. 'This woman was a liar.'

"I had no words.

"She told my mother this morning," said the young lady, 'what she did not tell me. Also I just now find something for myself. She was a liar. The world is made of liars, Herr von Bralenheim.'

"Then she lifted her arm with passion, and I perceived that she held a photograph. And I perceived that her coldness was pretend and that her soul blazed. But I was, as before, mindful of my friends, and I looked at that photograph.

"With my own hands," says the girl, 'I take it from her hands as she lay dead. She died, that woman, with this in her hands.'

"I think to myself that cannot be, because the poor *comtesse* had no picture by her when Fifine brought me.

"But I was silent. She threw the photograph on the floor. I looked at the photograph. I did not know him. It was the portrait of a young man—a young man with a black beard."

There was a clattering like the click of a score of castanets in the alcove as a stack of poker-chips fell from the table to the floor. At the noise Ewing stirred slightly.

"That settles it," laughed Forrit. "Cash in. Game's over."

Mason yawned covertly. "Quite gruesome, Von Bralenheim," he said. "Why did the mother put the man's picture in the dead woman's hands? Old cat! To queer him with her daughter, eh?"

"I am not your great policeman—your Sharelach Hollums," protested Von Bralenheim gaily. "It was a story to show how your American ladies are interesting to me once. That is all. They left Klíxen on the morrow, mother and daughter. I had resolved to set the daughter right, but they left on the morrow—and I fear that mother. So!"

"And what," said Ewing, "became of the picture?"

"I keep him for a little souvenir," replied Von Bralenheim.

Ewing rose hastily, and said good night. He hoped that the effect on him of the German's story went unremarked amid the winy talk and laughter of the reunited dinner party. He locked his bedroom door before he allowed himself to think of anything except escaping unobserved. Then he opened the window and sat down in an easy-chair.

"I love her," he said, aloud and deliberately.

His mind did not dwell on the outrageous deception which Constance had endured, nor on the unquestioning submissiveness with which she had endured it. His indignation did not sting him. It was forgotten in a wave of affectionate pity for that lonely girl in the far-away Austrian town, white and drooping under the implacable ambition of an unnatural mother. He reproached himself hotly. It was his own proud and injured silence which had permitted her to be stolen from him.

"I love her," he repeated. "It is too late, and I love her."

IV

UNTIL a church-clock boomed, he did not realize how long he had been sitting there, lost in passionate regret. He turned on the electric light when some one knocked, and when he opened the door Lossiter entered.

Lossiter fastened the lock again before he spoke.

"Well, here's your photograph," he said, and tossed it on the table. "What are we going to do?"

Ewing, dumfounded, blinked at the picture without seeing it.

"I've been in that weak-kneed Dutchman's room on the floor above," explained Lossiter.

"Does he guess," said Ewing hoarsely, "that I am the—"

"Not on your life," broke in Lossiter. "I lied like the devil. But I told him I knew the girl, and that I wanted that photo. He gave it up, all right."

Between his big teeth Lossiter had an unlighted cigar, bitten down to half its length. He flung it out of the window. Then he took a fresh one from his pocket and slipped off his coat.

"Smoke?" he said.

Ewing refused mechanically. Lossiter lit his cigar and planted himself on the arm of the easy-chair, bracing his thick shoulders and doubling a brawny, hairy fist on each knee.

"Now," said he, "what are we going to do?"

"Do?" echoed the younger man.

"That's the word, Ewing. I've had a rough-and-tumble life, but I never tried to win out on a crooked play yet, and I sha'n't begin now, you can bank on that." He fumbled impatiently with the low collar of his shirt, and Ewing noted how tense were the muscles of his fighter's neck and his square face. "Well, Mrs. Brettingham made a mean, crooked play over in Europe. I've just found it out, same as you. I don't propose to stand for it."

Ewing steadied his nervous hands on the brass rail at the foot of the bed.

"But you had nothing to do with it, Lossiter," he faltered. "It was before you knew them, wasn't it? So whose affair is it but mine? And now that the thing is all over—it's too late."

"Stop!" snapped Lossiter. "I reckon you don't understand. I'm not kicking on your account, or my own. I don't care a picayune for myself, or you, or anybody, except the girl. She's pure and high as the angels. She sha'n't be played by a lying trick, if I can help it. She's to be won straight, or"—he stroked his knees and his voice fell—"or she's not to be won at all," he finished.

Since Ewing's school-days he had not seen such intensity of feeling so completely unmasked, and in its presence he was at first timid. He tried to take mental refuge in the conventions. Surely, Constance must never know this story. Lossiter raised his head with a brisk movement.

"Well, what are we going to do?" he said for the third time.

"Nothing," replied Ewing. "With my consent, Miss Brettingham shall never be distressed by this incident."

"Because you love her?" Lossiter's elemental directness was invincibly, brutally contagious. "You love her, Ewing?" he repeated. "Speak out, man."

"I must love her," said Ewing under his breath. "And you, Lossiter?"

"I'd die for her, any old style you name, ten times over," rejoined Lossiter.

"And she loves you," Ewing said.

Lossiter brought his fist down on the arm of the chair, shaking the room.

"By the Lord! How do I know?" he cried fiercely. "Her mother says—but who can believe her mother, after this?" and he jumped to his feet.

"But it's enough," persisted Ewing, "that we both care for Miss Brettingham's happiness. Why should we distress her, now, with the story of that falsehood? What advantage—"

"Because she and falsehood don't hitch," said Lossiter. "That's why. Because she'd stand distress a heap easier than deceit. And because, if she wanted to care for you, she had a right to. She's got a right to now." He pulled out his watch. "The Brettings were going to a ball to-night," he considered. "If we hustle we can see her—"

"Good God, Lossiter!" interposed Ewing. "Are you mad? You tell me to speak out. I will. You can't deal with a delicate, sensitive girl that way. Forgive me—but perhaps I know more about the Brettingham type of people than you do."

"That's so," yielded Lossiter; "but—"

"You and I would be insane to disclose this thing now," said Ewing. "Don't you understand? It is too late. Your engagement is announced. You're bound to respect it. And this is New York, Lossiter, and the Brettings are New York bred."

Lossiter scowled and put on his coat.

"This whole business is out of my line, sure," said he.

"Exactly," pursued Ewing, convinced momentarily by his own argument. "Whatever there might have been between Constance and me is past and gone. She belongs to you. Society has given her to you. Let us never speak of this again to a living soul."

"Well," said Lossiter, going to the door, "every man's got to do what's right, according to himself. You mustn't mind if my way isn't your New York way, Ewing. You'd have had me keep my mouth shut this evening." He turned on the threshold. "Maybe there's a lot

for me to learn about women and society, and all that. So long. Good luck!"

"Good luck!" said Ewing, as their hands met involuntarily. "You'll make Miss Brettingham a good husband, Lossiter, and—"

"I'll try," Lossiter said, and walked heavily away.

V

IN the morning young Potter encountered Ewing in the vestibule of the club. The hall-man handed Ewing a note.

"My boy, you look white and squiffy!" criticized Potter. "Wet night, eh? And you're too late to see him off. Do you call that courteous to your host?"

"How's that?" asked Ewing. The

familiar monogram on the tinted envelope dazed his tired eyes.

"Why, Lossiter and Forrit and the whole gang," said Potter. "They've just left for the boat. It seems that Lossiter, all of a sudden, made up his mind to sail, too. Queer, eh? Everybody thought," he added cautiously, "that his wedding was due this month."

Ewing did not hear. The words of the note flashed at him like magical diamonds.

Mr. Lossiter has told me everything.
Come. CONSTANCE.

As if he were fearful of awaking from a wonderful dream, Ewing strode down the avenue in the glorious, golden light of the new day.

THE FLITTIN'

I

SHURE, the little house is tumblin' now;
Aye, tumblin' iv'ry day;
But my own wee lad is makin' goold
Far out beyant the say.
An' the little lad is growin' fast—
Is growin' brave an' tall.
Och! if only I could see him wunst—
Just wunst before the fall!

II

Will he niver quit his askin' now,
How things does be wid me?
"How's the wee heifers doin' at all?
An' how's the hawthorn-tree?"
The flittin' 'ill be on Monday first
From th' ould house to the new!
I's terrible bad, the neighbors say—
The docthor knows it, too.

III

Shure, the little house is fallin' fast;
Aye, fallin' all aroun'.
The heifers is sold to Dan Magee
To pay my keep in town;
Yon hawthorn all is wither'd now;
I'll niver see it bloom,
For God in heav'n is waitin' on me—
An' knows I'm comin' soon.

IV

But my own wee lad is earnin' goold
Far out beyant the say;
An' he bees thinkin' I'm mendin' now.
Och! the bittther day!
For the little home is broken up;
To quit it now is sore,
But God, I know, 'ill see me through,
As I shuts th' oul' brown door!

Agnes I. Hanrahan

WAS IBSEN REALLY A GENIUS?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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A SURE ESTIMATE OF A WRITER'S GREATNESS IS MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY TIME; BUT, KNOWING THE REAL QUALITIES OF IBSEN, WE MAY FIND APPROXIMATELY HIS FUTURE POSITION—THE FOUR CHIEF ELEMENTS OF IBSEN'S GREATNESS DEFINED

IMMEDIATELY after the death of a man of letters who has loomed large in the eyes of the world, there is an outburst of eulogy. Laudatory articles appear in the daily newspapers within twenty-four hours after his death; and the strain of praise is echoed again in the weekly journals. A little later the monthly magazines consider his career and dwell on the characteristics which gave him prominence. After a while come the stately quarterly reviews, in which the criticism is likely to be more elaborate and only a little less enthusiastic. His friends prepare their reminiscences of him; his letters are collected; and enterprising biographers bring forth "lives" of more or less authority. If he has left any unpublished work, this is eagerly awaited and warmly received when it appears at last. And then the interest slackens a little and begins to die down.

The most of these earlier articles are warmly appreciative, on the theory that we should speak only good of the dead. But in time there is a lessening of this fervor of appreciation. Now and again a voice is raised in protest against the chorus of praise. When the signs of reaction are unmistakable that very useful person, the Devil's Advocate, comes forward briskly and begins to deny even the very qualities which all united in belauding only a few years earlier. Then the pendulum is likely to swing too far the other way; and the reputation

which had been unduly exalted is often unduly debased.

But time can be trusted to reestablish the equilibrium. If the author really revealed in his works the qualities which are essential to greatness, if the appeal which he made to mankind was sufficiently universal and sufficiently permanent, then his fame revives and he comes into his own again.

This is what happened to Byron, for example, whose reputation overspread all Europe in the few months after his early death in Greece. He was hailed as the greatest poet of the century. But by the time Moore was ready with his biography the reaction had set in, the defects in Byron's technic were becoming obvious, the egotism of his attitude had been perceived; and his fame shrank swiftly, not to expand again until the final quarter of the nineteenth century, when a few of the wiser leaders of literature recognized the rarity of Byron's gifts and the real power and sweep of his best work.

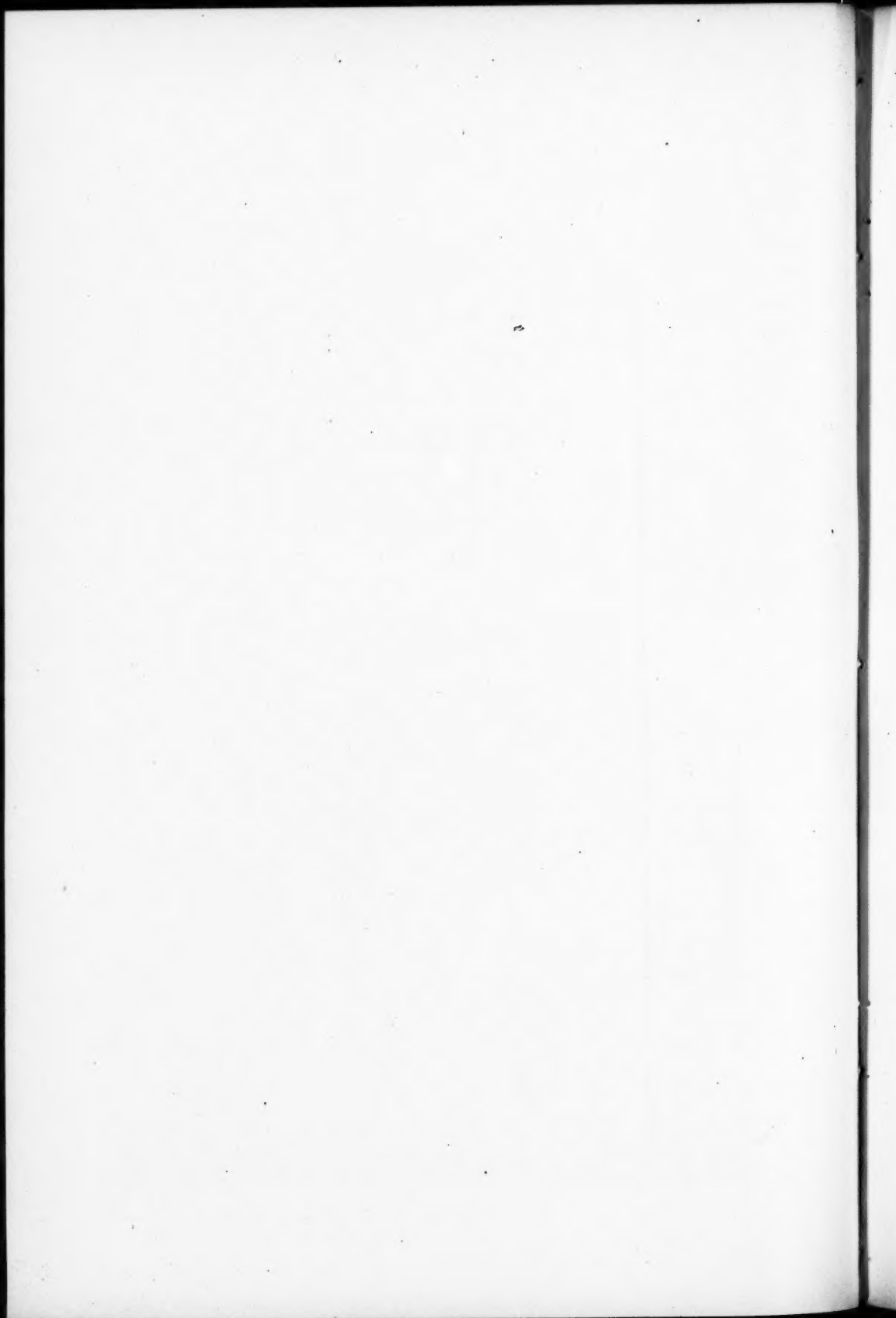
HUGO'S LOST REPUTATION

The same fate has befallen Victor Hugo, to whom France gave a national funeral a score of years ago, and for whom of late many French critics have had only words of disparagement. Probably it will be ten or twenty years yet before Hugo will recover from the hostile analysis of his immense production. Then time will make its unerring choice



HENRIK IBSEN

From a photograph by Niblin, Christiania



from out this mass, and the selected masterpieces will emerge. By these masterpieces the great French poet will then be judged, and for them he will be cherished, the rest of his writings being allowed to drop out of sight, just as everything of Defoe's has dropped out of sight except "Robinson Crusoe."

What has happened to Byron and to Hugo is what will happen to Ibsen. The laudatory chants about his bier still linger in our ears; and we have before our eyes the reminiscences of his friends and the cordial appreciations of his disciples. But sooner or later his work will be coldly dissected by more or less hostile critics. New writers will come forward; men with new doctrines will make themselves heard; and Ibsen will slowly sink from his position as one of the half dozen most important and most imposing figures in the contemporary world of letters. He will cease to be a man of the hour, and he must establish his right to be considered a man for all time. He will no longer be contrasted only with his fleeting contemporaries; he will have to withstand the comparison with the great masters of the past. And how he will emerge from that ordeal it is not possible for any one now to foretell, for his final position does not depend wholly upon his own merits; it will depend largely on the immediate development of mankind and on the need which the men of the next generation may have for the message that Ibsen declared and for the lesson taught by his art.

THE DOOM OF THE IBSEN FAD

Of one thing, however, we may be certain, and this is, that Ibsen's fame will not be established again except for reasons wholly different from those which attracted to him the devoted enthusiasm of the faddists, the freaks, and the cranks. It was Ibsen's misfortune to be admired by many whose admiration was futile and even harmful. Lovers of literature are likely to take a prejudice against an author whose writings seem to appeal chiefly to the long-haired men and the short-haired women. It is a disadvantage to a writer when his works are seized and devoured, exploited and explained by the host of half-baked enthusiasts who believe they have attained

to culture without the trouble of having education. These wild creatures are wont to wreak themselves on any poet in whom they detect any kindred freakishness. They relish the works of a master who is mysterious and symbolic and hard to understand. They did much to discredit the deep-rooted reputation of Browning. They massed themselves for a while at the feet of Maeterlinck, only to desert him abruptly when he proved himself a master of simple and pellucid prose.

There is a band of these creatures still tagging themselves to Ibsen; they are explaining his message, and they are elucidating his symbolism. After a while these amateurs of exotic eccentricity will weary of Ibsen and they will let him alone, turning to the worship of some new idol, whom they will sacrifice as a victim. They will desert Ibsen as surely as they have deserted Maeterlinck and Browning. And they would abandon him at once if they were able now to perceive the austere severity of Ibsen's ideal of art, and if they could suspect the scorn with which he would have treated their foolish adoration. Few of the masters of literature in the nineteenth century have suffered more from the misplaced enthusiasm of their misguided followers than Ibsen. His real qualities are very different from those which his fervid followers insisted on discovering in his works.

THE ELEMENTS OF IBSEN'S GREATNESS

Ibsen's real qualities are not difficult to declare. First of all, he was a master of stage-craft, a dramaturgic technician of unsurpassed skill. Then he was a creator of character, a maker of men and women who live their own lives and speak each with his own voice. He was also a great writer in his command of language, a stylist, compelling words to do his bidding. Finally, he had a philosophy of his own; he had a vision of the world individual to himself; he had a theory of the universe which he expounded, perhaps unconsciously, in play after play. And this doctrine of his is not obscure; it does not demand a key; it is plain enough to any attentive reader who will take the trouble to think it out for himself.

As has been said, Ibsen is a master of stage-craft. Merely as a maker of plays to be acted in the theater, he is worthy of comparison with the finest technicians of the past. Not Sophocles, not Shakespeare, and not Molière, not Beaumarchais and not Scribe, can set a story on the stage more adroitly.

He can build a plot so artfully as to enchain attention at the start and to hold it, increasing in intensity, to the final fall of the curtain. He has at his fingers' ends every device of the playwright. At first, in his social dramas, he is a disciple of Scribe, that prince among dramaturgic mechanicians; and he proved his ability to put together a sequence of scenes—as in the "Pillars of Society," for example—that Scribe would have enjoyed. Then the artificial complexity of the Scribe machinery ceased to satisfy him, and he simplified his structure until—in "Ghosts," for instance—he achieved a boldness as stark as Shakespeare's "Othello" or the "Cedipus" of Sophocles.

With Scribe the plot was the end of all; and a play of his contriving is no more than an empty string of effective situations, forgotten almost as soon as our simple pleasure in the ingenious dexterity of their invention. With Ibsen the plot was only the means whereby he expressed himself. With Ibsen the mere story, interesting as it always was, became secondary to the development of human nature.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO LIVE

This is Ibsen's second obvious characteristic—his great gift of creating character, of peopling his plays with men and women who are actually alive, who stand on their own feet, and who live their own lives. And in this respect he has had no rival among all the nineteenth-century dramatists. Other dramatists there have been, French and German and English, whose characters have independent existence; but no one of them has given us a gallery of portraits from life to compare with those which we find in Ibsen.

His only rivals in this respect are to be found not among the contemporary dramatists, but among the contemporary novelists. And this is the signal service which Ibsen has rendered to the cause of the drama, that in an age when the

novel was triumphant and absorbing, when prose fiction was the dominant literary form, he showed that it was possible to put men and women into a play and that the characters of a drama need not be mechanical puppets. In this mastery over human character, in this faculty of creation, in this ability to call into existence beings who thereafter obeyed their own wills, Ibsen can bear comparison with the chiefs of the noble army of novelists who have enriched prose fiction in the nineteenth century.

In sheer brain-power Ibsen is not inferior to any of the writers of fiction who lived in the same century with him. Nor is he inferior to any one of them merely as a writer, as a stylist. And in making this assertion there is no need to consider his dramatic poems, but only the series of social dramas, the prose plays of contemporary life. The dramatic poems have been translated—but who can truly translate a poem? The more poetic it is, the more it has the essential accent of real poetry, the more impossible it is to render it completely or even adequately in any other tongue. However powerful these dramatic poems may be, some part of their power cannot be translated to those of us who have not access to them in the original. It is by his later prose plays that Ibsen must be judged by us; and it is by them that he can establish his title to be accepted as a master of style.

Finally, Ibsen is a philosopher, a poet with his own vision of life, with his own theories, with his own attitude toward the eternal problems of the social order. His plays do not exist for their own sake, merely to amuse us with the artful ingenuity of their craftsmanship. They do not exist even for the sake of the characters who carry on the story and who reveal themselves therein. The plot is significant, no doubt, and the people who conduct it are interesting both to their creator and to us; but beneath the plot and behind the characters we cannot but feel the larger purpose of the author himself. The play is what it is, and the characters are what they are, because Ibsen was what he was; because he had certain feelings of his own, certain beliefs of his own, certain theories of his own. These feelings and beliefs and theories sustain the fabric of the play

and enrich its motives and make it more interesting and more important.

But they also make it more vulnerable. It is too early now for us to foresee with any certainty the joints in Ibsen's armor; but in all probability it will be Ibsen the philosopher whom the Devil's Advocate will be able most easily to wound, rather than Ibsen the dramatic artist. Ibsen's technic seems to be of a kind to withstand the changes of taste and the assaults of time. But Ibsen's fundamental theories are less firmly rooted in truth, and they are perhaps over insisted upon.

IBSEN'S INDIVIDUALISM

At the core of Ibsen's doctrine is an excessive individualism, a naked assertion of the right of every man to live his own life more or less in disregard of the rights of others. It is scarcely too much to say that Ibsen is intellectually an anarchist, caring little for the conquests of civilization over man's inherent selfishness. Now, this is a doctrine which mankind will always refuse to accept. Humanity is dumbly conscious of the terrible expense of its past victories, and it is not willing to forego the precious guerdon of its battles. The social order is not perfect, and it never will be; but it is better now than it was once upon a time. Mankind has no intention of upsetting everything and starting afresh to win another imperfection at the cost of untold anguish and blood.

Of course, Ibsen does not formally demand this violent new departure, but it is evident that he did not shrink from it. And the influence of his plays is cast almost unreservedly in favor of the individual as against the social order. Here he seems one-sided. Here his philosophy lacks balance. Here, if anywhere, is the weak spot in his work. Here is one rea-

son why his vogue has been far less in these United States, where we are all more or less individualistic, than it has been in Germany, where the social bond needs relaxing. In the United States Ibsen has seemed to be preaching to the converted, whereas in Germany he was exhorting those who needed just the message he was delivering.

Perhaps we must see in this one-sidedness of Ibsen's philosophy, in his excessive insistence upon what, after all, is only, at best, one-half of the truth—perhaps we must see in this the reason why some of the characters in his plays seem to us abnormal, not to say morbid. Masterly as is Ibsen's handling of character, veracious as is his portrayal of our common humanity, he has presented to us not a few creatures who are exceptional, not to say freakish. Such beings may exist—indeed, after Ibsen's depiction of them, we cannot deny their existence—but they stand far removed from the average of every-day men and women. Sometimes they seem to belong rather to moral pathology than to literature. And in so far as they are not representative their appeal is narrowed. Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière dealt chiefly with the sane and with the wholesome. So does Ibsen in the main; but he tends to turn aside more often than did these great masters of the past.

That Ibsen will remain the strongest figure of our contemporary drama is incontestable; his mastery of his art is beyond dispute. That he will maintain his lofty position as a leader of thought, as a stimulator, as one whose message is perennially valuable, this is not so certain. And as to his ultimate importance we can hardly venture a guess until he has receded further into the perspective of time.

UPON NIGHT'S PURPLE PATHS

UPON night's purple paths I set my feet,
The stars and the enamored moon above;
The dewy hush was sweet, but doubly sweet
The passionate bird-voice that sang of love.

Was it a portent, that ecstatic flame
Of song that mounted to the raptured skies?
Methinks it must have been, for then you came,
The world-old gleam of love within your eyes.

Clinton Scollard

HAVE WOMEN A SENSE OF HUMOR?

BY LYNDON ORR

THE "GENTLER SEX" HAS MORE MALICE THAN MELLOWNESS.
MORE WIT THAN HUMOR—THERE ARE, HOWEVER, MANY STRIKING
EXAMPLES OF HUMOR AS EXPRESSED BY WOMEN WRITERS

ONCE upon a time a misguided man remarked to a group of feminine listeners that women had no sense of humor, whereupon one of them immediately retorted: "Of course, women have no sense of humor. If they had, they couldn't take men seriously."

There is a good deal that is instructive in this incident. If a woman had declared to a masculine audience that men have no sense of humor, it is not likely that any of them would have made so clever a reply. In fact, they would probably have said nothing whatsoever. Most of them would have taken it merely as a personal opinion; and the rest of them would have chuckled quietly over so sweeping an assertion. The swift retort which the woman made showed that at least she had abundant wit. The silent enjoyment of the men would have shown that they did in reality possess a sense of humor, and it would have been quite as effective an answer, in its way, as the tart epigram which the woman uttered.

One reason why men think that women have no sense of humor is, indeed, found in the very fact that women usually become angry when you tell them that they cannot take a humorous view of things. Some years ago this question was raised in newspaper discussion, and all the women who took part in it were obviously indignant. They said and printed many caustic comments; but they took the thing so hard and their sayings were so sharp as to prove that the ladies themselves were quite out of temper. Miss Kate Sanborn, whose story "Adopting an Abandoned Farm" is often very humorous, defended her sex against the

charge with abundant irony and sarcasm. Her thrusts were keen and her epigrams were witty. But the nature of her defense and her counter-attack upon men made it plain enough that even her own undoubted humor had very decided limitations. Instead of poking fun at the men who accused women of a lack of humor, she berated them. Her weapon was not the lariat, but the deadly lance; and she preferred malice to mellowness.

In a general way, therefore, it is not unjust to say of women, as a sex, that the quality of wit is theirs in great abundance; whereas the quality of humor, though it be not lacking, is less often seen in women than in men, and is far less sure. And this is natural enough when we consider what wit is and what is the nature of pure humor.

Wit is swift and sharp. It leaps forth suddenly like the rapier of a ready duelist. It glitters a moment and then sends its thrust straight home. It depends upon surprise; its essence is ingenuity; its appeal is wholly to the mind.

Humor, on the other hand, in its highest form is almost a sixth sense, and is therefore very hard to analyze. It consists wholly in a peculiar point of view, and it makes its way into the mind far more slowly than wit. One enjoys it deliberately as though he were pleasurably savoring some ripe and sunny vintage, some rare old wine which must be sipped with deliberation so that not an atom of its fine *bouquet* shall be lost.

A certain slowness of comprehension often goes with humor, and even heightens its effect. At a brilliant flash of wit, one cries out in admiration. At a mellow

piece of humor, one smiles a gradually broadening smile, which ends perhaps in a hearty laugh. Wit must be condensed; humor may be diffused over many sentences and even many pages. Of it there are numerous varieties, from the quiet, genial humor of Addison or the quaint fancy of Lamb to the broad fun which is best exemplified in Dickens.

WOMAN AS A WIT

Remembering this, we can readily understand why women should have more wit than humor. They are more sensitive than men. Their minds are nimbler. Their thoughts flash instantly to an intuitive conclusion. Hence wit is far more natural to them, and they have hardly the intellectual patience to create or to enjoy the less obvious and more deliberate moods of humor. When we contrast women with men in this respect, it is like contrasting the French as a people with the English. The former have always been famous for their wit and the latter for their humor. The French mind is lucid, mercurial, alert, and open to instantaneous impressions. The English mind is less agile, more given to ruminating, and therefore less receptive of what is new and striking. So there is no wit in the world to be compared with that of La Rochefoucauld, of Scribe, and of Voltaire; while there is no humor in any literature which quite equals that of the English writers whom I have already mentioned, and that of Steele and Fielding, of Goldsmith and of Holmes.

What is usually spoken of as "American humor" is very often not humorous at all, but is essentially marked by wit. The writings of Mark Twain afford abundant instances of both wit and humor, even though they are usually classified as belonging wholly to the second category. When he joins the dignified to the ludicrous in order to excite our mirth, when he startles us by some unexpected turn of phrase or thought, then he is simply witty. On the other hand his drolleries, conceived with an air of perfect gravity and put forth as though with a sincere simplicity—these are really humor, as when, in "The Innocents Abroad," he describes his experiences in a Turkish bath or tells of how he wept at

the grave of Adam. The same thing is true of Lowell, whose "Biglow Papers" are at times irreverently witty and at other times replete with the richest humor.

But though the French as a people are more witty than humorous, and though the English as a people are more humorous than witty, it would be a very sweeping statement if one were to assert that the French possess no sense of humor. The innumerable comic scenes in Molière's plays and the fact that his countrymen enjoyed them with an intense delight would prove the contrary, not to mention the abounding fun in Daudet's tales of the immortal *Tartarin* and his Algerian adventures, his faithful camel and his Falstaffian stories of his prowess as a hunter.

HUMOR AND WOMEN WRITERS

Precisely in the same way would it be absurd to hold that women have no sense of humor. The pages of literature—and of very great literature at that—are enough to vindicate them from the charge of being merely witty. There are touches of humor to be found in all the novels of Jane Austen—in the love-affairs of *Catherine Morland* and the flirtations of *Isabella Thorp*. In *Mrs. Poyser*, George Eliot has given to the world a richly humorous type, quite worthy to be set beside some of the most comic of the characters that Dickens drew. And so in her "Middlemarch" there is not only observation but real humor embodied in the sketch of *Mr. Brooke*—that inconsequential, superficial, self-satisfied squire, "who used to know a good deal about this sort of thing some time ago," though at any given moment his knowledge about anything whatever is wholly scrambling and uncertain.

Again, the most amusing kind of humor is to be found in some of the chapters written by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Whatever one may think of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a polemical novel, there are scenes and incidents described in it which will make any one laugh with unrestrained enjoyment. *Topsy*—that impossible little piccaninny, mischievous, exasperating, and yet with a human heart—is droll to a degree; and scarcely less so is the primly conscientious *Miss Ophe-*

lia, who undertakes to train and civilize this little waif of Africa. In quite another vein, yet with scarcely less effect, has Mrs. Stowe uncovered a golden vein of fun in the theological portions of "The Minister's Wooing."

If we were to cite contemporaneous examples, the list of women writers who have shown the gift of humor might be lengthened out indefinitely; but the name of Mary Wilkins may serve alone as an admirable and convincing proof of what can be achieved by women in this field.

Her New England characters—her prim old maids, her village boys and girls, her "hired men," her pedlers, and her grocers—are drawn in such a way that all their humorous possibilities are seen. And in drawing them she has shown a mastery of the supreme and finest type, in that the fun is often mingled and inseparably blended with that pathos which is never entirely remote from the creations of the greatest humorists; since humor itself springs from an inner sympathy which lies very near the source of tears.

TWO OF THEM

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"NO, you are not going to disturb her," Keene was saying. "Come into the drawing-room and I'll play you a new air I heard last night."

"But I didn't come up to hear you play," complained Cora's high-pitched, good-natured voice. "I want a woman's sympathy. I bought an unbecoming hat to-day."

"I will sympathize. I know how you look in an unbecoming hat."

"Why, you mean thing!" in shrill protest, with much laughter. "I have half a mind to go in and disturb Marian after that. Why didn't you marry an ordinary woman, Keene, instead of a genius?"

Marian's pen was still pointing at the word she had been writing when the conversation began. Her eyes were staring at the framed photograph of Keene on her desk. But what she saw was the real Keene—followed him into the drawing-room, saw him sit down at the piano and throw back his head to look at Cora while he played over and over the snatch of melody that had caught his fancy, demanding after each repetition to know

if she didn't like it—if it wasn't a pretty thing—if she didn't call that really music!

"Why didn't you marry an ordinary woman instead of a genius?" The last word, of course, was Cora's exaggeration, but the pith of the question was there, the question that she had been pretending did not exist—only to have it break suddenly upon her ears in Cora's clear, hard voice. Marian had got into a way lately of going over and over in her mind the earliest days of her acquaintance with Keene. Again and again she found herself trying to weave the incidents into an argument against the existence of the question.

They had met unromantically at a boarding-house, but romance had followed fast. It had seemed to Marian then that the world was all romance. From the first, Keene had devoted himself to her—had brought the magazines with her stories and made her read them to him, herself, and then write her name across them before he carried them carefully away to his own room.

They were somber little stories, not at

all what one would have expected Keene Allinson to care for. But then Marian was not at all the sort of woman one would have expected Keene Allinson to fall in love with. During the rapid six months of their courtship, she had felt that he liked the stories because she had written them. Now the question that Cora had forced her to listen to was, Did he like her because she had written the stories? Did he, in his easy-going ignorance of real literature, look upon her as a genius? Was it pride in her work, not love for her, that had made him want her?

She laid her pen down and aimlessly straightened the things on her desk—the candlestick that Keene had brought her because it was just the sort of candlestick for a desk, and the silver inkstand, and the pen-tray with a quotation from one of her stories on it. He was always bringing her presents. Even the pictures on the walls he had selected as peculiarly appropriate for her den. They had been married a year, and he had never given her one thing that had not something to do with her writing.

The den, in fact, had been his idea. Their apartment boasted one room not actually needed, and she had planned to furnish this for a smoking-room for Keene, but he had been loud in opposition. "Indeed, no, Delight!" he had said. "You shall have it, you and your stories." And so it had been. He had taken the greatest interest in its decorations and appointments, and he was as shy of interrupting her when she was at her desk as if she had been a priestess at her altar.

It was impossible to write another line. She pushed away the paper and sprang up from her desk. She would go into the drawing-room. To meet Keene's eyes, to hear his voice, might put to flight this vague uneasiness that had grown suddenly into a threatening unhappiness. But first she went to her own room and pinned her hair into greater neatness. She had heavy dark hair, almost black against the clear, colorless skin. Her face was broad at the brows and tapered to the strong little chin. Her eyes changed color with her moods. Not a beautiful face, but one that tempted to a second look.

"You are not pretty, Delight," Keene had said to her once. "I wonder what it is you are!" and she had been conscious of a little disappointment. Truly, she knew she was not pretty; but should not Keene think she was?

II

KEENE had just finished the new air when she entered. "For the ninth time, Marian," said Cora plaintively. She was perched on the arm of a chair. She had on a red cloth gown, and she nodded her little dark head to punctuate her remarks. "I really was making up my mind to rebel. I may not be very clever, but I can tell how a tune sounds without hearing it more than nine times. You came just at the right instant. A moment more and I should have gone home and slammed the door behind me."

Keene laughed with much amusement. He always found Cora amusing. He turned his back to the piano, facing his wife.

"Did you notice, Marian," he said, "that Jane Lane has a serial beginning in this month's *Review*? It is the funniest thing that a magazine of any standing will take her stuff. Why, it's mediocre! You know it, Cora; she wrote 'The Other Girl.'"

Marian smiled at Cora. "Keene thinks the editors of *Review* are in a state of mental collapse," she said, "because they refused a story of mine. What have you been doing all day, Cora?"

The Fosters and Allinsons lived in the same apartment building. Cora had known Keene long before Marian met him, but he had not seemed particularly pleased when she and her husband came to the Elston. Now, however, he appeared to consider her informal runnings in as designed for his entertainment.

"I've been shopping," said Cora impressively, "and if you ever saw bargains, Marian! Why, it was a crime not to buy. I got a white mull, embroidered with tiny blue forget-me-nots—really embroidered—for—well, I won't tell you until you see it. It won't be up until tomorrow. You'll never believe what I got it for. It is Frenchy, you know, Marian; not a bit common. There was a gold and white gown that would have

been ideal for you, marked down to—imagine!—thirty dollars! It was the tiniest bit soiled on the lower ruffle. I actually thought of having it sent up for you to try, but one can't return sale dresses, you know. It would have been just the thing for little affairs—musicales and things. I came near running up to ask you if you had noticed the advertisement."

"Yes, I saw it," returned Marian. "I thought a little of going down, but I gave it up." The truth was that Keene had kept her on a pedestal so long that she hardly knew how to step off and say that she wanted to attend a bargain-day sale. She had spoken of some errands down-town, hoping that he might offer her money, but instead he had offered his services, and had brought home the note-paper and the apron for the maid and the new book. He had also brought some paper for her typewriter, thinking she might be out of it.

"Marian would look nice in a gold-and-white gown," he said now, "but she looks pretty nice in a blue one, too." The blue one had been part of her wedding outfit. It wasn't even becoming, Marian knew. She had been noticing clothes lately. She had spent more time planning a spring suit than she had ever before put upon a year's wardrobe. But she had not got beyond the plan. From the first, Keene had insisted that the money from her stories should be banked. The house allowance would not cover a new gown; and, anyway, she had a feeling that she could not use Keene's money for her personal wants unless he offered it.

"Keene wouldn't let me disturb you," pouted Cora.

"That was right, wasn't it, Marian?" smiled Keene. Marian smiled back—a surface smile—the same sort she might have given Cora or the marketman. It was the first time she had ever smiled superficially at Keene. And he did not seem to notice the difference. He was contentedly telling Cora that she ought not to expect to associate with people who had real brains, "not near-brains or brainetta, but the original article," and then he turned to the piano and played Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." He always began with that or the Chopin "Fu-

neral March" or the Largo when Marian was in the room. He called them his classical repertoire. Then he was liable to drift into tuneful street airs or old songs he had heard as a child or a bit of dance music. But to-night he stopped with the "Spring Song."

"I got tickets for Crawford Poole's lectures, Marian," he said. "They are Wednesday afternoons. You'd like to go, wouldn't you? The first one is on Maeterlinck, I believe."

"Thank you," said Marian dully. Cora looked at her.

"I'm glad I haven't a husband who buys me tickets to Maeterlinck and such things," she said.

"No husband of any discernment would ever think of buying you tickets to Maeterlinck," returned Keene.

Cora made a face. "I bet you don't know who he is yourself," she taunted.

Keene laughed. "Well, I have a wife who does," he said.

Marian was separating a blue jar and a slender vase of Pompeian green on the mantel. "Eliza effects some wonderful combinations when she dusts," she said, wondering at the natural sound of her own voice. She did not pursue the subject of Maeterlinck. She wished Cora would go home. Her presence seemed to emphasize the widening gulf between herself and Keene. He and Cora were on one side of the gulf, across which he threw Maeterlinck tickets to Marian, alone on the other side.

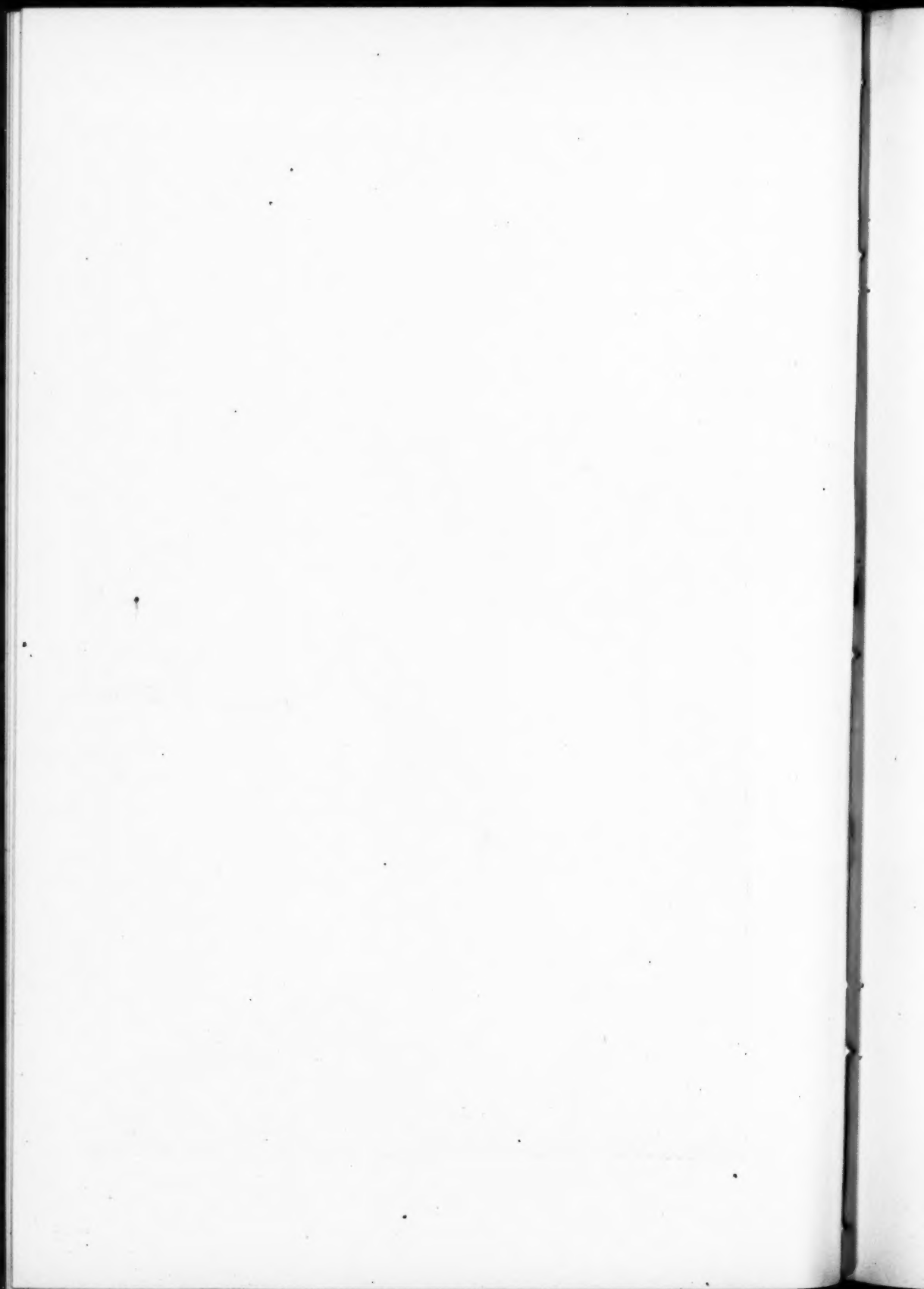
"I am learning to make hats," said Cora. "It is perfectly fascinating. And simple! Why, anybody can make the loveliest things for almost nothing. I am doing a pale-pink picture hat with that silky braid, and I am going to put my long pink plume on it and just the tiniest wreath of pink roses. I could show you how, Marian, if you ever had any time."

"But think of the folly of a woman who can manufacture stories manufacturing hats," said Keene. "Did I tell you, Marian, I saw a man on the car to-night when I came home who was perfectly absorbed in your last story? I believe you could do a series with that same setting."

"Well, I am going," said Cora. She slipped off from her chair-arm and



"I OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE MARRIED UNTIL I HAD BEEN TO A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS," HE SAID



straightened herself. She looked very pretty and stylish in her red gown.

III

MARIAN went to the door with her. Then she did not go back into the drawing-room. She went to her own room and put on a kimono and tried to do her hair the way Cora had had hers. She started when she heard Keene's voice behind her.

"Why I thought you were writing," he said, "and I've been making the most heroic efforts not to disturb you. What are you trying to do?"

Marian had been holding her arms up until they ached. Moreover, her hair refused to adapt itself to the style of Cora's coiffure. Her cumulative unhappiness found vent in words of sudden irritation. "Can't you see?" she said. "I am doing my hair."

Keene's forehead wrinkled into an astonished frown. Their eyes met in the glass, and Marian turned hers away. He stood still in the doorway, and she continued doggedly to twist her hair into the desired effect. When she looked again he was gone. Marian completed the twists and puffs she was busy with. It was exactly like Cora's at last, but it was hideously unbecoming. She began to pull the pins out in disgusted disappointment when she heard Keene enter. Her heart beat suddenly faster.

"Here is the ticket, Marian," he said. He did not say "Delight."

"Thank you," said Marian. She let her arms fall to her sides. Her hair fell of its own weight and hung unbecomingly on her neck. She took out the rest of the pins and began hastily to brush it.

"Can't I do that for you?" he said.

"No, thank you," she answered.

He went away again then, and she hurriedly did her hair in her usual manner and went in to her desk. Since he had married her because she was an author, she must live up to her part of the contract. She took her pen and wrote as fast as she could. She stopped once to take Keene's picture from her desk and put it on the book-shelves. A minute later she got up and brought it back. Then she read over what she had written and tore it up. She took a clean sheet of paper and dipped her pen into

the ink, held it poised a minute, and threw it down, making a big blot. She got up from her desk and hurried down the long hall toward the drawing-room, the thin red silk of her kimono flying back with her haste. She did not know what she was going to say to Keene. The imperative need was to see him.

Keene met her at the door. He looked troubled and uncertain, almost timid—only Keene was so big and strong and handsome that timidity did not seem possible on his face. Marian stood still with a sort of gasp when she saw him, and for an instant they looked at each other.

Then Keene spoke gently in a low voice. "What is it, Delight?" he said.

Marian drew a sobbing breath. If he had not said "Delight," she could not have stood it. Now she could explain how she felt, and perhaps he would take her partly on some other basis than as a writer of stories.

"Keene!" she began, and then she looked at him helplessly. He drew forward a chair, but Marian did not sit down. She stood looking at him with excited eyes.

"Come and sit down, Marian," Keene said. He took her hand and led her over to a little sofa. Then he moved a screen so that the light was not in her eyes. "Now we will talk it over," he began in a rather strange voice. But he did not go on immediately; he sat silent, with his eyes turned away from her, and she waited in tense wretchedness for his words.

"You are not happy," he said finally in an odd, abrupt way, not at all like Keene's. "I have seen it for a long time. I was afraid of it before I saw it."

Marian turned her dark eyes, full of wondering doubt, on him, but his eyes were staring at the little mahogany rocker where Marian usually sat when she was in the drawing-room.

"It is hard to give up the sort of thing one is accustomed to," he went on jerkily. "I wish I were a different sort. I wish I were literary. The worst of it is, I've never even cultivated the kind of people that you might enjoy. I took you away from your own friends, and have none to offer you that know anything about the things you care for. I've

tried to see that you had your time to yourself and to keep you from being annoyed and interrupted. Why, Delight! Is it so bad as that?"

Marian was sobbing softly to herself, both hands over her face. Keene hesitated a minute, and then put his arm around her and pulled her head down on his shoulder.

"If you will tell me what I can do," he said unsteadily, "and what the things are that you don't like—"

"I don't want to go to the Maeterlinck lectures," sobbed Marian.

"What?" said Keene in the utmost astonishment, and Marian gave a little hysterical giggle. Then she put up her arm and drew his face down close to her own.

"Do you like me, Keene?" she whispered, with shamed laughter in her voice.

He held her away from him so that he could look down into her eyes. "Do you need to ask that, Delight?" he said.

Marian's lashes drooped, but she finished her question: "If I didn't write stories, would you like me?" she said.

Keene waited until the lashes were lifted again, revealing the happiness that had rushed back like a flood into the dark eyes. Then he bent his head and kissed his wife's scarlet lips.

"I never expect to understand you, Delight," he said. "I am not clever enough. But haven't you ever known that I almost hate your stories because they take you away from me?"

"Oh, Keene!" said Marian. She put both arms around his neck and held him close. "I hate them, too," she whispered.

She turned her face so that her lips brushed his cheek softly. Then she gave a happy little laugh. "To-morrow," she said, "I am going to send Eliza out and get dinner myself. And in the evening can't we go to a comic opera?"

"Do you mean it?" said Keene. Marian had drawn back to her corner of the sofa and was smiling at him. Her eyes were brilliant; the pink color came and went in little waves over her face. "How beautiful you are!" he said.

She gave another happy laugh. "And, Keene," she said demurely, "do you think I could have a new dress? Mine are getting out of style."

Keene was long in speaking. Then his voice was chagrined. "I ought never to have married until I had been to a training-school for husbands," he said. "There is no doubt I am a fool, Delight."

"Yes, dear," said Marian. "I think we both are."

PADDLE SONG

HAPPINESS is brimming o'er down along the river—

Not a care in all the world, and not a thing to do!

Every silvery songster's throat with melody's aquiver;

Little tufts of snowy fleece are floating in the blue.

Rosy glory o'er the hills, flooding all the valley—

June time and tune time—and is there any wo?

Softly, sweetly, from the south, baby breezes dally;

Smoothly glides the light canoe down the river's flow.

Voices of the woods and shore the wander-song are singing—

Oh, glad song! Oh, mad song! Who would stay at home?

Grip the paddle, bend the blade, the water backward flinging—

Swirling eddies, rainbow-tinted, churned to milky foam.

Through the golden afternoon the boat is slowly drifting,

Dreamily and drowsily, while fragrant pipes glow red.

Soft and low the ripples flow, and pearly light is sifting

Through the murmurous arches of the branches overhead.

Purpling vapors wrap the shore all along the river—

Beach the boat, pitch the camp, for we have journeyed far.

Circling round the fire's glow, dancing shadows quiver;

Tremulous, above the pines, burns a single star.

Harold Rexford

PRODUCING A PLAY

BY EDITH CRAIG *

THE "FIRST WOMAN STAGE-MANAGER ON RECORD" RELATES SOME OF HER EXPERIENCES—INTELLIGENCE VERSUS MECHANISM—THE ARTISTIC USE OF COSTUMES, SCENERY, LIGHTS, AND MUSIC—A FIELD FOR INTERESTING ACHIEVEMENT

WHEN it was first announced that I was to be the stage-director for my mother, Miss Ellen Terry, during her American tour, there was quite a flutter in the dove-cots of the London newspapers.

I was the first woman stage-manager on record; I had started a new profession for women; I was the pioneer of a new departure in theatrical enterprise! No one could have been more surprised than I when reporters came and asked me how I felt under the grave responsibilities of a revolutionary!

For really the thing came about most naturally and simply. After my mother ceased to act with Sir Henry Irving—which she did in 1902, not because of a personal quarrel, as people more in idleness than in malice chose to say, but because of the increasing difficulty in finding plays in which both Sir Henry and she had good parts—she for the first time became her own manager. I accompanied her on her provincial tours, and represented her wishes to her staff. I was not called either stage-manager or stage-director, but I did the work.

Being in perfect sympathy with my mother's views, and understanding exactly the kind of atmosphere, light, and color best calculated to help her acting, I was in a strong position to start with. But the right person in the right place must have the right equipment and the right training as well. For fifteen years I had been in the Lyceum company and

had had the privilege of seeing and studying the way Sir Henry Irving produced plays. This was in itself an education.

In my opinion, he was the ideal stage-manager, although he was not called by that name on the bills. He had a stage-manager under him, but this stage-manager was merely the interpreter of Sir Henry's wishes, and did not initiate anything. Everything passed through Sir Henry's hands. There was not a button on a coat which he had not seen and approved. This is no exaggeration. Music, lighting, acting, scenery, dresses—all the parts which go to create the result of a theatrical production were supervised by him down to the smallest detail—I don't say to the most insignificant detail, because to the stage-manager nothing is insignificant.

SIR HENRY AND HIS STAFF

That Sir Henry was an autocrat may be gathered even from this slight indication of his methods, but he was not an autocrat of the Czar-of-all-the-Russias type. He did not want machines under him which he could control from a switchboard, but men of intelligence whom he dominated by appealing to their special gifts. He demanded *thought* from the humblest member of his staff, and he got it.

My brother, Gordon Craig, who has recently published a brochure on "The Art of the Theater," takes up a different

* Miss Craig is the daughter of that great and favorite actress who is best known to the people of two continents as Ellen Terry. By taking successful charge of her mother's productions, she has upset many traditions, and, indeed, may be said to have discovered a new occupation for women.

position. He wants no one to think except the stage-director, not even the actors! The stage-director is to conduct the play as a musical conductor leads an orchestra, and in the scheme the principal actor is not more necessary to the result than the lime-light man. The will of the stage-director is imposed upon every one in the theater, and, like the hypnotist or the mesmerist, the stage-director prefers raw material, blank minds empty of ideas, for the subjects of his control. My brother, whose opinions have provoked widespread interest and discussion all over Europe, is a root-and-branch reformer. He denies that there is any virtue in the old theatrical material, and wants, logically enough from his point of view, to sweep it out of existence and create new.

Yet how much there is in the existing material, if only it is properly used! Our first obstacle in the way of using it is the apathy of the typical staff.

MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES AND EFFECTS

The want of personal interest and energy, of brains and understanding, displayed by the carpenters, the property-men, and the lime-light men has led the stage-manager to rely entirely on mechanical contrivances and effects. No member of the staff is trusted to take up a cue through the play without having a signal flashed at him from the electrician's switchboard, the electrician obeying the instructions of the stage-manager. Suppose that there is any flaw in the electric plant—for even the greatest mechanical inventions are not infallible. The desired effect, be it sunset, or storm, or the murmuring of distant crowds, or the sound of distant music, simply does not come off at all!

There should be nothing mechanical about anything connected with the stage, although its technicalities are infinite. What use are cut-and-dried rules and formulas when applied to a living, emotional thing like a play? Even the man who beats a drum or tolls a bell or works a wind-barrel ought to contribute a little bit of life to the performance. Instead, we find the staff half asleep over their duties, waiting for their signals. "We didn't get the signal" is all the excuse

that they need offer when they have ruined a situation. What I wish to have working with me is a body of men who care about what they are doing—obedient to discipline, but never servile—men who follow the play intelligently, and take up their cues through alert attention, as actors do, not through the pressing of an electric button. This alert sympathy with the action of the play on the part of the staff would make the work of a stage-manager far less disheartening than it is in the present condition of things.

For intelligence, the theater has substituted custom. The theater men have been trained in certain elementary principles—most of them radically bad and wrong—and it is difficult, as they are also trained not to think, to work against their customs. The way that they have been accustomed to do a thing is generally the easiest—and the worst!

Let me take the stage sunset as an example. From yellow to red, from red to blue, all the lights changing at once, with no gradations, no mitigation of their whole-hearted thoroughness—that is the approved way of working a sunset. If you want anything different you disorganize the whole staff.

In "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" there is very little scope for what are known as stage effects, but my mother and I were anxious to have the lighting as good as possible. We found the American staff much quicker than our boys at home, but they were shocked at my not being satisfied with the ordinary achievements of the switchboard.

THE RIGHT USE OF LIGHTS

By the way, I have been told that I subdue the lights, using hardly any foot-lights at all, because a strong light is unbecoming to my mother! In my opinion, strong lights are unbecoming to the youngest actress. I have seen pretty girls look far from their best, owing to the mania for lighting a scene like a saloon bar.

Lighting, like every other branch of stage decoration, should be considered as a means of helping the acting. There are some situations which demand light; others which do not suffer from shadow—and the wise stage-manager will remember this before arranging his lights.

In the Dutch play "The Good Hope," which my mother produced recently at the Empire Theater, New York, I aimed at getting the interior of the cottage somber and shadowy in its corners and the ceiling plunged in gloom. In the third act, where the women gather round the fire and, while the storm rages outside, tell one another gruesome stories of all that their men have suffered at sea, I had to simulate lamplight and firelight; but besides considering the pictorial effect, I had to remember the dramatic situation. If the lights and shadows had fallen ever so beautifully they would have been enemies to the play if Miss Terry as *Kniertje* had been in the dark for her best scene, or Miss Suzanne Sheldon as *Jo* had had to express tragic emotion without the audience being able to see her.

The bad old way of helping the actors is by following them all over the stage with the lime-light. It is hardly necessary to say how completely this plan destroys the sincerity of a situation, or how pictorially ugly it is. It is quite possible to have the actors in the light when they need it and at the same time to preserve an atmosphere of beauty and an illusion of nature.

In every play there are certain pictorial moments which have to be led up to, and every movement toward them must be calculated beforehand. Elaborate scenery, expensive dresses, lavish use of lime-light, crowds of supers, cannot make them pictures. The material is dead; the use of the material gives life.

The importance of an intelligent staff, of individuals as opposed to machines, and the vital question of lighting ought to occupy the attention of every stage-manager; but only as the *means to an end*, as servants of the acting.

The play is in the hands of the actors. This is almost a truism, no doubt, but in practise it is often forgotten. The actor who alone can interpret the play to the audience is often, in a costume drama, put into clothes which kill his efforts, into colors which, although he does not know it and the audience do not know it, are working against him. Behind him is a scene which may be perfect from the artist's point of view, and yet is completely devoid of significance to the play.

Round him are supers whose inattention and inadequacy are destroying the sympathy between him and his audience.

Often I have heard the boast: "We have one hundred people on in that scene." Well, very often that hundred might just as well be in their dressing-rooms. Like the staff, they are not expected to use any intelligence. Ten are told off to say "Oh!" to cue, ten more to say "Ah!" and so on. Why they are to make these exclamations is not explained.

HANDLING THE SUPERS

Twenty supers who have been properly rehearsed can fill the stage better than a hundred who have been left to their own devices and a few mechanical cues; but these supers have to be very carefully selected. The art of being a good super is almost entirely a pictorial one, and I should always choose my supers from that point of view. In New York we were lucky in this respect, and I was able to get supers of fine quality.

The next thing in the stage-manager's jurisdiction is the music. Let us once for all abolish the stupidity of having music which is supposed to be on the stage played from the orchestra. This was never tolerated by Sir Henry Irving, nor is it now by Sarah Bernhardt, and the music in her productions is always perfect. To see a character in a play singing a song to the accompaniment of a full orchestra and the conductor's baton is a sorry spectacle. It is not always possible to have the instrumentalists on the stage, but we can always have them at the side with supers doing the accompaniment in pantomime on the stage.

THE ART OF COSTUME

Costume is another matter in the stage production to which every stage-manager should give attention. Long before I supervised a whole production I specialized in stage costume, and designed and made clothes for several plays in London. In my opinion, every theater should contain a large wardrobe-room, and every dress worn by the performers—in costume drama, at any rate—should be made in the theater. The services of the artist and the dressmaker, though often brilliant in themselves, sometimes conflict

with the art of the theater. Stage color must be determined by stage lights, a fact often overlooked by the painter. A high authority on archeological costumes in London, whose services as designer are much in request, has been known to make the management pay heavily for a specially dyed purple silk which looked *brown* under the lighting of the scene in which it was to be worn.

It is often argued that in the performance of a play only the acting matters, and that elaborate stage effects are distracting and unnecessary; but from the very first I was trained to see that the actor is the better, not the worse, for being surrounded by the right atmosphere. My mother has always, from the day when she first appeared with Charles Kean, acted in an appropriate stage setting, and her consideration of it has not hampered her in any way.

Sarah Bernhardt is another example of an actress who has never scorned the help of all those details which lie within the province of the stage-manager. The stage-manager nowadays is really only a prompter. It is not of him that I am speaking, but of the man (or woman!) who has control of the stage.

Before I sailed for America the English reporters asked me what I should do about language. They had heard, and were not altogether mistaken, that in an American theater no stage-manager can accomplish anything without a large vocabulary chiefly of a damnatory nature. I said that this aspect of my duties did not worry me much, and that anyhow in America the vocabulary would be different and I should not care to import ours, even if I knew it.

At my very first rehearsal in a New York theater an expert told me that if I wanted the boys to hustle the best word to use was "please."

So far, my experience as stage-manager in America has been confined to New York, and there "please" has acted like magic.

I shall continue to try it in the other cities. It has the objective recommendation of destroying the last obstacle to a woman occupying the position of stage-manager—anyway, in America. In England men create another objection by resenting a woman "bossing" them in a professional capacity. I have found the Americans startlingly and charmingly free from this prejudice.

GIPSY SONG

UNDER me the grass,
Over me the sky,
I can sleep and dream until
The night goes by;
Till the shadows pass,
Till the stars depart,
Let a roving gipsy fill
His hungry heart!

Voices in the vines,
Visions in the vales,
It is mine to know them all
Along green trails;
When the morning shines
Like a rose above,
Let me hear the gipsy call
Of birds I love!

Murmur of the stream,
Whisper of the tree,
I can understand the song
They sing to me;
Mine the blissful dream,
Built of delight,
Let the gipsy's day be long,
And brief his night!

Frank Dempster Sherman



THE NEXT MOMENT, HER GAY SKIRTS DAINTILY LIFTED, SHE WAS SETTING FORTH
UNDER HIS UMBRELLA

FORTY MILES TO FALMOUTH

BY MARY L. BRAY

ILLUSTRATED (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY E. M. ASHE

SEVENTY years ago a beautiful English girl stood hesitating at the entrance of a shop in St. D—. The rain, which had begun in large, splashing drops, was now falling steadily, and her carriage, according to her own explicit instructions, was awaiting her at the confectioner's, some distance away. She must be home early, in time for afternoon tea; but how would it be possible to reach the other shop without ruining her beautiful gown?

As she gazed upward in the gray, slanting rain, distress and appeal upon her face, a young man, springing apparently from nowhere, stood, hat in hand, at her side.

"May I offer you my umbrella?" he asked.

She started, blushing deeply with an acute embarrassment of modesty which her American granddaughters have never known.

The stranger's tone was most respect-

ful, his manner entirely deferential; the situation was urgent; and, besides, he was a very fine young man—not fine as to his clothes, which were plain, almost shabby—but in person, being well-built, straight-nosed, and clear-eyed, with skin that showed as fair as a girl's where it had not been bronzed by exposure to the sun.

Letitia fluttered in shy gratitude. "Thank you! Oh, thank you, sir! But I—could I—how could I return the umbrella?"

"Pray keep it," he answered. "I am only in town for the afternoon, and it is not worth sending into the country."

"Oh!" exclaimed Letitia. "I could not think of accepting a courtesy which would cause you such inconvenience."

She blushed more deeply, and he stammered apologetic entreaties.

"If you might escort me to my carriage," she suggested timidly.

"If I might have that honor," he re-

plied. And the next moment, her gay skirts daintily lifted, she was setting forth under his umbrella.

The boldness of her act made Letitia dumb. It was quite in a fright at herself that she hurried toward the confectioner's shop; but when, with grave courtesy, he assisted her into the conveyance, she raised brilliant eyes toward his.

"Thank you," she said. "I shall not forget your kindness."

All her life she could remember his look as he answered, "I shall never forget the pleasure." Her one furtive, backward glance through the small window showed him watching the carriage, bareheaded, in the rain.

A few days later, as Miss Letitia with her maid was driving through St. D—, he passed them on the street, bowing deeply in response to Letitia's tiny salutation. It chanced that another day they met in the very shop in whose entrance she had waited that rainy afternoon, and it was but natural that a few words of greeting should be exchanged. He did not tell her that he had come back to town, to the peril of affairs at home, haunting the streets and shops in the hope of another glimpse of her, and recognition. Nor did she acquaint him of the fact that daily she had driven through St. D—, demure, but with flushing cheeks and eager eyes.

II

THIS was the beginning. Within a year these two had sounded for each other almost every note in the song of youthful love, cruel pain, and ecstasy.

It was beyond expectation that her father would consider for a moment the claims of a farmer—and a poor young farmer—as a suitor for her hand; they had both tried to be obedient, but the rare love which had told them from the very first that they were for each other would not be denied. One glorious, starry night they met for a farewell, and the next day found Letitia, daughter of Sir Egbert Hargrave, wife to Richard Brent.

They were wonderfully happy, so happy that when her fine dresses were worn out, without a regret Letitia replaced them with the cheapest stuff,

fashioned into garments by her own hands. They never knew what it was to have a surplus of anything, for the farm was very small, yielding only enough for a family's bare support, and that through unremitting toil. Richard did two men's work upon his land, going forth at daybreak and stopping scarcely before sunset. If he had not been magnificent of physique and strengthened by buoyant love, his task would have seemed impossible.

He did other work, too—not man's work; for his bride had never been taught the homely tasks of a woman in her present station, and try as she might and did, such a matter as even the simplest cooking remained a problem to her. If she baked a pudding, it was likely to turn out watery at the top and burned at the bottom; she never learned proper savoring; and to make bread was impossible. So, many a laugh they had together while he kneaded white, spongy loaves, or prepared with clumsy fingers a dish dainty enough to be set before even her. There was no very rough work that he ever let his beloved do, and Letitia's hands remained almost as white and soft as in her girlhood days.

One accomplishment she had, fitted for a poor man's wife, and that was the skilful use of the needle. Many children came to them, handsome, sturdy little ones, and their garments were marvels of sewing—clean, white materials, embroidered elaborately or trimmed with lace of their mother's making. By their clothing and good manners, hers might have been taken for the children of some fine lady.

Years went by. Every additional mouth to feed brought increased responsibility and care to Richard Brent, but so great was his joy in wife and little ones that for each new opportunity of doing for them, being a devout man, he thanked God.

It happened one fine day in May, while Letitia was sitting among the roses and flowering shrubbery before their cottage, watching her rosy-cheeked children tumbling together in play, that an imposing vehicle came to a stop before the place and a lady alighted.

"What a charming spot!" Letitia heard the newcomer exclaim, as she

stepped gracefully through the gap in the hedge of brier-roses which served for a gateway and walked down the path.

Letitia rose to receive her, clasping her youngest child to her breast.

"My good woman," the visitor began graciously, "can you oblige me with a glass—" She cried out, "Letitia!"

The young mother would have flung herself upon her sister's bosom, but the manifest pride of the latter, who, like the rest of the family, had so utterly cut off interest in and connection with the girl at her marriage as not even to inquire the exact place of her abode, froze Letitia's impulse as quickly as it had sprung.

The sister glanced about the place and laughed. Letitia flushed and was silent.

"So this is where you live!" she exclaimed. "Charming, rustic place! What a picture you make with the children, to be sure! All yours, I presume?"

Letitia bowed, her eyes filling suddenly with tears which she would not allow to fall.

"Well, this is even lower than we had supposed you were." She glanced through the open door of the cottage. "To think! Not even a carpet on the floor; and altogether I fancy you have no more than four rooms. And such a gown—when you used to have such different things! My poor sister!" she said. "But I suppose it is foolish to expend pity upon you, as you are undoubtedly very happy."

"I am very happy, thank you," said Letitia firmly, and speaking to one of the little ones who was clinging to her skirts and peeking shyly at the elegant figure of the visitor: "Go, my dear, and get a cup of water for the lady."

The child obeyed. The lady sipped the water, murmured thanks, and in a moment was in her equipage rolling in stately fashion down the road.

As the carriage passed out of sight, Letitia sank upon the wooden bench beneath the rose-bushes, heedless of her children's eager questioning, a pang in her heart that had never been felt before.

III

As he came toward their home that evening, Richard missed the usual caroling of his wife's voice. There was an

unusual silence, too, at the evening meal, badly cooked as it generally was, but set forth upon a snowy table; yet he forbore to ask any questions until the little ones, with evening hymn and prayer, had been put to bed. Then he led her out to the bench in the garden.

It was a beautiful night, sweet with the scent of breathing flowers, starlit and still, except for the distant singing of a night-bird. It was sweet to her, too, to have his arm around her, her head upon his shoulder; but unrest was stirring in her bosom, and she did not relax to the tenderness of protecting love.

"What has gone wrong, Letitia?" he inquired gently. "Why is my dear one troubled?"

"Nothing," she answered, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"But something *is* the matter," he persisted. "Tell me what is in your mind—whatever it may be."

He pressed her to his side, and was chilled to the very heart by a faint resistance. He sat bolt upright, fear in his eyes, but mastery in his voice.

"Speak to me, Letitia," he commanded.

Then in a miserable little voice she poured out to him the foolish disturbance of her soul.

"My sister came to-day. Think of it! My sister! She did not know me until she had come almost to the very door, asking for a glass of water. I do not know how she chanced to be driving this way. And, Richard, she exclaimed upon my poverty and scorned my dress and looked coldly upon my children. She is married to a rich man. I do not care for myself; but hers will have everything that parents can desire to give their children; and what will become of mine? They will have a pittance to live upon, a bare existence in this wretched cottage, sneered at by their own cousins. I almost wish that they had never been born!"

Her husband was shocked to the uttermost, stunned.

"Letitia!"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed with a burst of tears. "It does not seem dreadful to you, for this is what you were brought up to; but I have been different. I would have my children such as we were

at home, growing up to be ladies and gentlemen, not scrambling about bare floors and learning to dig in the field. When I was nine years of age I had lessons in music. What can I teach little Elizabeth? In a hundred years we could not buy a harp or a pianoforte.

"I am not complaining of my lot," she continued. "I chose, and I am satisfied; but seeing my sister's condition to-day roused me from my blindness. For myself I do not care; but it is a lasting shame to me that I have brought children into such poverty."

That which he had dreaded in the first years of their marriage had now come, long after he had ceased to give it thought as a possibility. He spoke very slowly, painfully.

"We, perhaps, do not need to be so poor. I could do better away from here. But I have loved this land, and would not give thought to going away. For two hundred years we have tilled it, father and son. I thought you loved it, too."

His voice failed, but she was silent.

"This bench my great-grandfather made. The cottage was built by his great-grandfather. Every blade of grass in the ground is dear to me, being mine. I had thought you were contented here, even though we have so little."

"It is enough for two," she said cruelly. "But I am weary of struggling for so many."

"I would not have one less," he interposed sternly.

"Nor I," she responded. "But it breaks my heart that there should be less to give each one."

IV

HE was thinking rapidly, striving to be a man in the face of this bitter blow. "I have been the happiest man in the world," he said to himself, "for eleven years. God has been good to me. I will not complain to Him now."

"If you could only make money," she said; "if you could only do something besides cultivating this miserable bit of land, we might have a better house and give our children education and position that would fit them for anything—Why! I have not felt between my fingers a piece of silk in eleven years."

She was crying quite tempestuously now, and he did not seek to comfort her. He leaned back on the seat and gazed at the tranquil stars.

"I have been a fool," he said, "to think that I could keep you contented here. As to the children, it is enough for any child to have an honest father and a good mother, to be brought up in healthful simplicity in the clean country and in the righteous fear of God. Such a child who cannot make his way in the world is none of mine. But since you long for silken dresses"—his voice, which had become hard, grew suddenly very kind—"and it is but natural that you should—and also for a harp, and perhaps other fine things—these things you shall have. I am man enough to get them for you."

She started with curiosity. "But how, Richard? How can you?"

"I do not need to remain on this land," he answered stiffly. "It has been my happiness. It is so no longer. I will go to Falmouth, where my uncle is a merchant and a shipper. Long ago he offered me a position there. I will hire a man to run our little farm, and we shall have more money. When I have made enough to buy you a fine home in Falmouth, I will send for you, and you shall be a lady—as, indeed, you always have been. You shall never say that your husband has been unable to provide according to your needs."

"But—you will have to go away, Richard?" Her voice faltered.

He had an instant longing that she would not let him go, but answered: "How can I make money for you here?"

She hesitated, then said, with a consciousness that her words were partly false: "It is for the children. If it were not for their sake, I would not let you go."

He laughed, saying nothing, and she was stung into further defense.

"My sister!" she cried childishly. "I will not have her laugh at me and mine."

"She shall laugh for another reason," he replied almost roughly. "The time will come—and within a few years—when your finery and your children shall outshine hers. My purpose in life has been love. It shall be money."

"Come into the house, Letitia," he ended abruptly. "It is getting late."

Within a week necessary preparations had been made, and Richard was ready to leave. At the last moment she had it in her heart to bid him stay, but visions of luxury flitting through her brain, and a new dignity in his manner, made it easier to let him go.

The days were maddeningly long and empty until a letter at the end of the week brought relief. His uncle had gladly received him; he was doing well; at the end of the month he would send her money and put money in the bank. It was a matter for great regret that he had not taken the opportunity when they were first married. In eleven years they might have had quite a comfortable fortune.

Eleven years! Letitia put the letter down with a sickening feeling. If it had been eleven years ago, that might have been fine; but if in eleven years to come—No, not even then; these years past she could not wish had been spent anywhere else; nowhere else could they have had such perfection of happiness.

The children were beginning to fret for father. What had become of the kind parent who played with them as no one else ever could, whose stern voice in correction struck the small soul with awe, and whose laughter betokened such merriment and fun? They plied their mother with questions. Individually, and in little groups, they cried. Sometimes they made her frantic, and she spoke to them in sharp tones that had been foreign to their ears, at which they cried more pathetically.

The letters came, cheerful and promising. The children questioned less, but grew wistful, stopping often in the midst of play to climb a hillock overlooking the road and watch for the coming of father. Egbert, their precocious one, who even at his tender years loved his studies with his father, silently pined.

The greater the cheer in Richard's letters, the more desperate became the expression of Letitia's once smiling face. There was one morning when she caught sight of little Egbert going out to the road, hurried after him, and heard his piteous explanation that he was "going

to find favver." Letitia carried the boy into the house, giving him many kisses, threw her embroidered apron over her head, and burst into tears.

More mystification and grief fell upon the children when mother embraced one and ail, with fervent kisses bidding them all be good and obey Elizabeth, the eldest, and Mrs. Kenton, who would come in to look after them until she returned. And then, clad in her "second best," a bag thrown over her arm and an umbrella in her hand, she walked away and soon dwindled into a speck on the same road that had swallowed father.

V

It was about forty miles to Falmouth. Only a few shillings had been left at home when her husband went away, and the end of the month had not quite come; but what were forty miles when love waited at the end of the journey?

All day Letitia walked. The sunshine was hot, but trees cast cool shadows over most of the way, and she made no stop of more than a few minutes until night-fall when, as she had planned, she came to a wayside inn. In the morning her feet were still weary and her limbs somewhat stiffened, but she was used to long walking and climbing over the countryside, and after a simple breakfast resumed her travel, eager-hearted.

When the sun was setting on the second day, steadfast but weary, Letitia entered Falmouth, inquired the way to a certain address, and thither bent her steps, not so elastic as they had been the day before.

"What a mean little place!" she exclaimed to herself, as the lodging-house to which she had been directed came into view; and the conviction that he was living cheaply in order to save money for her gave her a bitter twinge. What a difference between this and the clean cottage with the acres of green grass and fertile meadow which she had called wretched!

As they went to summon Richard Brent, she hastily brushed the dust from her shoes, wiped her face with a kerchief whose daintiness did not correspond with the plainness—almost coarseness—of her dress, and smoothed her hair.

Her husband appeared, speechless with

amazement, and led her into his room. Even in her confusion of mind she noted that it was barren and not overclean.

"The children are crying for you," she began bravely, though her eyes shone with tears. "They are breaking my heart with pleading for their father."

He looked at her with strange sternness and her courage almost failed.

"It is not only the children, Richard," she said. "I cannot live apart from you."

"I am doing five times as well as before," he said slowly. "Some day we shall all be rich in Falmouth."

"I would not live in Falmouth," she exclaimed passionately. "I love the little farm and the great outdoors. We could not live as you are living here, and we cannot be separated while you are preparing a place for us. Richard, we will stay on the land that has been the home of your people for so many generations!"

He looked away, frowning. "But the silken dresses," he said, "and the harp for Elizabeth, and the humbling of your sister—"

She quailed utterly at a terrible thought. Had love of money beset her husband to the death of love for her, and was it now too late to turn him from that purpose toward which at her bidding

he had bent his efforts? Her knees, which had forgotten their tiredness, trembled under her, and, too miserable for utterance, Letitia sank into the one chair. Richard lost to her! Could it be? What an awful curse upon her wicked discontent!

He turned toward her, the light of sudden question in his eyes.

"Where did you get the means to come, Letitia? I left next to nothing, and"—he seemed bewildered—"surely I have not yet sent money."

"I had no money," she faltered, "so I walked."

"To come to me! Letitia!"

He clasped her in his arms, forgetting all the obstinacy of pride and wounded love.

"Letitia! God bless you! Have you wanted me at home?"

"Wanted you?" She raised her head, no longer ashamed to let him see the flowing tears. "Wanted you, my husband? All I care for in the world is that you shall come home."

They rode back to St. D——, and it was a group of happy, shouting children who discovered them coming together on the roadway and fell upon them like a troop of hungry little wild animals—only these were hungry for love.

HEART OF GOLD

Heart of gold, when the sun is high
O'er the drowsy earth, in the summer sky;
When the cattle doze in the shady fen
And noonday peace thralls the souls of men—
Heart of gold, you will love me then.

When the flaming west and the dying light
Warn the world of approaching night;
When the cattle are safe in stall and pen,
And twilight gloom holds the souls of men—
Heart of gold, you will love me then.

When the night comes lowering, wild and black,
And the storm-king rages mid wreck and wrack;
When the wild beast roams from his loathly den,
And ghostly fear shrouds the souls of men—
Heart of gold, you will love me then.

Heart of gold, when the storm is past
And we wake to eternal day at last,
Where bliss or sorrow beyond our ken
Claims forever the souls of men—
Heart of gold, will you love me *then*?

Elliot Balestier

BRAZOS

THE STORY OF A COW-PONY WHO WOULD GO WILD

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

LEN BROCKWAY, having quite exhausted himself in exhausting his vocabulary, impotently plumped down on the comparatively shady side of a clump of greasewood to wait. 'Tis an appalling thing to a cow-puncher in cumbrous "chaps" and tilting boots, the legs and feet thus enclosed not being used to walking, to be rendered horseless in the sage-brush twenty miles from camp.

However, Len might consider himself not altogether deserted by fortune, for when at last his companions came trotting back from the finish of their day's drive one horse was found which submitted to carrying double. Astride behind the cantle, occasionally holding fast to Tom Moore, Len made entry far from triumphant into the round-up camp. It was necessary that he satisfy the curious-minded; therefore, he did, while the cook paused to listen.

"What's the matter?"

"Len lost his hawss."

Exclamations properly (or improperly) adorned.

"What did he do, Len? Throw you off?"

"No." Len grumpily removes his chaps.

"Pulled loose an' went gallopin' hell-bent-for-breakfast," elucidates Tom.

"Whereabouts, Len?"

"Mouth of Yankee Draw." Len kicks his chaps into the brush and morosely seats himself against a wheel of the mess-wagon.

Continued exclamations.

"What were *you* doin'?"

"Me? I was down in the creek tryin' to drive them cows out!"

"What hawss was it, Len?"

"That [totally condemned] Ute pony, Brazos."

"Len was down below, on a little island, an' Frank an' me was up above. First thing we knew, old Brazos was comin', an' next thing we knew he was gone," further explains Tom.

"Yes," supports Frank. "We could have headed him off, if we'd have known; but here he comes, all of a sudden, like a reg'lar wild hawss, snortin' an' stirrups flyin', up over the bank. He run right between us, too."

"Was he tied, Len?"

"Tied to the sage. Never knew he was gone till I looked back, an' he wasn't there."

"Len had to swim ashore—didn't you, Len?" banters Tom.

"Darn near," grumbles Len.

"We'll have to get that hawss again," says the foreman quietly. "He's the best cow-pony, for a Ute, I ever saw."

"Ain't none of 'em any good," said Len. "I don't give a cuss for the hawss, but he's wearin' a bridle an' Navajo blanket an' a fifty-dollar saddle that I'm after. I know how I'll get *him*; with a 30-30."

"I don't want that hawss shot, Len," warns the foreman firmly. "You can catch him, all right, if you go easy with him."

"He'd better go mighty easy with me, then," mutters Len vengefully.

"The plan for *you* is to take the best hawss in your string, an' borrow a saddle, an' start right after him, in the morning."

"You can have my saddle, Len. I've got a new one."

"It's come, has it?"

"Yes; come yesterday mornin'. Pete

Fluger is goin' to bring it in on his way back to-night."

"Wonder where old Brazos is bound for. Maybe he's goin' back to the Green River. He's from the K ranch, over there, isn't he?"

"Yes; he's liable to drift to the Green," agrees the foreman. "'Less he meets up with a wild-hawss bunch."

"That's what he'll do—meet up with a wild-hawss bunch."

"I'll make a dead tame hawss of him," mutters Len.

"You shoot him an' it's like to cost you fifty dollars," warns the foreman in his quiet tone. "That's what he's worth."

"I reckon he smelt where the wild hawsses come down to drink at that water-hole up in the park," volunteers somebody. "The hawss-jingler said all the hawsses were hard to herd, that night we camped there."

"I'll make a dead tame hawss of him," reiterates Len stubbornly.

"You'd better go back there an' look, first thing, Len," counsels the foreman, "before he runs all the wild hawsses out of the country."

II

MEANWHILE, away sped Brazos, the empty stirrups threshing his belly, and the bobbing clump of sage, pulled from its anchorage, serving to increase his frenzy. Straight up Yankee Draw he galloped. He slackened to a trot; the reins continually caught under his fore hoofs and bothered him. Among the cedars he tossed his head and whinnied shrill. He was free! But those other free ones answered him not, and he trotted on.

At intervals he grazed; fitfully, always moving. He stepped through the bridle-reins, and they further impeded him, catching on his hocks and under his shoulders when he lifted his head. But he somewhere left his impeding clump of sage.

Dusk settled; coyotes yelped about him; a chill flooded the world as the west's pink faded and darkened into starry blue. The moon arose, fantastically lighting slope and meadow, timber, rock, and brush. Whinnying anon, Brazos traveled still on.

Instinct guided him right. Just before the break of dawn, with the moon low in the west and gibbous, and only a slight whitening of the east to betoken the nearness of day, he reached the water-hole in the rocks. As he approached the little pool he heard a clatter and a crashing, dying away in the distance; ensued silence. About the pool the scent of wild-horse bodies was strong. Loudly whinnying—calling, imploring—he trotted back and forth, ranging here, there, around and around; but never a new friend welcomed him.

Morning brightened, and found him feverish and persistent; when the sun rose higher he lay down beneath the shading branches of a cedar and slept.

During the afternoon he grazed more quietly, continually whisking his tail, for the flies were exceedingly annoying. Stepping upon his bridle-reins, now brittle after their night's soaking, and, irritated by a fly, at the same time jerking his head, he broke one; and toward evening he broke the other. The wild horses kept afar, not replying to his appeals, but with the dusk they came sidling down, afraid, yet curious; thirsty, yet held back by suspicion. Sensing their approach, he stood very still; and he trembled with eagerness.

In this wild-horse band were seven animals—as the cowboys well knew: three branded horses, escaped from corral or pastured herd; two mares, one a maverick; a two-year-old stallion, maverick, and a maverick colt. The Brazos cow-pony nickered; he could see them, in the eery gloam, as they stood uncertain, grouped and staring. He trotted forward; his stirrups clattered, and with a volley of snorts the band wheeled and cantered away.

Brazos pursued. The stallion led over the hills, through the timber and little open parks, mile after mile, while the night waxed and waned. The band was restless; galloping, cantering, trotting, slackening until the stranger drew near, but only to be off again. The route passed a spring, and the band stopped to drink. Hopefully, with a nicker of delight, Brazos trotted forward, nearer and nearer; he paused, he resumed his trot. The wild horses raised their heads to look upon him. The younger mare, as

if fascinated, coyly advanced a few steps. She gingerly extended her nose; Brazos touched it with his. Suddenly, with a snort of distaste, she whirled and planted both hind hoofs upon his chest—thud! Then came the stallion, incarnate fury, ears flat, and Brazos fled—but not far.

III

EARLY that morning, Len, upon another horse of his string and in a borrowed saddle, unerringly approached the water-hole where the wild horses were accustomed to drink, and, dismounting, waited with bridle-reins in hand. He would try the rope first; if that failed, he would use his rifle—and he did not much care which succeeded. But though he waited until the gray had brightened into gold, never a wild horse appeared, nor a Brazos. He examined the tracks around the hole, and his practised eye read the story—read the vigil, the oncoming, the flight, the pursuit, and, with cursing renewed, he mounted, to trail. Late that night he rode into the round-up camp—jaded, irate, vengeful.

"You'll never get that hawss again," prophesied old Jack. "He'll jes' follow that wild bunch, day in an' day out, an' as long as he's got the saddle on him they'll let him come so close an' no closer."

"Don't you reckon he'll lose his saddle pretty soon?"

"That's all I want—my saddle," growled Len.

"Dunno—he will when the cinch breaks."

"That was a new front cinch, wasn't it, Len?"

"Put it on that very mornin'."

"If he don't lose it pretty soon he'll be no good as a hawss any more," declared old Jack. "Them saddle-blankets'll stick to his back, from bein' on so long, an' eat in, an' when you go to get 'em off the flesh'll come off, too. He'll have to be killed. The sores won't heal."

At the prospect Len muttered fresh malediction.

Ranchers, wild-horse men, cow-punchers from outlying districts—all persons with whom the round-up came in contact—were instructed to keep an eye out

for the fugitive: a gray Ute pony, with a diamond, barred, on the left shoulder and a reverse on the left hip. And at length word arrived that such a horse had been sighted.

For ten days Brazos had been on the move; the wild-horse band to which he was endeavoring to attach himself always tantalized him, never satisfied him. He and they were now miles away from the water-hole; however, there were other water-holes. The wild horses knew the country well. When they grazed, he grazed; when they drank, he drank; old Jack had spoken truly—he was suffered to approach just so near and no nearer.

He had rid himself of the bridle by pulling it over his ears and discarding it, but the saddle was still with him. The stirrups dangled against his sides, the skirts scraped the brush. He exhibited the stamp of man, and no wild thing would have aught to do with him.

His unrest of spirit and of body was rendering him gaunt. His mind was continually harassed; and as for his body, even a saddle weighing forty pounds will tax. The wild horses traveled light, and traveled at their own pace; laden, he also traveled at their own pace.

IV

FROM the crest of a low hill Len saw him standing, dejected, tired, in the midst of the bluestem grass and the myriad flowers of a little flat park, wistfully gazing at the bunch of wild horses on the edge of the timber a quarter of a mile away.

Len hastily drew back. He dismounted, and taking rope and rifle, made a short half-circuit; rounding the hill, he appeared upon the level. Carefully he approached.

"Whoa, Brazos! Whoa-oa, Brazos!"

Brazos turned his head inquiringly and looked. It seemed as though in his plight he might be glad of succor. He nickered recognition. Len cautioned him.

"Whoa, Brazos! Whoa-oa, now!"

The wild-horse band, having for a moment stared, heads high, went galloping into the timber. Brazos suddenly noted that they were gone. Alarmed,

he whinnied after them, irresolutely. The hopeless allurements still were upon him. But his master, representing the old life—the life which contained at least a surety—gauntleted hand outstretched in amity—was within thirty yards.

The cowboy marked the irresolution.

"Whoa, Brazos!" It was a command.

Brazos could not give up; not yet. He must have one more essay. With another whinny, in hesitant manner he started on, wearied as he was, trotting lumberingly.

Len muttered a quick oath, and, discarding rope, leveled rifle. There was an instant of pause until the sight dwelt against the pony's extended head. Then sounded a vicious crack, and Brazos dropped, legs doubled beneath him, to lie convulsively shivering. The cowboy ran forward, ejecting the empty shell. However, no second shot was required. Brazos was dead.

"Blast you!" said Len—and that was all.

With evening he rode, triumphant at last, into camp, packing his saddle.

"You bet I got it," he replied doggedly. "I topped a little rise there east of the Indian corral, in Elk Park, an' the first thing I seen was old Brazos, standin' down below in a meadow, lookin' at some wild hawsses off by the timber. I tried to get up close enough to put a rope on him, an' I'd have done it, I believe, if them other hawsses hadn't started off. He seemed sort of glad to see me, old Brazos did. But he started, too, an' I let him have it with the 30-30."

"How was he lookin', Len?"

"Pretty badly used up, I can tell you. Must have shed about twenty pounds of flesh, an' his back was gettin' sore, too. He'd never been no good any more."

"No, I reckon not," mused the foreman. "He'd been out too long."

So, mashing down the bluestem and the flowers in the beautiful little park, the spoil of the coyote by night and the buzzard by day, lay Brazos, the cowboy who would go wild.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN MEADS

We'RE in the saddle and away—
Hurrah! The road is easy going!
We'll gather flowers bright and gay
About us growing.
In ev'ry wayside 'waits a bloom
Of violets shyly uplifting,
Laden with incense of perfume
From moss-banks drifting.

We're on the bridge—the moonlight falls
Through silver birches, gnarled beeches;
The cuckoo from the coppice calls—
Plaintive beseeches.
A touch of hands, a flash of eyes,
A murmur low; the hoofs are ringing
Adown the golden paradise—
My heart is singing.

Along the maples swift we glide—
The shady way of wavering shadows,
Through pasture lands on either side
And teeming meadows.
The bleating sheep upon the hills,
And wandering kine on lowlands lowing,
Renew the throb of old heart-thrills—
When love was growing.

Horace Seymour Keller

THE REIGN OF BASEBALL

BY RALPH D. PAINE

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE DEVOTEES OF THE HORSEHIDE
SPHERE ARE FOUND WHEREVER THE
STARS AND STRIPES WAVE—ON A
THOUSAND DIAMONDS THE UMPIRE
DAILY CROAKS "PLAY BALL!"



AFTER the allied armies had stormed the walls of Peking, seven years ago, the British officers hastened to lay out cricket and hockey fields in the spacious grounds of the Temple of Heaven. Before skirmish-firing had ceased to vex the city's suburbs "The Peking Field-Sports Club" had been organized, with an "honorary secretary" of the Bengal Lancers. We correspondents viewed these proceedings with much interest and began reluctantly to agree with the popular opinion that the English are the only genuine sporting race.

Not long after this, however, a squad of British officers rode into the vast enclosure of the Temple of Earth, where were encamped the khaki-clad troopers, "dough-boys," and gunners of Uncle Sam. The visitors were amazed to hear

from beyond the yellow-tiled roofs a mighty roar as if an army were shouting itself black in the face. The terrific commotion rose and fell in waves of wrath and jubilation, and the puzzled Englishmen pushed on until they came to rows of templed walls and marble terraces, swarming with hundreds of blue-shirted fighting men.

Here, in one of the most sacred and inviolable places of all China—a place for ages dedicated to an annual pilgrimage of solemn worship by the emperor—a thousand lusty Americans were using the very altars for "bleachers" while they "rooted" for the rival nines of Riley's Battery and the Sixth Cavalry squadron. The American Army League was in full swing for the Peking championship, and the hoarse volleys of



HOW THE SPECTATORS LOOK FROM THE FIELD

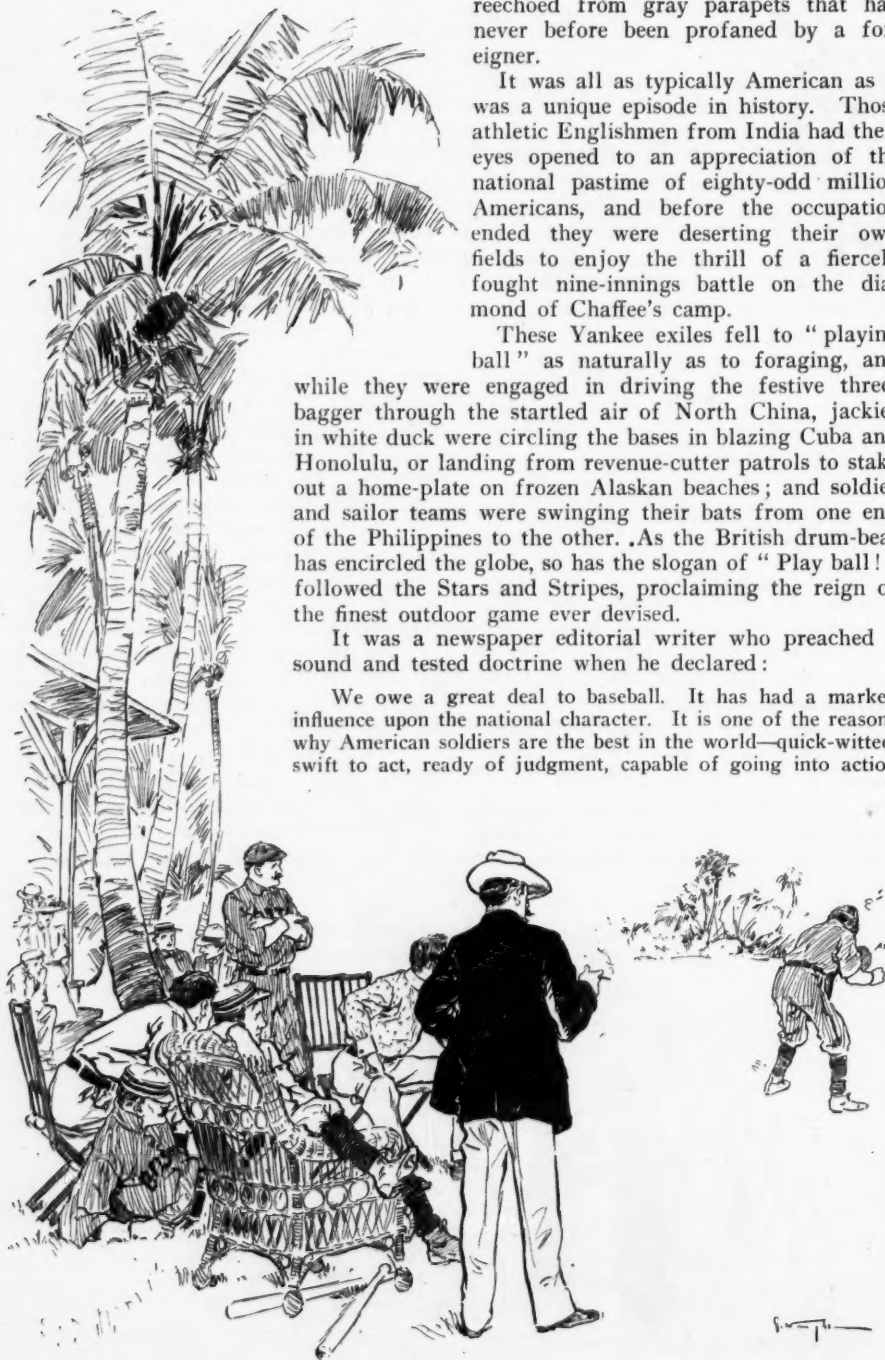
"Rotten umpire!" "Soak it to her, Kelly!" "Wow-w, slide, you lobster!" reechoed from gray parapets that had never before been profaned by a foreigner.

It was all as typically American as it was a unique episode in history. Those athletic Englishmen from India had their eyes opened to an appreciation of the national pastime of eighty-odd million Americans, and before the occupation ended they were deserting their own fields to enjoy the thrill of a fiercely fought nine-innings battle on the diamond of Chaffee's camp.

These Yankee exiles fell to "playing ball" as naturally as to foraging, and while they were engaged in driving the festive three-bagger through the startled air of North China, jackies in white duck were circling the bases in blazing Cuba and Honolulu, or landing from revenue-cutter patrols to stake out a home-plate on frozen Alaskan beaches; and soldier and sailor teams were swinging their bats from one end of the Philippines to the other. As the British drum-beat has encircled the globe, so has the slogan of "Play ball!" followed the Stars and Stripes, proclaiming the reign of the finest outdoor game ever devised.

It was a newspaper editorial writer who preached a sound and tested doctrine when he declared:

We owe a great deal to baseball. It has had a marked influence upon the national character. It is one of the reasons why American soldiers are the best in the world—quick-witted, swift to act, ready of judgment, capable of going into action



WINTER PRACTISE IN FLORIDA



A "KICK"

without officers. It is one of the reasons why, as a nation, we impress foreigners as quick, alert, confident, and trained for independent action. It is worth something to have as a national pastime the most intellectual of all games of physical exercise.

It is not often realized that baseball has flourished for so long in this country of its birth that the national love of it has had time to become a distinct hereditary influence. The younger generation is wont to think the tremendous popularity of the professional game a modern thing, yet almost half a century ago forty thousand people crowded to see a match between the Athletics of Philadelphia and the Atlantics of Brooklyn, and only one inning could be fought because there was no room in the field for the players. It was a crude, unformed game in those days, not many years beyond the era when a famous match in Massachusetts had required two days to finish, with eleven hours of play and a winning score of one hundred runs to fifty-six.

It matters little, however, whether baseball was evolved from the English game of "rounders," from "town ball," or from "nigger baby." The important fact is that American inventiveness and genius for swift and highly organized cooperation took hold of a clumsy, childish pastime and, step by step, developed it into the most skilful and scientific form of competitive athletics. In the same

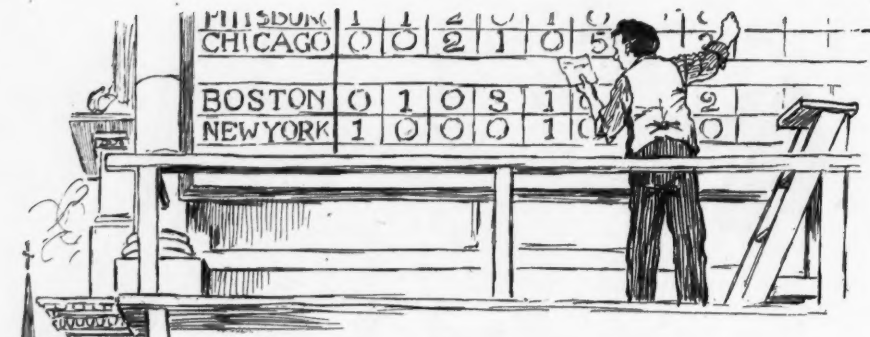
way our football pioneers experimented with the comparatively formless game of English Rugby and made of it a beautifully interacting machine in which strategy must win over mere weight and muscle. It is precisely the same kind of talent which has caused American business and industrial methods to set the pace for the world's enterprise, and this is why baseball is preeminently a "national game," made by and for Americans.

Professional teams have circled the globe and again and again invaded England as baseball missionaries and advance-agents, but not until the colony of

Rhodes scholars at Oxford began to play among themselves did the game flourish on that alien soil. When the present King of England witnessed a game at Lord's



A SLIDE FOR FIRST



cricket grounds in 1889, between the professional nines of Spaulding's famous round-the-world tour, he wrote out an opinion which reflected the view-point of his nation: "The Prince of Wales has witnessed the game of baseball with great interest, and though he considers it an excellent game, regards cricket as superior."

Each of these two games is likely to remain a reflection of the temperament of its own people. It is oddly logical that the Japanese, the "Yankees of the Orient," should have learned more baseball in ten years than the English have in thirty. Alertness, system, swiftness of attack and defense—the Japanese found in the American pastime what most appealed to them in work and war. When the Japanese nine of the Waseda University journeyed across the Pacific last year to play the crack teams of the coast, it was as bold a piece of athletic enterprise as was ever recorded.

The average American boy begins to play ball at the age of five or six, and he learns the lingo of the game before he can read. The lore of the diamond is a birthright from his daddy, and an aptitude for it is in his blood. A hundred years ago and more, when this nation fringed the Atlantic



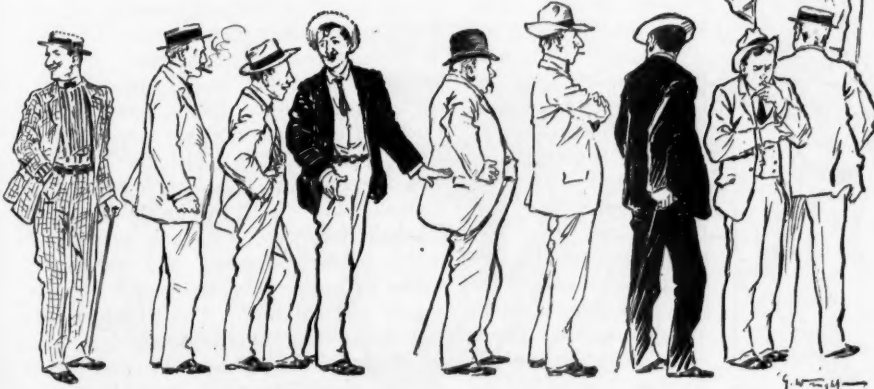
WATCHING A NEWSPAPER'S BULLETIN-BOARD



Coast, every able-bodied boy knew the ways of ships and sailors as a common inheritance. To-day baseball is the one universal bond among the youth of all sections of this vastly scattered people, and it is rather impressive, if you stop to think of it, that in all probability every solitary American male, from the age of knee-breeches to that of gray hair, knows a home-run from a sacrifice-hit, and an in-shoot from a pop fly.

The baseball world is a pure democracy, and it is not surprising to find that United States Senator Bulkeley, of Connecticut, was the first president of the National League, or that the late Arthur Pue Gorman once led the national baseball club of Washington. Another United States Senator, the late Philetus Sawyer, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, was the owner of a champion professional team twenty years ago, and he showed the right spirit even if he had not bothered to study the rules. While watching his team play a league game he was horrified to see a long-driven fly fall plump between two outfielders.

"Look here, this won't do," he shouted at his manager. "If there aren't enough men out there to catch those balls,



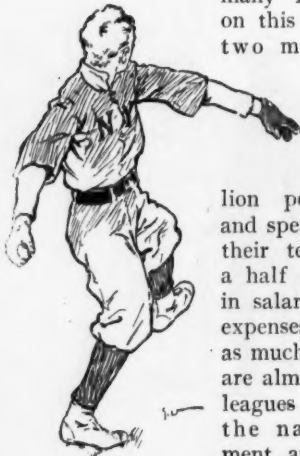
"FANS" BUYING TICKETS TO THE GAME



hire another — hire two or three more — hire half a dozen, and never mind the expense. There's no sense in being short-handed like that."

So-called "magnates" of this type used to own baseball nines as a hobby and pay heavily for the fun, after the prodigal fashion of theatrical "angels." The professional game has become a highly specialized business, however, and demands the kind of executive and financial talent that is able to swing great enterprises. It is the professional baseball activity, after all, that makes this game unique among all sports. While baseball is played by amateurs on every open lot, school field, and public playground in the country, the same can be said of cricket in England. But professional cricket is a small affair in point of investment, outlay, and organization beside American baseball.

Here is a sport which after many vicissitudes has been brought to such a level of clean and fascinating rivalry that the men paid to "play" it attract every season more than twenty million spectators, who, in admission fees, car-fare, and so forth, spend as many million dollars on this pastime. The two major leagues alone, the National and the American, play before six million people a year, and spend, to maintain their teams, two and a half million dollars in salaries, with other expenses amounting to as much again. There are almost forty minor leagues controlled by the national agreement, and their figures



for receipts and attendance are fairly staggering in the aggregate.

This tremendous patronage is attracted by the love of the game, for open betting is nowhere permitted. Horse-racing has a multitude of followers, but it is not sport, because it cannot live without gam-



bling. College football is the pastime of the classes, not of the masses, and has not become truly popularized. Few except collegians know how to teach it or to play it well, and it has wholly failed as a professional game. Baseball stands alone as a purely American sport which appeals to the whole people on its merits, and it is also the only kind of professional athleticism that has not smashed on the rocks of graft, greed, and ruffianism.

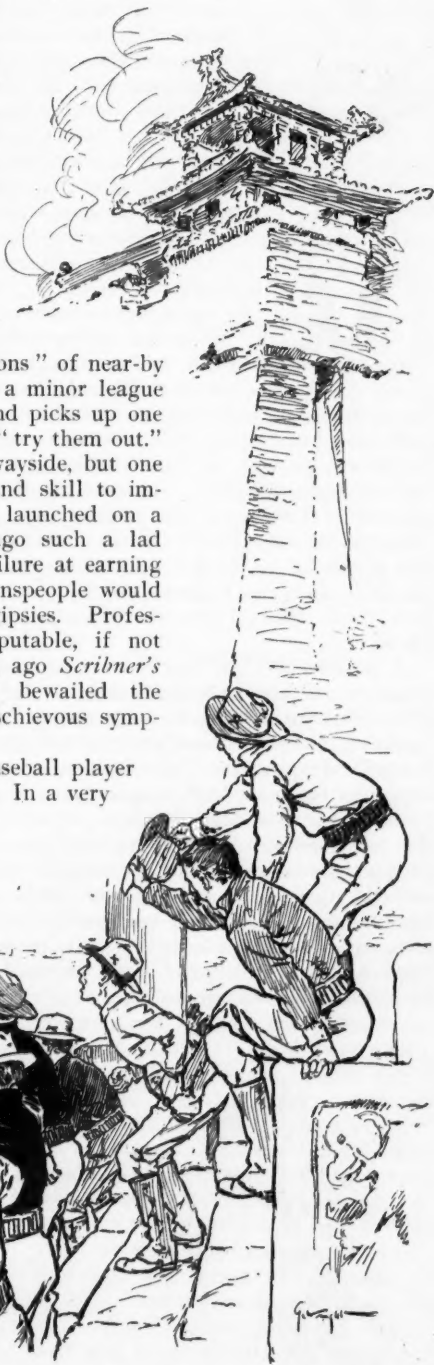
There is far too much "rowdy ball" on the professional fields, however, and the hooligans are not yet weeded from the playing ranks. The men in control of the game realize, however, that "muckerism" will inevitably kill their gigantic business, and each season sees more severe penalties and more rigorous enforcement against offensive language and conduct. The drunkard and the blackguard have been crowded out of all fields of skilled industry, and the rewards of professional baseball are so great that only the very fittest can hope to survive.

Baseball as a vocation is an astonishing economic study. About five thousand young men are paid salaries for playing, on diamonds scattered from the Gulf to the Pacific. Their schooling in the game begins on the town lots, in the open country, on the nines of schools and shops and factories, railroads and offices. Here and there one lad is quicker and apter than hundreds of his comrades, and he has also the "natural ball-player's" in-born talent, which cannot be acquired.

After a while he becomes a member of a "semi-professional" team and receives a two or a five dollar bill for playing in holiday games against the "champions" of near-by regions. Then the keen-eyed manager of a minor league nine comes scouting from town to town and picks up one likely youngster here and another there to "try them out."

Most of these candidates fall by the wayside, but one in a hundred has the brains and pluck and skill to improve in fast company, and he is fairly launched on a baseball career. A generation or two ago such a lad would have been called a loafer and a failure at earning an honest livelihood. His respectable townspeople would have classed him with prizefighters and gipsies. Professional sport? Why, all sport was disreputable, if not wicked; and no longer than a generation ago *Scribner's Monthly* [now the *Century Magazine*] bewailed the growing interest in croquet as a most mischievous symptom of American life.

Our ambitious and promising young baseball player of to-day strives for a goal worth seeking. In a very



AMERICAN SOLDIERS PLAYING IN CHINA



few years he may be signed with a National League or American Association team and be earning from twenty-five hundred to five thousand for a working season of eight months, with the winter his own for vacation or other business activity.

As income goes, he is far better off than most professional men and than

the vast majority of storekeepers, salesmen, and managers. His traveling expenses are paid at the best hotels, he is taken South or West to the most expensive winter resorts for preliminary practise, and he receives the public homage of a personage. All this is in return for his skill in playing a game which he enjoys more than anything else in the world.

A notable and not entirely wholesome symptom of present-day baseball is the drift of college players into the professional ranks. A dozen years ago, when "Tot" Murphy, the Yale captain, was signed by the New York league team, the event was a nine days' wonder. To-day the collegians are breaking into the professional ranks literally by the dozens. It follows that they are assured larger incomes than they could earn anywhere else, but against this is the fact that boys are not sent to college to study baseball as a specialty, nor are colleges endowed

as recruiting stations for professional leagues. The collegian may help to raise the standard of the baseball personnel, but he is lowering the standards of his alma mater, and he has no business in the game as a wage-earner.

Among members of the so-called learned professions it is the custom to rail at a social condition which permits a baseball player to receive a greater salary than a college president. With all respect to the critics, it is easier to find a man equipped to teach Greek and philosophy from text-books than a pitcher with the brains, courage, and skill to hold his own in major-league company. Nor are the qualities of mind and body that win baseball fame so very much inferior to those which bring preferment at the bar or in the faculty chair, heretical as this may sound. A leader and player like John McGraw, or "Jimmy" Collins, an all-round giant of the diamond like Napoleon Lajoie, or such famous stars of an older era as John Ward and "Buck" Ewing are men of very exceptional caliber, and the discerning world rewards them as such.

When "Cy" Young or "Christy" Matthewson pitches a "no-hit" game, or Waddell and Young toe the slab through



JOY IN MUDVILLE

twenty innings of one nerve-racking, exhausting battle without let-up or falter, there are exhibited certain essentials of character which mankind admires and always will admire and be proud of. When the world's championship was fought out last October between the Chicago teams of the National League and the American Association, more than one hundred thousand people paid one hundred and five thousand dollars to pass the gates during six afternoons and as many more clamored in vain for admission. Players and public were keyed up to the tensest excitement and rivalry, yet the series was played to a finish without one unsportsmanlike incident and without a whisper of scandal. A great college football match could have been managed no more admirably.

A CLEAN PROFESSIONAL SPORT

This is the kind of thing that has raised professional baseball from a condition which threatened to wreck it a few years ago. The men who have labored to make the game clean have done much to spread the love of outdoor sport throughout the country. Without baseball there would be almost no widely organized outdoor exercise in the United States, outside of the school and college playing-fields. And the collegian, although he is prone to fancy himself the bulwark of the nation, is, after all, in a lonesome minority, compared with the millions of other cheerful and hard-working Americans who are hustling for three square meals a day and a few extra dollars in the savings-bank.

It has been most fortunate that from its formative period baseball has always enlisted the activities of a few strong and capable men who in fair weather and foul have sought "to encourage, foster, and elevate the game of baseball, and to make baseball playing respectable and honorable," as runs a clause of the constitution of the National League. The blackest days were in the first five years of professional playing; after the meteoric career of Harry Wright's "Red Stockings" had given the game a tremendous impetus. It was in 1870 that this nine played every strong team in the country without losing a game, a record never equaled. Then the game fell into the

hands of gamblers, who were in a fair way to kill it, just as their dirty tactics have killed professional foot-racing and rowing. Pools were sold on ball-games as if they were prize-fights or horse-races, and of course the players became infected with the taint.

When the first "National League of Professional Clubs" was formed in 1876, the game was wrested from the hands of its wreckers and permanently headed in the direction of fair sport and public confidence. The rise of the rival American Association has largely helped the upward march of the game in recent years. The most important event in baseball history, however, since the birth of the National League, was the organization of the "National Association of Baseball Leagues," in 1901, whereby the entire professional interests of the country were welded together in a harmonious community of interests. Even the two major leagues have established a mutual agreement to wipe out abuses and insure fair dealing.

THE "BASEBALL TRUST"

As the most conspicuous result of thirty years of growth, the sport of baseball has become as closely knit a trust as ever defied the Sherman Act. This exact parallelism of the industrial trend of the times is so typically American that it has a humorous aspect. Even sport cannot escape the "genius for consolidation." This huge "combination of interests" declares war on all independent competition, sweepingly blacklists employees who break its contracts, and is an outdoor "monopoly in restraint of trade" that has somehow escaped the vigilant eye of the muck-raker. Thousands of baseball-player wage-earners are bought and sold as chattels. Minor league teams count upon fattening their season's balance-sheets by selling to the "big" associations the services of promising young players who are under contract. Last year forty-four hundred players' contracts were recorded and approved by the National Association of Leagues. The players "released" by purchase from one club to another numbered five hundred and fourteen, and one hundred and forty-six players were "drafted" or subleased among the league teams.

The traffic in this athletic property involved cash transactions of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In an effort to wrest the championship from Chicago last season the National League team of New York strengthened its batting list by paying the Cincinnati club ten thousand dollars for the "release" of Seymour, and traded Mertes to St. Louis for Shannon and Shay and ten thousand dollars in cash "to boot." This is a curious form of sporting peonage which seems satisfactory to all concerned, but nowhere else in the world's pastimes is there anything in the least like it.

CHANGING THE RULES

The rules of the game will continue to shift one way and the other in the eternal duel between pitcher and batter, between attack and defense. For thirty years this effort at adjustment has been like the struggle between big guns and armor-plate. The science of pitching developed much faster than ability to hit the ball. Therefore the pitcher was handicapped in various ways, and the batter permitted to smite the missile freely until the tide swung the other way again. In recent years the "slab-artist" has been given the advantage, and the complaint grows that there is not batting enough. This feature of the game has by no means reached a final solution.

The revision of the rules has always been entrusted to the professional experts, and their edicts are obeyed by at least a million of players, all the way down to the barefooted tots who whang a three-cent ball with a barrel stave and wrangle over "the foul-strike rule." The vast army of amateurs must, therefore, look to the leagues for every change or improvement in the game, and in this way the professional element dominates the baseball of eighty millions of Americans. Unlike the history of other sports, professional baseball has helped instead of hindered the game of the amateur. Where one State League plays its circuit of six or eight small cities, a hundred amateur nines are springing up to pattern after the organization of the professionals, and with uniforms, managers, and regular schedules, boom the game for the pure fun of it. In Greater New York alone more than two hundred clubs of

amateurs and semi-professional players contest regular series of games in private grounds and in the public parks.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE GAME

As a "national game," baseball has no more than begun its conquest. One of the great popular awakenings of this generation has been the "outdoor movement," in which the gospel of fresh air and wholesome exercise has been preached from every housetop. The public schools are teaching it, employers are promoting athletic clubs for their working-people, and a million dollars is not considered an extravagant sum to invest in the equipment of a college athletic plant. The average American is so constructed that athletic endeavor bores him unless it is enlivened by the spirit of competition. He must be trying to "lick the other fellow" or he will quit the game in disgust. Baseball is the one sport open to all, without any barrier of expense, and with rivalry enough to rivet the interest of its players.

The pallid student with bulging brow may croak that it is a wicked economic waste for thousands of grown men to be paid large salaries for hitting a ball with a stick of wood. On the contrary, these clean-built, sunburned, vigorous athletes of the league diamonds are the faculty members of the National University of Baseball Culture, and their pupils are to be found in every other American home.

The greatest day of the sporting calendar is "the opening of the league season." Then it is worth the price of admission just to see twenty thousand cheering Americans banked half-way round the velvet turf in the sparkling April weather; when the heroes in their spick-and-span uniforms parade grandly across the field behind the band; when the big flag soars to the top of the tall pole; when the Mayor or Governor tosses the dedicatory horse-hide sphere from his box; when the first gladiator strides up to the home-plate, and the umpire croaks "Play ball!"

Poe's "Raven" and Longfellow's "Excelsior" may be recited by school children yet unborn, but it is not a rash prophecy that their claim to immortality is no stronger than the claim of that matchless lyric, "Casey at the Bat."

THE HUNGERFORD OPERATION

BY MONTAGU MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "THE DIAMOND KIRBY FOUND"

THE elder of the two strange visitors, he who had given the name of Drax, tapped a forefinger impressively against the bedside lamp which Hungerford had brought into the living-room of the little Colorado bungalow.

"You got to come, doc," he said. "Ain't nothin' else."

The other man, Gregson, moved nervously, so that the long pistol at his hip rattled. Dr. Warren Hungerford coughed. The night wind was cold, and the young invalid only partly dressed.

"But I gave up practise," objected Hungerford, "to live quietly out here and get well. Isn't there some other surgeon?"

"No," snapped Gregson.

"You got to come," repeated Drax. "I tell you, this boy's laigs is p'intedly no 'count."

"Far to go?" yielded Hungerford. He had a troublesome sense of duty bequeathed by several generations of surgeon ancestors.

"We're leading a extry horse," Gregson said. "Put on your clothes;" and he glided out of the door into the dark, evading the shaft of light with singular adroitness.

Hungerford threw into a satchel some rolls of bandages, sponges, and a few stubby bottles. From a trunk in his bedroom he drew a black instrument-case and patted it affectionately. It was a very distinguished case, for it had been in the society of a bomb-shattered grand duke, two stricken kings, and an afflicted President. The case had belonged to Hungerford's dead father, the celebrated Sims Hungerford, famous in the profession of two continents for many things, and chiefly for the great Hungerford operation for the restoration of the spinal cord, which only

he and a half dozen others had been skilful enough to perform.

"She'll see service once more, anyhow," soliloquized Warren, and wondered whether the old case had ever seen service under queerer circumstances. The routine of a Colorado health-seeker is dull, and queer circumstances appealed to Hungerford.

The three mounted, and Drax relieved Hungerford of the satchel and fell to the rear. As he did so, the doctor noted a Winchester slung from the old man's saddle. Gregson, in the lead, had a rifle as well.

The street lights of Twin Springs, gleaming in the valley, went out as the trio turned into the mountain road. By this Hungerford, though but a week-old resident, knew that the hour was midnight. He felt no apprehension. He had done charity rounds in New York, where a doctor on his errands is safe even in the hardest slums of the East Side.

Despite the urgency with which Hungerford's aid had been implored, the pace of the party was a noiseless walk. Beyond the last cabin in the settlement, however, Gregson struck into a gallop, and they wound rapidly along the divide. The road was lined with impenetrable spruce. In a few minutes the doctor lost direction. His inquiries were answered, if at all, by monosyllables which meant nothing. When Gregson wheeled into the cavern of a trail, apparently straight up the mountain, Hungerford drew rein.

"Short cut," vouchsafed Gregson.

Hungerford looked over his shoulder doubtfully. Drax had halted and was bending over, close to the ground, and listening eagerly. The spark of adventure in Hungerford's spirit kindled.

At length the tortuous trail debouched upon a natural clearing, knee-deep in grass. Gregson, dismounting, whistled a bar of "Sweet Marie."

"Where's the house?" asked Warren.

Gregson nodded at a craggy hill opposite.

"Bout a ten-minute climb," he said laconically. "Foot-work."

Hungerford heard an answering whistle and saw a figure behind a shadowy pine at the edge of the clearing.

"All set, Sandy," muttered Drax, as they passed.

The three men conducted their snorting horses up the rocky ascent. It was a tug for Hungerford. He leaned against a boulder when a glimmering window came into sight. Gregson swore violently and gave the doctor an arm. Drax pushed open the door of the one-storied log-house. Before a word was spoken the old man snatched a quilt from a cot and hung it over the single window. Leaving Gregson to secure the ponies, Hungerford limped inside and looked about him, blinking in the murky rays of a lantern.

II

A TALL, broad-shouldered fellow, hardly more than a boy in years, lay on the rude cot. His eyes blazed with a despairing rage, and his thin, stubborn jaw jutted upward. He had rolled into a miniature club a corner of the red blanket which enveloped him, and with this he was beating ceaselessly against the frame of his couch.

"Lift up kid, you, Elser," commanded Drax, "and give the doc a look at them laigs. And the next time you uncover that window, you fool, I'll skin you."

A stupid, heavy brute, half German, half Indian, shambled sullenly out of a dark corner; but Hungerford interposed.

"Don't touch the poor chap," said Hungerford softly. "I'll do it."

The kid's savage eyes studied Hungerford intently, but he did not relax his clutch on the blanket. Hungerford folded it sideways and exposed the legs—limbs of an athlete, white, sinewy, and unblemished. He looked at Drax inquiringly.

"He ain't moved 'em since the rock downed him," explained Drax. "No action in 'em—no feelin'. You can prick 'em with a knife, and there's nothin' doin'."

Hungerford's heart began to beat eagerly. He rolled the boy over with infinite precaution, so that he lay almost face down. No one spoke. After five minutes Hungerford replaced his patient, rose, and beckoned Drax to the far end of the room.

"None of that," protested the cripple in a fierce, vigorous voice. "Speak up."

"Well, kid, you have a bad back," said Hungerford.

"Any show?"

The speaker's fiery eyes burned into Hungerford's, but now Hungerford's eyes were burning, too. A wonderful signal seemed to flash from one young man to the other. Hungerford's eyes said: "We are going to take big chances, and I am glad of it." The kid's eyes replied, "So am I." It was the freemasonry of daring, and adventure, and youth.

"You bet there's a show!" exclaimed Warren happily. "Only one show, to be sure, but one is enough. I'm the son of my father, and there's a Hungerford in the ring yet."

Drax stared curiously at the surgeon's twitching throat. No wonder it twitched. The ambition of the surgeon's life was realized. He was to perform the Hungerford operation before he died. He had worked for it, prayed for it, despaired of it. No wonder that his throat twitched and his nerves quivered.

The sight of the instrument-case steadied him. He called for boiling water, ordered every lamp and lantern lit, laid out sponges and bottles. The business of adapting the primitive surroundings to the work in prospect engrossed his mind. He neither heard a whistled strain of "Sweet Marie" outside nor noticed Gregson's entrance.

"Sandy says a bunch is comin' from town," hissed Gregson. "Elser's peached."

The old man, leaning over the kettle on the stove, straightened up and moved toward the sick-bed.

"No!" Gregson shouted, breathlessly.

"We can't pack no dead men. We got to ride."

He darted out, and Drax followed at a stooping run. The clatter of galloping horses died away.

Scarcely a moment had passed since Gregson's alarm. Hungerford, with a bottle of chloroform and a sponge in his hand, was still open-mouthed in astonishment. The kid gave a scornful laugh.

"Dirty quitters!" was his comment.

Looking vainly for Elser, Hungerford hurried out of the door. The night had blackened, and a rising wind complained through the pines. He saw a faint glow beyond the corner of the house; a lantern stood on a rock. Mechanically, he raised the light and listened. There was no sound, except that of the swaying trees. Hungerford carried the lantern into the cabin.

"Nobody's in hearing, kid!" he called from the threshold. "Lie down! What are you doing?"

The kid, propped on one elbow, was reaching desperately for his forty-five revolver on a table near-by. As Hungerford spoke, Elser dashed out from a shadow, fell forward on the table, and grabbed the pistol with both hands.

"No use, Bass!" he screamed with an odd, frightened choke. "We got you!" Elser's face was contorted, bestial, unutterably repulsive. "We got him, ain't we, doc?" he reiterated, moistening his thick lips. "We two'll split the reward, hey?"

Kid Bass grinned pleasantly in response to Hungerford's exclamation.

"This Elser dog," he said, "means the reward that the Twin Springers has put out for me and the others. I was kind of wishful to get hunk with Elser anterior to the arrival of the rope."

"A rope?" faltered Hungerford.

"Horse-thieves don't get much else, sir, hereabouts," continued Bass affably. "And I reckon a rope'll cure up my back quicker'n you could."

An agony of pain mastered him, but he managed to smile as he groaned. Elser chuckled, spat into the boy's face, and turned toward the door. Warren Hungerford, M.D., deluged a sponge with chloroform, jammed Elser against the logs, and poked the reeking sponge against his mouth and nostrils. The

German wilted to the floor like a rag, and Warren contemplated him amazedly, as if he had never seen the man before.

"Snappy work," drawled Bass gravely. "But the posse is due in ten minutes."

III

WHEN Alec Thoney, postmaster and city marshal of Twin Springs, opened the door of the mountain cabin, a long piece of red cloth, tacked to the plank-ing outside, fluttered against his cheek. Within was a pitiful scene of affliction. A sick German, his countenance shockingly livid and swollen, lay unconscious on the floor, and beside him knelt the young New York doctor. A cot, tumbled high with blankets and tarpaulins, was in the room, and the air was thick with the odor of drugs.

"What's all this, Dr. Hungerford?" queried the marshal.

"A devilish sick Dutchman," said Hungerford. "You'd better—you'd better—" His voice was almost panic-stricken. "You'd better keep out," he concluded.

Elser was racked with a frightful nausea. His moaning struggles were uncanny. One of the citizens behind Thoney grunted suddenly.

"Smallpox!" he asserted. "Look at his face, Alec. I've seen 'em. Smallpox."

The crowd shifted. Thoney, drawing back, caught his fingers uneasily in the cloth on the door.

"Who put up this red flag?" he quavered.

"I did," said Hungerford. "I happened to be here, and—well, I thought a smallpox flag was safer."

"He sent me a crazy message only this evenin' by an Injun boy," Thoney said, retreating again. "A crazy message about the Carbonate Creek gang."

"Can't you see he's crazy—out of his head?" retorted Hungerford impatiently. "Take my advice and clear out. I never heard of the Carbonate Creek gang, but I'll tell you one thing—a party on horseback galloped by here, to the west, not a quarter of an hour ago."

The marshal of Twin Springs, now alone at the door, pursed up his lips shrewdly.

"Doc," he said, "you're straight, we can't doubt that none. We'd ought to search the shack—but if you give it to us straight about this case—" The plight of the writhing, discolored creature on the floor interrupted him.

Hungerford's helpless gaze wandered absently to the pile of bedding on the cot. From a crevice in it he caught the blue glint of the kid's revolver. Then he stood, and the spirit of truth was for the first time visible in his level eyes.

"Mr. Thoney," he declared firmly, "I pledge you my professional and personal word that if you and your friends remain here long enough to make a search, some of you are going to die, and die hard."

Thoney gave a final, horror-stricken glance at Elser.

"Well," he remarked, "that's enough for me."

IV

In the interval of silence which followed the departure of the posse, one might have imagined that the fumes of the chloroform were passing from Elser's brain to Hungerford's. The German, tremulous and weak, had sense enough to comprehend the threat of the pistol in the hand of Bass, who had released himself somewhat from his coverings. But Hungerford, in a daze, sat on the corner of the table and stroked his chin stupidly.

"Don't worry, doc," the kid was saying, when Hungerford was able to understand. "No call to worry. Elser, move and you'll get it. Them fellers'll steer clear of here after that scare you threw into 'em, doc. That was great. I don't know how to thank you."

"You have nothing to thank me for," mumbled Hungerford. "You mustn't think I did that because—because—"

"I don't care why you did it," broke in the outlaw. "You did it. That's the point."

"Yes, that's the point," sighed Hungerford, perplexed.

What had he done? What had happened? He had become the ally of a criminal, doubtless of a murderer. He had stood between a criminal and justice, and he had devised a lie. Bass watched the doctor narrowly.

"Thoney and his bunch plumb made fools of themselves," resumed the kid. "They didn't need no help. The lad who talked smallpox first was Hager—I know him. Funny, warn't it? They fooled themselves without your saying a word. That was sure gospel about somebody dying if they rambled around here any."

A tiny ray of comfort speeded into Hungerford's conscience, but it disappeared as speedily.

"The red cloth," he complained, "and Elser chloroformed."

"Oh, Elser!" said Bass, ignoring the former suggestion cheerfully. "Elser deserved worse than that for taking your patient's face for a Dutch comedian's."

Hungerford drew a long breath and shook his head.

"And, after all," went on the kid's placid, soothing voice, "you're bound to fix this busted dingus in my back. You're nat'rally bound to fly at that, doc, and you couldn't help but hold on to the chance, no matter what."

"How could you tell?" gasped Hungerford, and stood up.

"Sort of surmised it out of your face a while since," said Kid Bass. "My back sort of locoed you."

Dr. Hungerford laughed blankly.

"By George, you're right!" said he. "The Hungerford operation—that's what made me see crooked!"

The difficulty with his conscience of a sudden seemed marvelously easier. He walked up and down the room. As he did so, Elser's dull eyes left the kid's pistol and followed Hungerford with superstitious terror. There was much Indian blood in Elser, and he had heard of devil medicine, but never of chloroform.

To Hungerford, his course was plain. First and foremost should come the operation, and then, if it was successful, the surrender of Bass to the law. He surely could explain, somehow, the subterfuge of the evening to the authorities—his fear of a lynching, his duty to a patient, his passive share in the deception of Thoney's posse.

"Give me that gun, kid," he said. "I'll take care of Elser. We'll make a sponge-holder out of him."

Bass instantly resigned the weapon.
 "Oh, Elser's your man, now," replied the kid. "You've got Elser scared green. Doc, if it hadn't been for you, I'd be swinging now!"

Hungerford frowned slightly. He did not like the boy's implicit confidence in him, nor did he like his own growing fondness.

"I'm going to try to cure that back," he announced.

"And after the try, what?" asked Bass, smiling.

The doctor's face fell.

"A pine box?" insinuated the kid carelessly.

"After the try, we'll see," said Hungerford. "Come on, Elser. Help me with this stuff."

He scalded the instruments and completed his preparations.

"Now, kid, we're ready. Ready for our only chance. Before we begin, maybe you—you want——"

The surgeon hesitated, but Bass finished the sentence.

"To tell anything?" he supplied, stretching his arms contentedly. "Not much. Except I'm no thief, doc. That old quitter was my uncle—he made me go with him. But I've never done anything bad myself—honest, so help me! No jury would believe me, but it's true. I wouldn't lie to you, doc. And if anything should happen, you send a word to my sister in Wisconsin that I died straight."

Hungerford wrote down the address. The kid held out his hand.

"Good luck," he said. "Good luck to a good man."

"Same to you, Kid Bass," said Hungerford, and gripped the hand tight.

V

LEANING back in her chair, Mrs. Sims Hungerford looked through little tears of happiness at the bustle of the New

York street. Then she read again her son's letter.

DEAREST MOTHER:

The wonderful news in this letter will make up for my three weeks' silence. What do you think? I have done father's operation—done the Hungerford operation! And the patient is nearly well!

I suppose no surgeon ever had a better subject for the ordeal. He was a young, gritty, clean-living cowboy, with a physique and constitution like tempered steel. We did the job in a lonely mountain cabin. The air beats any tonic in or out of the pharmacopœia, and after one whiff of it you'd take your oath that there were no bacteria within twenty-five miles.

Mother, you alone can understand all it means to me to have done this. The dear old governor's own operation! How proud and pleased he would have been—yes, how pleased he is—to know of it! In New York I might never have had a chance at it, but out here a chance came to me without trying—that is, without trying very hard.

Of course, I would have told you at once, but I found myself suddenly quarantined in a house where the citizens suspected smallpox. They wouldn't come near the house, or let me out of it. It wasn't smallpox after all.

You see I'm busy. As soon as I finish this letter I'm going over to the post-office and pick a bullet out of the postmaster's arm. He was shot some weeks ago in an unsuccessful attempt to capture a couple of horse-thieves, who have skipped for parts unknown.

I am better than I've been in ten years, and I honestly believe that I'll be with you for Christmas. By the way, my cowboy, in whom I naturally feel a great interest, wanted to go East, so I've bought him a ticket for New York. I've given him your address, and I know that you will be glad to add him to the family of strays which you are always looking out for. He is a fine, trustworthy fellow, and would make a corking instructor in some riding-school. His name is Andrew Bass.

Your loving son,

WARREN HUNGERFORD.

LOVE

Love is a flame—how cruelly it sears!

Remorseless—aye, un pitying—its breath!

Yet down through all the world's unnumbered years

Love's star has lit the darksome ways of death!

Sennett Stephens

EDNA MAY

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS OF MUSICAL COMEDY WHO, THOUGH HER TALENTS ARE SLIGHT, HAS WON THE PLAYGOERS OF TWO COUNTRIES BY HER DEMURE BEAUTY AND UNAFFECTED MANNER

MORE remarkable, perhaps, than the life-story of any other player now before the public is the career of Edna May Pettie, the daughter of a Syracuse letter-carrier. Her stage name is doubtless known to every newspaper reader in England and America. Not gifted with unusual talent, by real cleverness in making the most of herself this pretty girl from central New York has found the center of the lime-light that shines upon the English-speaking stage.

The key-note of Edna May's popularity is brought out in a statement made by Manager George W. Lederer, as long ago as 1900, when, after her pronounced hit with "The Belle of New York," in London, he said to a newspaper man: "What I like about her is that, notwithstanding her extraordinary success, she is still the same simple, modest little woman that she was on her first stellar appearance in New York. She has none of the 'big head' so prevalent among actors. Her success in society abroad—she has sung at any number of drawing-room entertainments—is due to the fact that she has the happy faculty of being able to look wise and say little. She can say 'yes' and 'no' in a prettier and more fetching way, and she can say it oftener too, than any one else I have ever met."

Although Mr. Lederer claims to have "discovered" Edna May, it was Oscar Hammerstein who gave her her first po-

sition. That was in the autumn of 1896, when he was rehearsing "Santa Maria," a light opera for which he himself wrote both the words and the music. The piece was put on in the theater part of Olympia, as it was then called—the Criterion Theater, as it is now. This girl from Syracuse simply walked into Mr. Hammerstein's office one morning and inquired if he had an opening for her in the chorus. She told him that she was a soprano, but after he had tried her voice she agreed to be set down as a contralto. At any rate, he engaged her, and as she showed a laudable desire to take things seriously and to work hard, Mr. Hammerstein made her understudy to Lucille Saunders. More, he even wrote in a trio for her, Marie Halton, and Eleanor Elton.

During this first winter in town, Miss May did more than get a start on the stage; she fell in love, and before spring was married to Fred Titus, the crack bicycle-rider. When it came time to take "Santa Maria" on the road, she did not wish to leave her husband—as it happens, they have since been divorced—so she and Mr. Hammerstein parted company, and, after some skirmishing around, Edna May Pettie, as she was then called on the program, found a tiny part in "A Contented Woman," which the late Caroline Miskel was playing at the Madison Square Theater. Now, it chanced that

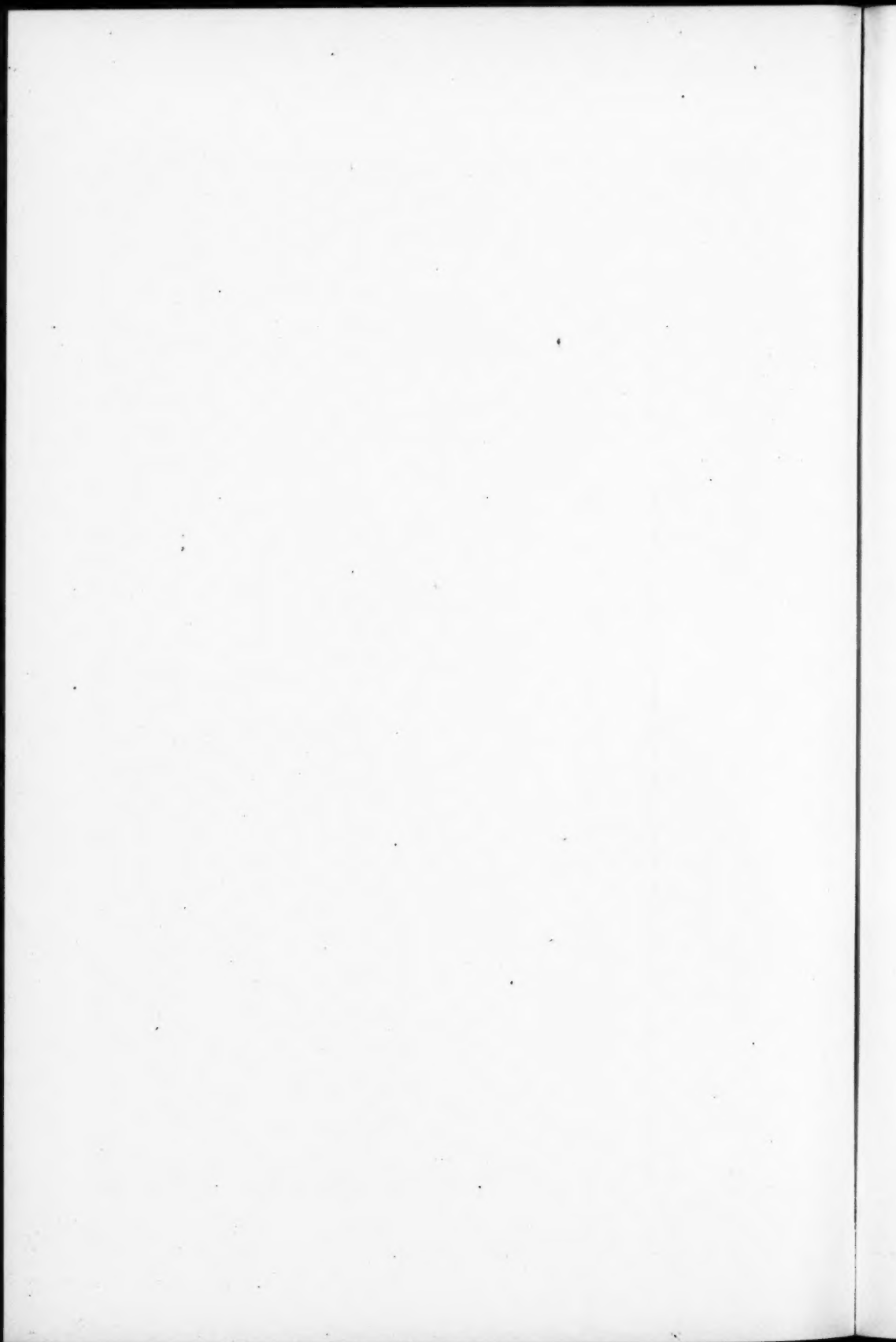
EDITOR'S NOTE—Previous articles in this series on players of prominence have been published in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE as follows: Maude Adams, August, 1905; John Drew, February, 1906; Eleanor Robson, March; Mrs. Leslie Carter, May; Fritzi Scheff, June; Margaret Anglin, July; Blanche Bates, August; Maxine Elliott, September; Mary Manning, October; Ethel Barrymore, November; Edward H. Sothorn, December; and Henry B. Irving, January, 1907; Ellen Terry, February; Richard Mansfield, March; and Johnston Forbes-Robertson, April.





EDNA MAY

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York



Mr. Titus's sister, Sylvia Thorne, was in the chorus at the Casino, and she suggested that her sister-in-law try to get in there, where shows were likely to run through the summer. She spoke to her manager, Mr. Lederer, about the matter, and his reply was: "Send her along, and I'll take a look at her."

The "look" was so satisfactory that Miss Pettie was assigned to a position in the chorus of "The Whirl of the Town," and everybody about the theater promptly forgot that there was such a person until Kerker and Morton's new piece, "The Belle of New York," came up for rehearsal.

THE SALVATION ARMY LASS

"We want some demure little girl for the part of the Salvation Army lass," said librettist Hugh Morton, who, when he uses his own name, is C. M. S. McLellan, author of "Leah Kleschna."

Demure prima donnas are not exactly a drug on the market, but after several names had been suggested and dismissed, Mr. Lederer had an inspiration.

"There's a little girl in our chorus," he said, "who would look the part to the life."

"But can she act it?" Mr. Morton desired to know.

"Will she be able to sing it?" was the query of composer Gustave Kerker.

"I think she can be taught to do both," replied Lederer. "Besides, it will be a novelty to spring a brand-new leading woman on our audiences."

The experiment seemed to be worth trying, and Miss Pettie's training for the part was begun. Much has been printed about this training, some writers claiming that Edna May was "a manufactured prima donna," as though that was something altogether unheard-of in stageland. "I can't begin to describe to you the almost brutal rehearsals we had to go through before I got her to do the part just as I wanted her to," said Mr. Lederer, referring to the matter some three years later. "There were notations on the music showing just what she was to do with her eyes at certain notes, and arrows were chalked on the stage to show how she was to move."

Miss May herself intimates that Mr. Lederer's labors with her were purely

those of the mechanic. She ascribes most of the credit for her success to Mr. Kerker and Mr. Morton. As a matter of fact, there is nothing particularly disgraceful in admitting that one is a "manufactured" star. What else is Mrs. Leslie Carter? According to the testimony in a court of law, Mr. Belasco even went so far as to drag her about the stage by her hair.

"The Belle of New York" was produced at the Casino on September 28, 1897. It created no particular furor; indeed, in looking up the next day's notice of the performance in the *New York Sun*, I find a sort of damning-with-faint-praise review of the affair, with neither Miss May's name nor that of any other player mentioned. What *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* said of the piece in the December issue for that year may be of interest:

"The Belle of New York" has a deal of music which cannot help being "catchy," as it is reminiscent of only the brightest bits from other scores, contains several episodes which are as silly as they are shocking, and—wondrous to relate—a real moral. This is embodied in the influence a Salvation Army lassie has on a young man about town, and in promoting Edna May from the chorus to impersonate the part the Casino directors have made a happy selection.

THE IDOL OF LONDON PLAYGOERS

The piece had no extended run in New York; its decided hit was reserved for London, whither it was transferred at a hazard in the early part of the following year. It ran at the Shaftesbury Theater for six hundred and ninety-seven consecutive performances, or until December 30, 1899, and during that period Edna May became the idol of West End playgoers. She returned to America for a short tour, and in the spring of 1900 appeared in London again in another musical comedy by the authors of "The Belle of New York," and in a rôle created at the Casino by Lillian Russell.

The piece was called "An American Beauty." One of the English critics' comments began with: "What a pity! A house full of friends, a gorgeous welcome, a successful first act—and a 'fizzle out'!" I have often thought that the secret underlying the enormous popular-

ity of "The Belle" with London audiences lay in the fact that Miss May's part brought forward a type which is even more familiar in England than it is in America.

The following autumn found Edna May back in the States and under new management, that of Charles Frohman. By midwinter she was projected as a star in New York, still with "The Belle's" makers as sponsors for the vehicle. But they seemed to have exhausted themselves as mascots with that first venture, for "The Girl from Up There" fared sadly at the hands of the reviewers, and was never a big winner with the public, either in New York or in London, whither it was afterward removed. The commentators were inclined to give Virginia Earl a higher rating in the production than the star, and altogether Miss May was justified if she felt a bit discouraged.

Though "The Girl from Up There" failed to do much for its supposedly leading figure, it served playgoers a good turn by transferring from vaudeville the team of comedians, Montgomery and Stone, who scored heavily as a brace of "limber pirates"—*Solomon Scarlet* and *Christopher Grunt* respectively—showing their ability to fill the positions in "The Wizard of Oz" to which a little later they were assigned.

CONQUERING MANHATTAN

As for Miss May, Mr. Frohman kept her in London for some years after that, and gave up American-made vehicles. In England exclusively, then, she appeared in "Kitty Grey," "Three Little Maids," and "La Poupée," not returning to New York until she headed the cast of "The Schoolgirl" at Daly's in September, 1904, when her real subjugation of Manhattan may be said to have begun. This was firmly cemented the following year when she returned to the same house in "The Catch of the Season."

Since that time Mr. Frohman has kept her in England, where she originated the title rôle in "The Belle of Mayfair." She left the cast of this piece very suddenly last autumn, under circumstances which will be remembered in the stage history of London, inasmuch as the episode caused the withdrawal of Charles

Frohman from the management of the Vaudeville Theater in that city.

Miss May objected to the featuring of Camille Clifford jointly with herself in "The Belle of Mayfair" bills. The theater management's retort was that they must feature Miss Clifford—formerly a chorus-girl at Daly's in "The Prince of Pilsen"—because she was engaged to marry a British nobleman. Thereupon Miss May walked out of the cast, and was upheld by Mr. Frohman for so doing.

HER NEWEST PLAY

He straightway had another vehicle prepared for her, and on January 10, last, "Nelly Neil" was produced at his new London house, the Aldwych, where it is still running. In this three-act musical play England and America have united in supplying the libretto and the score, Ivan Caryll being responsible for the music and C. M. S. McLellan for the book, which the author has evidently endeavored to model as closely as possible after his own "Belle of New York," written when he preferred to hide his musical-comedy connections under a pseudonym.

Miss May plays the part of a socialist, "an uncertain and self-acknowledged insincere one"—to quote a London critic—"yet with the greatest of ease and with few arguments beyond those set out in her banner song, in which the day 'when the poor and the rich won't know which is which' seems to be the ardently desired culmination of her hopes, she converts all grades to become her followers."

It is not unlikely that "Nelly Neil" will prove Edna May's swan-song on the stage; for last winter she announced her engagement to Oscar Lewisohn, a brother of Jesse Lewisohn, and son of the late Adolph Lewisohn, the American "copper king." She will continue to live in England, where young Mr. Lewisohn owns a place near Ascot. Her sister Jane is now in the support of John Hare, at the Duke of York's, in "The Great Conspiracy," and a younger sister, Marguerite, is said to be almost ready to take Edna's place on the boards. If, with as many drawbacks at the start, she succeeds in becoming as internationally famous as Edna May, she will indeed prove a wonder.

THE HOUSE WITH THE WOODBINE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE PIANO," "THE SCRUBWOMAN," "THE STORY
OF RALPH MILLER"

EZRA HUBBEL was a pale, hollow-chested, timid boy, with a mat of sandy hair, and gentle, hazel eyes like a rabbit's. He was but seventeen, and immature for his age, but he knew the fervor of a great passion. No hot-blooded young man ever loved his sweetheart with a more absolute ardor than did Ezra the house in which he lived.

In the beginning he had been partly moved by reaction from intense distaste for his former city surroundings. He had been ten years old when the Hubbel family moved away from the small Vermont village in the mountains and descended to the city, where Mr. Hubbel's skill as a woodworker was to float them high on a tide of opulent city wages. Ezra, being the eldest of the three children, felt more than the others the extreme contrast between life in the Chilton cottage and existence in a tenement on Second Avenue, although their apartment was, relatively speaking, a comfortable one.

His mother said that the change "had nearly be'n the death of Ezra," and the phrase was literally true. During the four years of their stay in the city the shrinking, sensitive little boy lived in such a veritable passion of horror and loathing for everything about him that it consumed him like a fire.

His sister, Elvira, a year younger than he, shared to some extent his morbid hatred for the dark little rooms, the long, ill-smelling stairways, and, above all, for the constant, never-ceasing contact with over-familiar and numerous neighbors; for these conditions pressed with an intolerable weight on the two wild, shy country children. Little Sammie, aged five, adjusted himself to the changed conditions with the ease of extreme youth, and was soon as ram-

pantly at ease in the crowds of hooting street-children as any descendant of generations of Ghetto-dwellers; but the two elder ones suffered a long agony of nostalgia — nostalgia for they knew not what, since the wide village street of Chilton and the joys of a large back yard soon faded into a child's hazy vision of a half-remembered past.

Ezra had never known what it was he so longed for, but when he saw the house in Mount Morris he recognized his ideal with the unerring instinct of love at first sight. When he was fourteen it was decided that he should go to work. Through a schoolmate he heard of a position as grocer's boy in Mount Morris. His father was to be at work on a long job near there, and the family talked of moving out to the suburb if Ezra, too, could find something to do.

He was returning from a successful interview with the grocer when his heart leaped high to see his unformulated ideal rise before him. It was in a poor part of the town which had evidently been once a village by itself, but which a colony of Sicilians had reduced to a state of forlorn desolation. In the midst of their unkempt and slovenly squalor the house with the woodbine smiled with the rustic radiance of a rosy country girl in a crowded car of haggard city dwellers.

Probably its resemblance to the faded picture of village houses which still lingered in his mind accounted for some of the love for the place which sprang full-fledged into the heart of the boy leaning over the picket-fence and gazing with enraptured eyes at the house before him; but, as a matter of fact, it was quite seductive enough to have bewitched him without the faint aroma of half-familiarity which hung about it.

It would have been a charming little home anywhere, and in its desolate setting it was positively enchanting. The white of the walls was almost covered with the rich, dark green of the woodbine which swept down over the quaint, small windows and drooped graceful sprays from the roof of the deep piazza. The very chimneys were swathed in the robust growth of the vine, now in the full luxuriance of its June vigor.

The mass of green was relieved by a healthy old climbing-rose, which displayed a quantity of red blossoms over the front door. Beside the grass-grown gravel walk leading out to the street was a hedge of ragged, untrimmed syringa bushes, white with a thousand fragrant stars. Neglected beds of peonies flamed red and pink between the mounting waves of the uncut grass and the noble old elms which cast a heavy shade over the house. Boy that he was, Ezra longed to open the gate and set the deserted paradise in the state of trim beauty for which he felt it so evidently intended.

If he had been either older or more worldly wise, he never would have thought it worth while even to inquire about the empty house, so apparent was its air of being far beyond the Hubbel purse; but his simple ignorance served him well. After much inquiry among the Sicilians he was directed to the owner of the house, an old Italian woman, who welcomed eagerly a prospective tenant, even one so doubtfully represented.

She explained that the house was a disappointment to her. It had been for sale at a very low price, and she had invested all her little savings in it, hoping to live on the rent; but Ezra gathered dimly through her imperfect, halting English a picture of a long line of bad tenants, who fell sick, paid no rent, or moved suddenly away, until now the place had a bad name and had been empty for more than a year. With a wild hope, Ezra overcame his shy timidity, and asked the rent, his pulse drumming in his ears so that he could hardly hear her name a sum less than they had paid for any of their Second Avenue tenement lodgings.

II

THE interval from that day until the time when they moved into the house with

the woodbine dragged like an eternity to the impatient boy, although it was but a fortnight. And yet, when they were once established in the low-ceiled, cozy rooms, the whole period of their life on the East Side seemed at once like a bad dream, so peacefully at home did they feel themselves from the first day.

The old house was even lovelier inside than out, full of odd nooks and corners, of rooms with small-paned windows and sloping ceilings. Mrs. Hubbel's New England housewifery, fallen into disuse in the city, reasserted itself in spotless neatness indoors, and Ezra gave literally every moment of his leisure to the care of the garden and yard. He dug and hoed and labored incessantly with a devotion which left him no time for other pursuits. Sometimes on his way past the house, going from the grocer to a customer, he set his basket down, darted inside the gate, straightened a drooping gladiolus stalk in the flower-garden, or pulled a weed from a trim row of vegetables, and then ran to make up for lost time, staggering under his load of groceries.

Three years of such ardent cherishing care wrought marvels in the old place. Well kept and prosperous, it nestled under the old elms in a happy transformation from its former neglect. As he walked about of summer evenings and surveyed his handiwork, Ezra's heart swelled with the same pride that a good husband feels to see a pale sweetheart blossoming into a radiant and vigorous wife.

Overwhelming sorrows had come to the Hubbels during the three years, and already, as though it were their old family home, the house was hallowed with tender and sad associations. Ezra felt bitterly the irony of fate which had taken Elvira away from the spot where she could have been so happy. With the blind belief in heredity of New Englanders, Mrs. Hubbel had said that Elvira must have inherited consumption from her grandmother, for she had died just as the older woman had, carried away in the fall of the year they moved to Mount Morris, when the woodbine was wrapping the house in cloth-of-gold. Ezra loved the new home with a deeper fervor as he remembered how Elvira had liked

her pretty room with the climbing-rose over the window, and he shuddered to think what her sickness and death would have been in the tiny inner room of a city tenement.

Sammie was the next to go, attacked with a strange disease of the bones. He had been taken to a hospital, had undergone operation after operation until the shock was too great for his worn little frame. The parents had not recovered from the loss of their youngest and favorite child. Mr. Hubbel fell into a mild melancholy that sent him drooping hopelessly about the house, unmindful of the others, and Mrs. Hubbel began to fade and wither before Ezra's anxious eyes. He fancied that she looked as Elvira had, and his heart stood still. They were drawn very close by the loss of the other children and by the community of their passion for the house which had seen their sorrows. Little Sammie had begged to be taken home to die, and in some way they had prevailed on the impersonal hospital authorities to allow this irregular proceeding; so that he, too, had closed his eyes for the last time on the roses of the vine over the window, and had left lingering in the small, old room the recollection of his appealing little face.

Ezra and his mother often wondered aloud how they ever could have borne the grief that had come to them, if they had not had about them the soothing comfort of the old house. As Mrs. Hubbel grew weaker and weaker she fretted chiefly because she could not give the place the care it needed. Winter came on, and Ezra transferred his energies indoors, taking his mother's place as well as he could, caring for her and for the quaint interior with the same unflinching fidelity. Half the sting of seeing the invalid so worn and thin was removed by the pleasure of observing her in one of the pretty, picturesque rooms, in a chintz-covered armchair by the hearth, the sun coming in faintly through the many-paned small windows and casting checkered squares of light on the curious old-fashioned wall-paper.

As his mother's cough grew more and more racking, Ezra tried to talk with his father about the necessity of having a doctor for her, but Mr. Hubbel's melancholy had settled into an absent sort

of gentle fatalism, and he seemed scarcely to hear the boy. Ezra felt himself the virtual head of the family, and finally went to the free dispensary, which had furnished them the doctors for Sammie and Elvira, and asked again for one.

The next day arrived a keen young Yankee, with a restless, inquiring eye, quite different from the overworked and careless young hospital doctors who had visited them before. He examined Mrs. Hubbel, he examined the house, he tried to interview Mr. Hubbel, and, getting no satisfaction out of the father's dreamy and despondent answers, he cross-examined Ezra as to every detail of the family history and health, including his own.

The last questions were accompanied by sharp looks at the boy's pale cheeks and hollow chest which Ezra resented as hotly as he did the impertinent curiosity about every corner of the house which the doctor made no effort to conceal. In these apparently impersonal and neutral inquiries Ezra felt a vague hostility to the place; and later, when he saw the doctor circulating busily from house to house among the neighbors, note-book in hand and fluent Italian questioning on his lips, the mild-natured lad felt an absolute hatred for him.

III

A WEEK later Dr. Burton returned, loaded down with evidence and burning with zeal. He took Ezra on one side, and, without preparation of any sort, plunged brutally into the heart of his accusation. Ezra's first movement was one of generous anger and hot, unreasoning resistance. No attack upon and defense of the good name of a woman could have been more acrimonious than this struggle over the reputation of a house, and no despairing lover, confronted with indisputable proofs of the perfidy of his sweetheart could have been more helpless than poor Ezra before the crushing mass of evidence which the busy young doctor had collected.

"I tell you the place is a pest-house, and has been for sixty years! I've looked up the coroner's papers and the records of the hospital. The number of people who have been killed by the infernal old hole is beyond belief. I suspected at once that this was the trouble. I'm going

to devote my life to stamping out tuberculosis, and this is the sort of smooth, deceitful thing that's the most devilishly hard to get at. It seems there have been many complaints—vague, good-for-nothing reports that led nowhere—and the board of health has gone through the motions of fumigating the old sink of iniquity; but, Lord! you can't fumigate a graveyard!

"I made a germ-culture test with a piece of the old wall-paper in that room where your mother sits, and there are enough T.B.'s in a square inch to kill an ox. The house killed your little sister and brother as much as if the roof had fallen on them, and it has killed your mother, for it is too late to save her. You and your father have escaped because you were so much away. But look at you! It has one hand at your throat now!"

Ezra protested in a burst of shocked horror. He told the inflexible young scientist how he had loved the place, what a haven of peace it had been to them after the nightmare of life in the tenements; he refused to believe the patently true. It was one of the first days of early spring, and the two stood by the front gate.

"Why, look at it!" cried Ezra, turning to the comfortable, inviting old house, lying in a peaceful calm under the elms, held close in the embrace of the woodbine, beginning to show a tender green.

Confidence returned to him as he noted the dear and familiar beauty of it. He pointed to its innocent appearance with as complete a trust as a confiding man feels in the candid eyes of the woman he loves. And with the ruthlessness of a man with proofs did the doctor crush such sentimental considerations. He showed Ezra the list of the people who had lived in the house, and the deaths among them. He explained with pitiless clearness how little Sammie's long agony had been caused by another form of the same poison that had killed Elvira. He had all the fervor of a man with a mission in the world; he had all the unflinching bitterness of attack which characterizes the reformer; and he did not spare Ezra.

The sensitive, ignorant, impressionable boy was helpless against the onslaught

from a trained mind, and the shock of disillusion almost unhinged his reason. As he nursed his mother through her last illness (the doctor had said there was no use to move her since death was so close upon her), the long fervor of his love for the house changed into a half-frantic loathing for the very things he had cherished.

The doctor had left no point untouched. He had pointed out that the high old windows Ezra had thought so quaint kept out the sunshine which might have purified the rooms, and he had shown the dampness which came from the strangling embrace of the woodbine. In the long watches of the night when Ezra expected his mother to breathe her last at any moment, the figures on the old wall-paper seemed to crawl in a sinister and mocking measure. He thought of little Elvira, and he choked with fury. He kept his frenzy to himself with a forlorn heroism, not wishing to trouble his mother's last days, and feeling the uselessness of speaking to his father, who sat beside his wife in a hopeless expectation of the end.

After his mother's death, the eighteen-year-old boy assumed charge of affairs and moved his father and himself to a pair of small rooms in an ugly new tenement-building. After only a week's stay in their new quarters, one night his father did not come home from work. He never came home again. It was supposed that he had wandered in his daft way upon the railroad tracks, or had walked off the pier into the river. Thus Ezra found himself quite alone in the world, his half-crazed hatred for the house with the woodbine the only thing in his sentient life. He still passed it on his errands for the grocer, and never without a wave of revulsion.

As long as Dr. Burton was in the hospital the two raised heaven and earth to bring the board of health to order the destruction of the place. But friends of the owner opposed them, saying that it was the only means of support of a widow; and, moreover, Dr. Burton's impetuous career of attack on infected houses frightened owners who feared for the effect of a precedent of that kind. Innumerable technical delays ensued, politics became a factor, and when Dr. Bur-

ton was called to a Western city the matter was dropped with a sigh of relief from all concerned.

Ezra continued to haunt the offices of the city authorities in all his leisure moments, his passion overcoming his shrinking timidity and utter ignorance of the world. He tried to buttonhole politicians on their way in or out, and to present his case, at first diffidently, and then with an excitable defiance, which was at once pitiable and ludicrous in the insignificant grocer's clerk. He came to be one of the familiar figures in the number of eccentric petitioners about the city hall, and was a favorite butt for office-boy jokes. Finally, one of the authorities, detained from an important engagement by the boy's despairing tenacity, gave orders, in a fit of impatience, that he be excluded from the building.

After this, Ezra was shut in entirely with his work for the grocer—work which took him constantly past the house with the woodbine. Winter was beginning, and the dingy white of the walls showed through the sinuous lines of the dry vine like the gleam of bleached bones. The deep veranda, which kept the light out of the rooms back of it, made a shadowy spot of gloom which, to Ezra's overwrought fancy, looked a very cave of disease and death.

Ezra's hatred for the place grew deeper and deeper. He passed his solitary evenings brooding over the past, living again the days when he had devoted himself with single-hearted ardor to the brazen fraud.

IV

THE winter passed and spring began to come, touching the old house with light, transforming fingers. Ezra knew beforehand with an embittered familiarity every step of the changes which came upon his former home. His morbid preoccupation kept him constantly alert for the smallest event in garden or yard. One morning he woke up, felt the unmistakable spring pulsation in the air, and said to himself: "The crocuses will be above the grass to-day."

As he turned the corner and came in sight of the house, he saw, indeed, the tiny many-colored heads of the heralds of spring, but he also saw several children

running about the yard, and a man and a woman who stood on the deep piazza and looked around with satisfied eyes. Ezra's heart began thumping furiously. He walked more slowly and stared over the picket fence at the children with a distraught intensity which frightened them. They ran trembling to their mother and stood holding to the skirts of the large, matronly woman as Ezra stopped before the gate, shivering in the horror which lay on him.

The family inside drew together in a compact group and faced him expectantly. There was about the haggard, wild-eyed boy so evident and so impetuous an inarticulate protest that the man spoke as though in answer to a warning shout.

"*Du Gott in Himmel!* Vot's the matter?" he cried.

Ezra opened the gate and went in. It was the first time he had set foot upon the accursed ground since he had led his father away. The grating of the gravel under his heavy shoes sounded loud in his ears.

"Are you going to move in here?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," said the man. "To-morrow. Why?"

Ezra advanced upon him with an excited rush which made the woman and children retreat hastily to a corner of the veranda. "Oh, don't!" he screamed hysterically. "Don't! Don't! *Don't!*"

"Why not?" said the man. "Vat's the matter mit you, anyway. Get off! You're scaring my woman!"

Ezra broke out in a disjointed flood of warnings and entreaties. He wrung his hands, and his voice rose into a shrill and broken quaver. He was hardly intelligible, but they gathered that he was attacking the house which was to be their home. One of the children spoke impulsively and with the fluency of a descendant of foreigners.

"Why, you mean thing! It's a perfectly beautiful house, and I just love it already."

Ezra stopped, choking, and looked at her. He fancied that she looked a little like Elvira.

"You *mustn't* let her live here!" he cried agonizingly to the parents. "She'll die! They'll all die! Everybody does! You might as well kill them to-day as

to move in—and your wife'll die—and you'll go crazy—”

The choleric German lost his patience.

“Crazy, is it?” he said, advancing angrily upon the slight boy before him. “You're crazy by the head yourself. Get off with you! You're the foolish man the neighbors told me to look out for. I'm going to start right mit you. Get away! And don't let me never catch you here again, yet!”

He raised his arm threateningly, and as Ezra did not stop his wild gesticulations, he took the boy by the collar and half carried, half kicked him into the street, closing the gate with a bang and glowering over it with triumphant satisfaction.

Ezra picked himself up, shaken and bruised, and went on to the grocer's, too dazed to think. The next time he passed the house with the woodbine the people had disappeared. He remembered that they had said they were not going to move in until the next day.

On his way home that afternoon he stopped in front of the house, and, leaning weakly on the fence, he stared at it long and savagely. The place wore a complacent look of smug and baleful self-satisfaction. Through his bitter hatred he felt some of its old fatal charm. The woodbine was a fresh, light green, the elms showed a faint tracery of verdure, and the home-like, inviting grace of the house was never more apparent. The small windows gleamed with a kindly look, like falsely benevolent eyes, and the deep veranda was lighted up by the level rays of the setting sun.

Ezra had a sudden capricious hallucination that his mother sat on the steps waiting for his return, and his lonely heart ached with an unendurable realization of desolate solitude. And then he remembered that, even as she had done that so many evenings, the evil old house had been distilling its poison upon her.

He thought of the doomed little girl he had seen that morning—the little girl who looked like Elvira—and his head whirled dizzily with an emotion that seemed like to choke him.

Suddenly the setting sun played an odd trick on the house. For a moment it threw its level rays of red light on the windows from an angle which made them look as though a mighty fire glowed within. Ezra noticed how instantly glorified the place appeared, and with the thought came another which straightened him in unexpected resolve. He turned away and walked down the street, no longer with the uncertain, wavering steps of one half daft, but with the firm tread of a purposeful man. For the first time since the rending disillusion of the interview with the doctor he looked serene.

That night as he stood in the yard before the house, the little tongues of flame, leaping up in a dozen places at once, showed his face exalted with a holy joy of fanatical self-congratulation. He glowed with pride in himself and with faith in the righteousness of his deed.

As the flames from the different small fires flashed together and embraced the old house in a fiery caress even closer than that of the woodbine, Ezra clasped his hands with a gesture unconsciously noble in its fervor. The dry old timbers burned with ferocious haste, and when, too late, the men in helmets arrived with their clanging, puffing engines, the house with the woodbine was a tall tower of flames, crackling and roaring to the skies.

Ezra moved to meet the firemen, still uplifted with the conscious dignity of a man who has accomplished a great action. For the first time in his life he was entirely unafraid.

“My father and my mother and my sister and my little brother are all gone,” he said. “But now the house is gone, too. It can never kill any one again.”

THE LABORER

Show me your arms all muscular and bare.

Why, here is power a lion might beware!

Wealth, too, is here, and profit of your strength—

But do you dream that you shall have a share?

Elsa Barker

STORIETTES

"The Shelter of the Fold"

THE Prodigal sat down-stairs in the dining-room. The house was curiously quiet, though faint sounds came from the kitchen, where the evening dishes were being washed—carefully, so as not to disturb the hush.

After a while his sister came to him. Her eyes were red and her face was blotched and swollen. The Prodigal got up awkwardly and shook hands.

"How are you, Selina?" he asked, returning her nerveless clasp.

"Pretty well," she said formally. "We didn't know you were back till yesterday. The last we heard you were in Montana."

"I was there for a couple of years. I—I just heard this morning about father. How is he?"

"Very low," she answered in a hushed tone. And then she began to cry, noiselessly, without attempting to wipe away the tears that rolled down her pale cheeks. The Prodigal put out his hand as if to comfort her; then he remembered, and drew it back.

He looked strangely out of place in the ugly respectability of the room. He knew it all so well: the built-in corner cupboard, with the glass doors, and his mother's wedding-cups on hooks just inside; the red and green cover on the square table; the black marble clock on the mantel—it was all the same, except that just beside him there was a buffet, new and showy, with a silver-plated tea-set on the top. He divined that George had bought it.

His sister was not crying now. She was inspecting him—his shabby clothes, his frayed linen, the gray in his thinning hair. And then something in his face caught her attention: his chin was working convulsively, and there were tears in his sunken eyes. The lines left by years of dissipation were obliterated for the time, and there remained only grief, and a great regret.

"Would you like to go up?" she asked more kindly. All the small things—resentment, anger, bitterness—were swallowed up in this trouble that had come. Then, seeing his hesitation; "I don't think he will know you," she said.

The Prodigal creaked up the stairs after her. Instinctively he avoided the second step from the top; there had always been a loose board there.

"George isn't here," his sister whispered, turning. "He has been camping for a week and he can't get back until morning. The elders from the church have been taking turns at sitting up. Wait until I see if he is sleeping."

The Prodigal stood on the little landing and waited. The house spread out on three sides of him, smaller than he had remembered it, but otherwise unchanged. The door was open into the bare study. There were books everywhere—how familiar was that confusion of books!—but the desk was strangely orderly.

His sister did not come back for him at once, so he went in and sat down. Even the wall-paper was the same. Over in the corner, behind the bookcases, would be the pencil-marks which had registered for years his annual gain in inches, only—he could not look. And there was his mother's picture, in its black-walnut frame, and under it George and himself, in queer plaid dresses and black shoes with white buttons. He had been taller than George in those early days; it was a long time ago—a long time.

His sister came to the doorway.

"He won't know you," she said. "You can come in."

The dim light of the lamp was kept from the sick man's eyes by a green shade on one side of the burner. The Prodigal stopped inside the doorway awkwardly, while his sister went over and smoothed the counterpane.

"He doesn't toss around any," she said. "He just lies there."

The Prodigal moved over slowly and looked down at the old minister's face. The thin white hair was spread a little over the pillow, like an aureole, making the placid face, with its closed eyes, look frail, almost ethereal. As the son looked down the dying man opened his eyes.

"George," he said weakly, and held out his thin white hand. The Prodigal was embarrassed; he glanced at his sister for assistance.

"His eyes are bad," she whispered. "If he thinks George is here, he'll be happier."

The man stooped and put his hand over his father's. The thin fingers gripped his and held them. There was something in the touch that brought a lump into the man's throat. After a moment, when the fingers did not relax, he slipped to his knees beside the bed. The old man slept again. Except that he was breathing slowly, it might have been the sleep of a child.

An hour passed, and still the Prodigal knelt beside the bed. Once some one creaked up the stairs, and after a consultation with Selina, creaked down again. She came over and leaned down.

"I told Mr. Simpson you would stay for a while," she said. "Will you?"

"I'll stay until—until morning." What he wanted to say was "until the end," but with those fingers clutching his, he could not frame the words. And without reason he resented her question. Would he stay for a while—he, the elder son, and his father dying?

"George will be here in the morning," she whispered, and tiptoed away.

Only the night was his, then. After all the years, only a few hours, and those because his father thought he was some one else.

The old man stirred a little, and wakened. His feeble hand was lifted slowly until it rested on the Prodigal's bowed head.

"You have been a great joy to me, George," he said gently—"a great joy. I shall tell your mother. May God bless you!" He lay for a few moments quite still, his eyes on the yellow roses of the ceiling-paper. The Prodigal groaned. Oh, to turn up the light, to stand forth in his true colors for what he was, to beg forgiveness and a blessing for himself!

"George," the thin voice began again, "I have been thinking much about Henry." The Prodigal drew in his breath sharply. "I seem to see him—in the corners of the room—everywhere."

If he could only say, "I am here!" But the cowardice that had kept him away so long, held him now.

The old man slept again. The Prodigal still knelt, but now he was crying, sobbing noiselessly, his shabby coat heaving. Outside, in a chair in the dim hall, his sister slept, a shawl wrapped around her shoulders. The faint bluish gray of the early spring dawn came through the open window, and from some stable near came the stamping of horses. The Prodigal got up stiffly and turned out the light. The slight motion roused the sleeper a little.

"He was always a high-spirited lad, mother," he said clearly. "His faults are of the head, not the heart. Don't cry, mother. He'll come back."

The Prodigal gripped the foot of the bed with straining hands. The old man's eyes were open, looking at him.

"I have come, father," he said hoarsely. But the feeble mind had wandered. The minister was in his church again, looking down from the pulpit at the faces of his people. His voice was stronger and full, and the son shrank back into the shadow.

"My friends, let us sing together this wonderful hymn: '*There were ninety and nine—*'" The voice trailed off into silence. The old man lay there, very still. He scarcely breathed, and the pulse in his thin neck fluttered and almost stopped. And out of the shadow at the foot of the bed a man came and dropped on his knees.

"Father, father," he groaned, "don't you know me? It's Henry, father—Henry. I've come back."

The old man was smiling a little, as if he already saw beyond the border-land. But at the voice he roused. He looked long and lingeringly into the eyes of the man beside the bed; then he lifted his hand in benediction and placed it on the bent, shaking head.

"Henry," he said softly—"Henry, my eldest son! May God bless you!" There was a great peace on his face. His voice was almost gone, but the

Prodigal caught the whispered words that he uttered:

"For this my son was dead and is alive again: was lost and is found."

The room was very still; the faint, irregular breathing stopped. And on his knees beside the bed the Prodigal watched and prayed.

Mary Roberts Rinehart

The Sorrowful Queen

"AND so," said the new mama, "when the poor queen came into her kingdom she was still very sorrowful."

"W'y?" asked Dicky, lying still in bed and staring straight up at the ceiling.

Dicky was only "'most seven," so his constant "whys" in the midst of stories he knew by heart were quite excusable. For the rest, he stared at the ceiling because he did not want to look at the new mama. She had been in the family almost a year now, but Dicky had only known her as intimately as this a very few weeks. Before that he had lived at Aunt Jane's; and when he left there and came back to live with father, for the longest, longest time he kept his eyes shut tight, and wouldn't answer when she knocked at the door at night.

But when one is only "'most seven," and love-stories with words in them like jewelry!—Ah, you know! Dicky's door opened at last—but only for stories.

"W'y?" he repeated, now quite vehemently, for the new mama seemed to have forgotten entirely that she was telling one.

"W'y?"

"Oh, because she was young and foolish, I suppose," she returned, laughing ever so little. "Or maybe"—she was looking wistfully at Dicky's stern cheek now, a fresh, wholesome boy cheek—"maybe it was because the little prince royal wouldn't sing the song the others sang when she came there. He wouldn't do that and give up the key."

"Sing it," Dicky broke in imperiously, drawing up his knees under the bed-covers in delicious anticipation. "Sing it—out loud."

For the song was the loveliest gem of all in the story of the sorrowful queen.

The new mama flung back her pretty

head; even Dicky, who still wasn't looking, knew that it was pretty. Then she began singing, in the sweetest lady-voice imaginable:

Welcome, welcome, gracious queen.

Since mistress now thou art,

I give to thee the golden key

Which doth unlock my heart.

"An' w'en he wouldn't," said Dicky, dreamily taking up the thread of the story, which somehow fascinated him more than all the others—"w'en he jus' wouldn't, she went into her chamber and put on the mantle of grief. It was all dark"—Dicky's voice had sunk to an awed whisper—"an' it was embroidered with tears and fringed with the deepest sighs. She wore it one day every week, though the king was good to her, an' she cried an' cried, an' said her prayers."

"Yes," said the new mama softly; and then, more softly still: "Just because the little prince wasn't her own child she wanted his love more than anybody's—for that reason, and because he was a splendid boy, anyway—brave and honest."

Dicky sighed—a long sigh that seemed to come from the very tips of his toes. The sorrowful queen had been a new mama, too, he remembered.

He looked over across the room. His new mama never sat close to his bed when she told stories. He didn't like that, any more than he liked some other things; and once when she did it he had said roughly: "Go furdur, please."

Now she was sitting quite far away in the big armchair where he himself always sat when he was getting well of something. Once—long, long ago, when he first came from Aunt Jane's—she had tried to kiss him in it; and then he had felt like hitting her. If she had been a gentleman he would have done it. But boys can't hit ladies and girls—father said that.

To-night—Dicky couldn't tell why—he kept feeling sorry his armchair was so big. The new mama looked little in it, and white. She was wearing a white wrapper, too, and was sitting leaning forward with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands. She had been very sick, and Sarah—Sarah was the housemaid who dressed Dicky—said that she "refused to be comforted." That

was because God had taken the baby back.

"Ah," sighed Dicky again very suddenly, and then he looked straight into the new mama's eyes. It had been her own baby; her *ownest* own, and she had had it just two days!

"P'r'aps," he ventured presently, "p'r'aps the 'Sorrowful Queen' is too long for to-night."

"P'r'aps it is," returned the new mama, smiling again a little.

But she didn't offer to tell another story. So after an anxious moment Dicky said "Good night" very stiffly; and the new mama said back, "Good night, dear," quite humbly, and directly there was Dicky all alone with the dark.

But still he kept thinking of the new mama and of the sorrowful queen. In the story the queen danced sometimes for the little prince, who would never sing the song or give up the golden key to his heart; and once—when he came on a little visit from Aunt Jane's—the new mama had danced for *him*. That was before God gave her the baby, and took it back again; and she had worn, oh, the prettiest ball-dress, all pinky, with silvery bunches like grapes. Still Dicky wouldn't laugh, though he loved dancing as much as stories. He had only made a big frown come in his forehead, and made his face all feel just like it did the day she tried to kiss him.

Now she never danced any more; and she never tried to kiss him any more. She only came into his room at night very quietly to tell stories, with the chair far away from his bed. Sometimes—sometimes—she looked almost like the sorrowful queen in it. If she had worn the mantle of grief embroidered with tears, and—

"Oh," Dicky heard his throat say suddenly, and then there was the dark feeling as if it hurt—hurt. He kept thinking of the chair; it was an awfully big chair. Then his bed felt big—as big—as big, *almost*, as the world when there's nobody in it. And then he thought of father. Father was in New York—with business; there was nobody—nobody to hear him say his prayers. Prayers! Ah! Once, once he had prayed a bad one; in bed, too, like this. "*God bless everybody but her.*" Maybe—maybe—that had made

Him take back the baby! And now, 'way, 'way down there, in her own lonely room—which seemed as big as the world too, maybe—was the new mama who wanted just to kiss children. *Any* kind of children.

All at once—it was somewhere in the night—Dicky felt as if his legs wanted to get out of bed. Then there he was in the middle of the floor, with his fingers putting on his bath-robe and slippers; and after that there were his feet taking him straight down the hall to the new mama's room.

"Come in," said a voice immediately when he knocked.

But Dicky's ears seemed full of cotton—he knocked three times; and when he stood in the room, close to the new mama's bed, staring down on her, he could only say huskily:

"Good evening."

"Good evening," returned the new mama, smiling beautifully.

Then, "Won't you sit down?" she asked, as if it were quite a usual thing for Dicky to be there; which it wasn't, of course.

She pointed to a chair close, close to her bed as she spoke.

"Thank you," mumbled Dicky politely; and down he sat, but with his eyes shut tight.

For though she was still smiling, smiling even more beautifully, there were her cheeks all wet! And though she was wearing just a pretty lady-nightgown—with ribbons and things—with her hands folded together like that, as if they were saying prayers, she looked as if she *were* the sorrowful queen. The light from the coal-fire had shown him plainly.

"Ah," he said slowly. He opened his eyes and stared at the carpet a moment. Then he stared hard at the new mama. Then, "Ah!" he said again; and then he laughed—a strange, happy little laugh.

"Wunst," he began, almost bursting with something—something that seemed extremely pleasant—oh, lovely. "Wunst there was a boy borned."

"Yes," murmured the new mama. She seemed to know that he was telling a story. She unclasped her hands, putting one under her cheek, and turning comfortably to face him. She looked

tremendously related to him that way—tremendously!

"He had just arms—an' legs—an' a head," went on Dicky, too dazzled to say merely that *his* hero was not a prince. "But"—the story was telling itself now—"he never had any mama of his own. W'en he was coming down from heaven, she was going up, and they never met. Anyway"—Dicky was splendidly sailing now—"anyway, he don't care any more. He's got 'nother one—an' *she's very nice!* An' that's all."

How long the room was quiet after this Dicky never knew. Then he saw that he was looking straight into the new mama's eyes, and that they were looking straight into his—looking as if something had happened.

"Darling," she whispered, "Darling! Darling! Darling."

Dicky said nothing. It was all too wonderful. He only sat smiling back sweetly, and yet a little wistfully, thinking to himself the word he had never wanted to think before—*mama, mama, mama.*

Anita Fitch

The Channel at Boulder Point

KATCHEQUA LAKE had thrown aside its overcoat of ice, which now lay in huge blocks upon its shores. It had dressed itself once more in the deep blue of a clear May sky, and its breast was bright with the jewels of sparkling waves.

A little crowd had gathered on the dock at Karinac to see the steam-launch Nymph begin the first trip of her second season on the lake. The people waved hats and handkerchiefs as the boat moved away, and waited to see her disappear around Boulder Point, a half-mile distant. A narrow and dangerous channel, with rocks on either side, there offered a short cut which the Nymph was accustomed to use.

On the top of Boulder Point, just within the fringe of scraggly cedars which half covered the rock, a man stood and watched the boat leave the dock. He was dressed in flannel and corduroy, and leaned upon a long, old-fashioned rifle. He was Pierre Chevenaux, the half-breed guide.

Pierre smiled as he noticed the docks salute the departing boat, and the smile

was not pleasant. He sat down upon the rock, looking now at the approaching launch and now at the channel down in front of him. At times that sinister smile would for a moment reappear only to vanish as quickly, leaving his face more sullen than before. He was thinking, and his thoughts were as dark as the little piece of black wood in the channel to which his eyes often turned.

The Nymph was Pierre's enemy and the enemy of his comrades. Before the launch came they were the masters of Kathequa. In their skiffs, stanch, swift, and sure, the tourists had ridden about the lake, leaving much silver in the hands of the boatmen. Now all was changed. Their boats usually waited for passengers in vain, for the Nymph could take them all, and more quickly and cheaply.

Most of the guides had gone elsewhere; but Pierre, having invested his savings in a little home, and having his wife, Rosie, and little Tommy, their son, to care for, could not leave. He had been obliged to do odd jobs around the village to make a scanty living, and he despised that kind of work. During the winter just passed Rosie and Tommy had had to live with her father, for Pierre could not earn enough money in the cold months to keep three mouths supplied with food. They were to return soon. Would he be able to keep them?

He glanced at the boat, now half-way to the point. He smiled and looked at the channel and at the little black stick which he had placed there. He stretched himself out upon the ground, his chin resting upon his hands, his eyes fixed upon the white boat with its new flags. There was a curse on his lips. What right had the Nymph on the waters of Kathequa? What right had one man, himself once a guide, to deprive all the other guides of their means of livelihood in that neighborhood? What right had this boat and this man to make him carry wood for the women of the village—he who had been the leader of the guides and the favorite of the tourists—who had shown them the trails of deer, the haunts of trout, the nests of loons; he who had shot with his rifle the flying ducks their shells had missed and had brought the timid but curious deer to the shores with his wild cries?

The whistle of the Nymph roused him. She was very near. He looked again at the little black stick and drew a line from it to the bow of the launch. The line was perfectly straight and only a few hundred yards long.

The boat seemed to have no passengers. So much the better, for the little black stick was dynamite. The engineer in the back of the boat would probably escape. The pilot would not fare so well, but he was the hated owner, and Pierre did not care.

And yet his heart beat fast as the little craft neared its destruction. He gazed at it as if fascinated. He thought he saw a dog cross its front deck. Well, a dog could swim. But was it a dog? No, it was a little boy, and a woman followed him from the cabin, taking his arm to keep him from the rail.

Pierre rose to his feet. He could hardly stand, for he saw that the woman and child were Rosie and little Tommy. This was their welcome from Pierre. He had dreamed of their coming during the long winter, and many times in fancy had caught them joyously in his arms. Now he would embrace only their mangled bodies.

He drew his hand across his forehead to wipe away the great drops of sweat which gathered there. He started to run and to cry, then stopped, for he knew it was useless. He turned to his rifle, resolved to die with them, and this determination calmed him.

As he took his gun in his hands he turned his eyes once more to the boat. Rosie and Tommy were leaning over the rail together, looking at the shore. They were looking for Pierre, and there a little way ahead of them now lay the little black stick. Pierre leaned forward, but he did not step upon the trigger of the gun which he held stock down between his hands and under his head. No, not yet. The *bon dieu* had told him what to do, and as you would count two, he grabbed his rifle by the middle, brought it to his shoulder, and fired.

The bullet cut the water a few yards from the bow of the boat. The little black stick disappeared. A deafening echo answered Pierre's shot. The channel rose in the air and fell upon the Nymph as she passed into the parted

waters. She plunged down, her screw beating the air; righted herself, and then rocked from one side to the other, careening as if she must founder. Finally, when with her momentum she reached the smoother channel beyond, her screw found again the waters of Katchequa.

As the cloud of spray fell and cleared, Pierre's anxious eyes saw Rosie clinging to the rail with Tommy clasping her hard by the neck. Both were drenched and terrified but safe.

Spencer C. Gunn

A Woman in the Case

OUTSIDE, it was a dark, gray, slippery day. The luxurious reds and greens of the interior of the club afforded a pleasant contrast to the gloom of the street.

The broker and lawyer were sitting in front of the open fire, a small mahogany table between them, indulging in the commonplace reflections of men about town.

The broker—Mr. Gilbert Townley—craned his neck slightly when a youngish looking man, immaculately groomed, flourishing a light stick in his hand, made his way past them through the door, out into the hall, and to the street, where he got into a cab and was rattled away.

"There goes young Peterson," said Townley. "Pleasant sort of a chap."

"Very," replied the lawyer—Burton Clarke—"but he doesn't amount to anything."

The broker tapped his cigar meditatively on the receiver.

"Wife supports him, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Nice woman, his wife. Well, I don't know. I presume he fulfils a sphere."

Clarke puffed up his lips.

"The trouble with a chap like that," he said, "is that he hasn't anything to do, and he's bound to deteriorate. It's bad enough to have so little stuff in you as to be supported by a woman; but when you are idle—well, something is bound to happen."

Townley shrugged his shoulders.

"Nonsense!" he observed. "He's a decent chap—makes her happy. What more do you want?"

His companion, in reply, brought his fist down on the table.

"I never knew it to fail," he said. "You wait and see."

II

YOUNG Peterson walked up-stairs, past the nursery into the cozy living-room that his wife had designed for their own comfort. There was about it the evidence of luxurious taste, with that inevitable touch of extravagance in decoration common to most American houses.

Peterson threw himself in a chair and sat for a long time in moody silence. Finally there was the rustle of a skirt, and his wife entered the room. There were traces of tears in her eyes. But she was calm.

"What does this mean, Frank?" she said. "Where are you going? Your trunk has been packed during the morning. I got your note—but I didn't understand it."

"I didn't mean you to understand it then," he said. "I simply meant to break the news to you first."

"Well, now, what is all this silly nonsense? Where are you going? What are you going for?"

Her husband looked at her fixedly. He had evidently come to a resolution which her words had no effect upon.

"I'm going away, Marian," he replied, "because I must. I can no longer retain my self-respect—here."

"Why not? What do you mean?"

"It is quite simple. Some years ago I married you—I may as well confess it now—for your money. That is to say, I was a young fellow about town, with no specially bad traits, but just a desire not to do too much work. I had been brought up in idleness, or at least where my occupation was merely social, and I liked it. It suited me. I was in my element. The idea of engaging in any sort of money-making enterprise was distasteful to me. It involved too many years of hard work."

"Well, I married you, who have plenty, and we've got along fairly well together. I have always loved you, Marian, and I think I have been fairly good to you; certainly I have not been extravagant. But recently it has all come over me what a cad I am—to be supported by a woman. It's got to be unendurable. I simply can't stand it. I

have hated myself more and more every day; and I've got to change. So I am going away—West—and start over. I'm going to do something for myself. You don't need me. But I need to find myself."

"When do you start?"

"To-night."

People in what may be termed the higher strata of society do not give way to their emotions, some playwrights to the contrary. They go through scenes involving, as in the throw of a dice, their whole happiness, without a tremor of the lips.

Marian gazed at her husband for some time. She was studying him—studying the situation.

"We have been married for ten years," she said at last, "and you have just found this out."

"Yes—I suppose so."

"When did you arrive at this conclusion?"

"Oh—recently."

"About a month ago?"

"Perhaps."

"And before that you paid your daily visits to the club—you went your round—you laughed and talked with your friends with absolutely no thought of your own inferiority. It never troubled you until a month ago. And then the thing became unbearable."

"Yes—I suddenly seemed to wake up to what I was doing."

Mrs. Peterson got up. She went over and put her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Frank," she said, "you are right. Go. You ought to. I wouldn't have you stay a moment if you feel that way. Life would be intolerable for both of us. Only what fools men can make of themselves—sometimes."

At nine o'clock that evening Mrs. Frank Peterson was sitting in the reception-room of Mrs. Arthur Townley.

That lady came forward with a cordial smile on her face, and her hand outstretched.

"Mrs. Peterson, so good of you to telephone me you were coming. I hope, my dear"—seeing the look in her guest's face—"that nothing has happened."

"Nothing of special importance, Mrs. Townley—only that you have taken my

husband away from me. Of course, that is a slight matter. Still, possibly, it will bear some discussion."

"Taken your husband away from you! What can you mean! My dear Mrs. Peterson, surely you are not in your right senses."

Mrs. Peterson smiled.

"I think I am in my right senses," she replied. "And if you will be kind enough to listen to me for a moment, possibly I may be able to convince you that I am. Mrs. Townley, you are what is known as a thoroughly good woman. You are a philanthropist by temperament. You are constantly going about trying to make people better. You can't help it."

"My husband, up to a month ago, was, so far as I am concerned, an ideal person. He was kind to me, considerate of my interests, and, from my standpoint, was just the sort of man I wanted. I invested in him, if you will, but it paid."

"In the eyes of the world, however, he was a man supported by his wife. And he was blind to this fact until you undertook to enlighten him. *You* stirred him up. *You* meddled with what didn't belong to you, with your devilish, pious intentions; you spoiled him for me—at least for the time being. I hope that by and by he will come back cured."

"But whether he does or not, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have broken up my home, and in your confidential talks with a man who was perfectly adapted for the rôle he was playing, you ruthlessly tore open the fine fabric of a hitherto perfect home life and left us both parted—by what?—by an idea perfectly proper when applied to most men, but which didn't fit in this particular case. I am not for one moment claiming that Frank might not be a better man. But I was satisfied with him as he was, and you have spoiled it all. Mrs. Townley, you are a meddling, interfering, pious, and dangerous woman; and, having told you what I think of you, I will leave you to your own conscience."

III

It was one month later. The club-room looked warm and cozy and inviting.

Mr. Townley, the broker, and Mr. Clarke, the lawyer, sat at their table.

Townley was just about to raise his glass when he paused to look at a young man who had just entered the hall.

"There goes young Peterson," he whispered.

"Is he back?" asked Clarke. Then he added: "Do you remember that chat about him we had a month ago? And the next day he cleared out. There was talk of a separation. Didn't I tell you so? I knew it. He had too much time on his hands. Did you hear about it?"

"No."

"Well, the story, as it came to me, is about like this. One of these nice, enthusiastic, high-minded, interfering women, whoever she was, got hold of him. You know the type. Because he was idle, she had the opportunity to spring her fads upon him, and her theory was that every man ought to be doing something."

"She preached to him. She tempted him, so to speak, and he fell from his state of idleness and pleasant leisure—which, you understand, had been hitherto perfectly satisfactory to himself—into the idea that he must be doing something for himself. She aroused his self-respect, when in this case he was a good deal better off without it, and the result was that he left his wife."

"He's come back now. He got tired. But they say things will never be the same. His wife tolerates him now. And all on account of a meddling woman. You see, if he hadn't been idle, he wouldn't have been tempted by a woman like that to make himself any better."

Townley mused.

"That's right," he exclaimed. "Who was the woman?"

"Didn't learn. She ought to be suppressed. But, really, it's his fault. For example"—he leaned toward Townley—"she wouldn't try to meddle with a man like you, would she?"

"Not much!" replied Townley emphatically. "In the first place, I wouldn't have time to listen to her. Then again, I would support my wife."

He lifted his glass to his lips.

"I guess," he said, "that a woman like that—whoever she is—would try her theories on some one else, and leave *me* in peace. That's about what my own wife does—and she's no fool!"

Thomas L. Masson



THE DAYS OF OLD

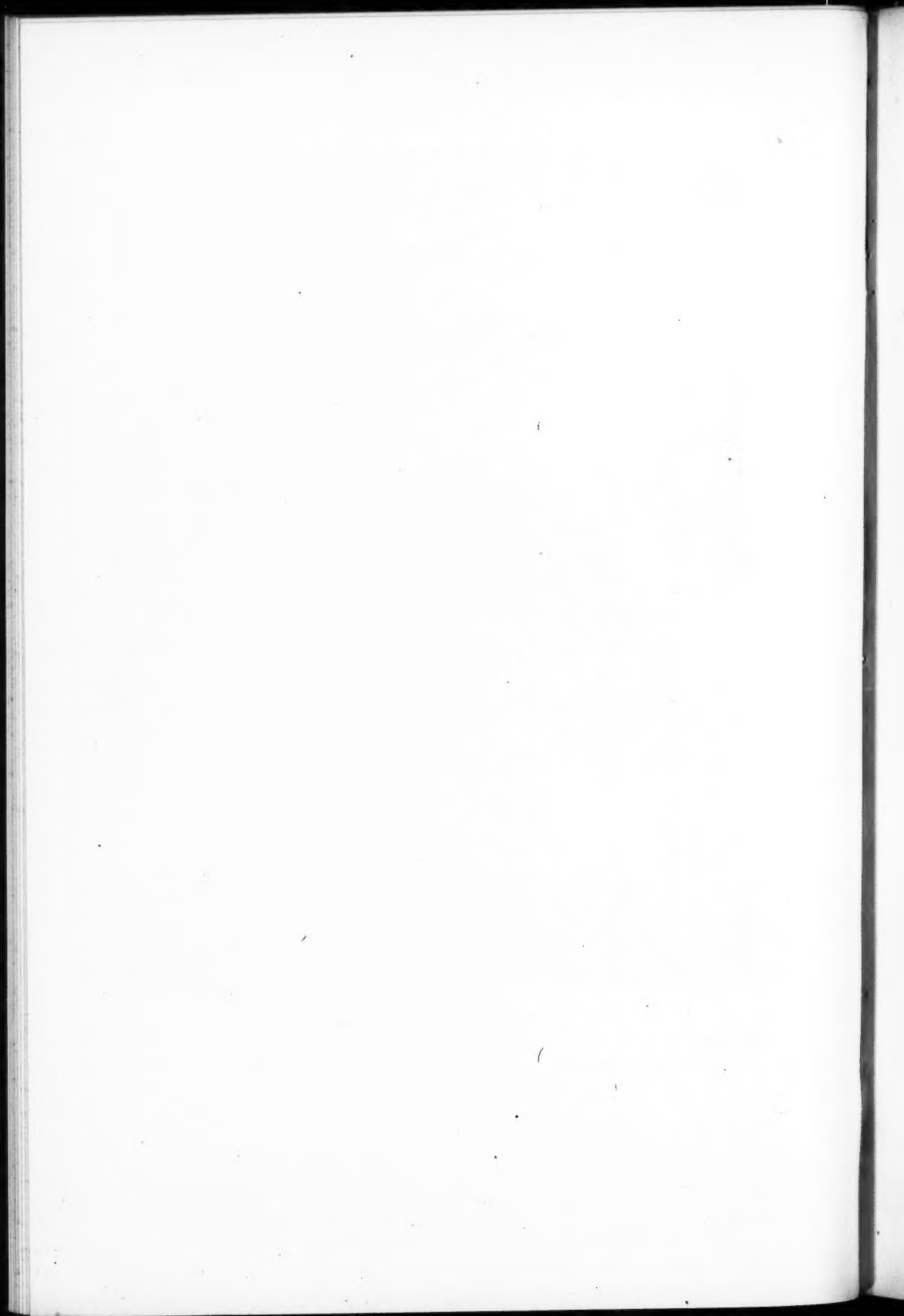
I
Ah, those were the days, the days of old,
When blood was hot and bared steel cold!
We laughed at life and we laughed at death;
We kissed or cursed with a dying breath.
A life went out for a woman's whim,
And a man lay dead at an ankle trim.
Ah, those were the days, the days of old,
When blood was hot and bared steel cold!

Ah, those were the days, the days of old,
When one would love and another mold!
When the morning heart beat strong and loud,
And, at night, lay still in a virgin shroud;

II
Ah, those were the days, the days of old,
When maids were fair and men were bold!
When lips were sweet as a stolen sin,
And the life-blood drained for a dimpled chin;
When the wine was red and the head was strong,
And a man would sell his soul for a song.
Ah, those were the days, the days of old,
When maids were fair and men were bold!

III
When we laughed at hate, and we laughed at love,
At hell beneath, and at heav'n above.
Ah, those were the days, the days of old,
When one would love and another mold!

Porter Emerson Browne



THE WORLD AND THE WOMAN*

A STORY OF WASHINGTON TO-DAY

BY RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER

AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF A GIRL"

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

MRS. MACROSS, widow of "Fighting Bob" Macross and daughter of Franklyn Lindsley, a statesman of the preceding generation, is living quietly at the home her father bequeathed her in an inland town. By teaching she ekes out the slender pension paid her as Bob Macross's widow. But the dull life of the town irks her, particularly as she feels the lack of social opportunity for her daughter, Lindsley.

Unexpectedly Bob Macross, who was not killed by the Indians as reported, turns up—a maudlin prodigal. The hopelessness of her daughter's and her own future with such a husband and father gives Mrs. Macross courage to send him away—the finer quality in the man asserting itself by the sacrifice of his personality. He does not let his daughter know who he is, but talks to her as one of her father's old friends.

Mrs. Macross now determines to play a great game. After a mental struggle she sells all her property and goes to Washington, prepared to reenter social life there and to give Lindsley every opportunity. She gets into touch with former friends—Mrs. Beauchamp and others—and begins her campaign by renting the house which her father formerly occupied.

One of Mrs. Macross's first moves is to seek the acquaintance of Senator Denby. He is unmarried. His interest in the accomplished woman and her attractive daughter quickly develops into friendship. Through him they are invited to the White House reception of diplomats, where they do much to establish their social standing. Then Mrs. Beauchamp gives a reception in their honor. Senator Denby finds Lindsley presiding over the punch-bowl, and induces her to go with him to the stair-landing, where they can talk together and watch the crowd below.

X (continued)

"THEY'LL find us in a minute, you know," Lindsley said, "and then we'll have to go down. It's bewildering to see so many people, isn't it? Just before you arrived a lady came in, looking just tired to death. I was giving her some punch, when all of a sudden she looked at me and said, 'Haven't I been here before to-day?' I didn't remember her, but she went right on saying: 'My goodness, yes! I remember your frock. I'm going to discharge that coachman,' and she fairly flew out. Just imagine going to so many places that you get muddled like that if the coachman doesn't remind you."

"Maybe Mr. Beauchamp's addition to the punch is not an isolated case," said the Senator.

"You didn't like it, did you?" Lindsley asked, turning to look at him. "Miss Hurd says lots of people do it. Some places, too, they just dump the punch out of the glasses right back into the bowl. Miss Hurd told me to do that—but I didn't."

"I don't think I'd take Miss Hurd for an example in many things, Miss Lindsley. Her knowledge is possibly extensive, but I should question seriously the worth of her advice."

Lindsley tucked herself comfortably against the cushions.

"Why don't you like her?" she asked. "Everybody says she has so much go to her."

The Senator's eyes narrowed.

"She sings," Lindsley went on. "She sang at Mrs. Carr's the other night after dinner. Everybody laughed, but I don't

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know French well enough to understand all the song. Mr. De Pinna promised to write out the English of it for me."

The Senator sat up suddenly.

"Miss Lindsley," he said, "am I an old enough friend to speak plainly to you? De Pinna, little girl, De Pinna is a—if he sends you anything—give it to your mother."

"Of course I'd do that. I always do," said Lindsley.

"I'm watching that man, and I hope to have the pleasure of—I beg your pardon, young lady. It makes my blood boil to see those unprincipled foreigners who don't respect a thing on God's earth received into the homes—"

"May I come up?" interrupted Wendell. "Howdy do, Senator? Miss Macross, Captain McGrath is organizing a posse to hunt for you. If he finds that the Senator has abducted you, Senatorial privilege won't save him."

"I was just resting a little up here," Lindsley explained, slipping to her feet. "I hope nobody's missed me."

"Miss Hurd hasn't," Wendell laughed. "She's in a position to reign, not pour. There are two men in the parlor, three in the dining-room, and seventeen at the punch-bowl. I counted them. I wish you'd come down and present me to the girl in yellow."

The Senator sat watching them as they went down the stairs. Once he sighed. Something in the turn of Lindsley's head brought back to him a long-ago June twilight and a girl in a white dress. From his seat on the landing he could see Mrs. Macross standing beside Mrs. Beauchamp, a little flushed, a little fatigued, but smiling still her faint smile. He was familiar with smiling women, but Mrs. Macross seemed to be greeting friends, each in a different way. Mrs. Wilson was stopping before her now.

"I have wanted to know you so long, Mrs. Macross," she said. "I met your daughter at the White House."

"Lindsley told me," said Mrs. Macross. "She said you thought you had met a distant cousin of my husband's. In the West, was it not?"

Something deeper than cordiality flickered into her eyes and looked straight out at Mrs. Wilson. She was conscious of holding her smile rigidly

as she waited through an anxious second for Mrs. Wilson to reply.

"I said her smile reminded me of some one I met in Montana," Mrs. Wilson answered.

She hurried her words, with a feeling that they lagged. The impulse to express her suddenly formed fealty was strong upon her.

"The name wasn't Macross, though," she said. "It was MacNaught. The gentleman was quite elderly. Mr. Wendell met him at the same time. We were snow-bound on a train out there. Mr. Wendell"—she spoke with dry lips—"Mr. Wendell laughed at me for thinking Miss Macross looked like him. MacNaught was the name."

Mrs. Macross was looking at her, powerless to lower her eyes.

"Miss Macross told me that the only kinsfolk she has live abroad," Mrs. Wilson went on.

"Yes," said Mrs. Macross. "It is your first winter in Washington?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson. "I've always wanted to come, but it always seemed such an undertaking."

She searched her mind for words.

"A great undertaking," she repeated. "But I find Washington an easy place to make friends in. I believe women are more loyal to each other here than anywhere else. Women can be loyal to each other, don't you think so?"

The last words reached Mrs. Beauchamp.

"I've always imagined an elephant could climb a tree if he really put his mind on it and found the right sort of tree," she said. "I never really saw a woman make any particular effort at loyalty, did you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Macross.

"I find that so in Washington," said Mrs. Wilson.

"You haven't been here long," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "Did your cousin come with you to-day? I used to go to school with her. I didn't suppose she'd ever set foot in Washington after the war. I saw her last at the White Sulphur. I've always blamed her for starting Henry Beauchamp off on trees. Still, trees are something. I couldn't bear a man who hadn't something to live for. Going, Mrs. Warburton?"

"Um," said Mrs. Warburton. "Have I seen you before?"

"I really don't know," murmured Mrs. Wilson, coloring.

"Mrs. Wilson," explained Mrs. Beauchamp.

"Where from?" demanded Mrs. Warburton.

Mrs. Wilson returned Mrs. Warburton's stare with spirit.

"Mrs. Wilson is a Tutt," explained Mrs. Beauchamp. "The Tutts have a place next ours over in Virginia."

"Oh," said Mrs. Warburton, passing on.

"I always want to slap that woman," said Mrs. Beauchamp placidly. "I dare say I shall some day. Didn't you bring that nice Mr. Wendell with you, Mrs. Wilson? Henry Beauchamp told me I must be especially nice to him. He went hunting with him once out in Arizona or Nevada, or some place like that. He has come into money since then, I hear. What is your cousin's day? I'm coming to see her. Tell her I said so. We always quarrel at sight. How is she enduring Washington? She always said the Yankees had ruined it. You're looking pale, Marian. Go and sit down. Nobody's coming now, and I want to talk to Mrs. Wilson."

Mrs. Macross turned and went swiftly to Lindsley. The girl was laughing with Henry Beauchamp and Wendell, but she slid her arms about her mother's shoulders.

"Having a good time?" asked Mrs. Macross.

"Oh, gorgeous!" said Lindsley. "Sit down and rest. As soon as the crowd clears out a little we're going to dance."

"You promised to sing," said Wendell.

Senator Denby came up behind the young man.

"May I stay?" he asked.

"Everybody who doesn't know anything about music may stay," Lindsley laughed. "And you must promise never to tell Miss Hurd."

"You're not going to sing one of her songs, are you?" asked the Senator.

"Oh, no—only I can't sing, and I wouldn't sing before her for the world."

Only a few guests lingered now.

Senator Denby found a seat for Mrs. Macross. They sat watching Lindsley.

"You have reason to be thankful for such a daughter, madam," the Senator said.

"She is worth making any sacrifice for, isn't she?" asked the mother.

"I shouldn't like to attempt to say what she is worth," the Senator answered slowly. "A girl like that—why, I haven't seen one for years. Worth any sacrifice—she takes me back many years, Mrs. Macross."

The hum of talk in the farther rooms died away. Lindsley sat at the piano. Her face looked a little tired. Her eyes were faintly shadowed. She looked at her mother and began to sing softly a very old song, "Robin Adair." Mrs. Beauchamp came to the door to listen. Neither Henry nor Wendell nor Senator Denby heard her approach. They were looking at Lindsley and listening.

XI

LINDSLEY sat before her dressing-table giving the last deft touches to her hair. She had chosen wisely to wear it in her usual simple fashion, tossed carelessly back and caught in a knot at the nape of the neck; but to achieve precisely the right degree of carelessness, the exact medium between stiffness and dishevelment, required time and patience. Again and again the heavy waves came down, to be combed back again.

The maid stood waiting, but Mrs. Macross watched. It was a delight to see Lindsley dress. The girl accepted the luxury of her new belongings as if such things were her right, but her pleasure in them was frank and outspoken.

"I'm afraid you won't be ready when Miss Moulton comes," said Mrs. Macross. "Your hair looked very pretty, indeed, the way you had it."

Lindsley shook out the hairpins and began to dress her hair again.

"It's awful to have moody hair. There's lots of time yet. Fifi Moulton is always late, anyway. I'll be dead of starvation before we have dinner."

"Julia can bring you something now. I don't want you to start out hungry."

"Bring me some milk and crackers, Julia, please. And oh, Julia, bring up

my flowers. There, isn't my hair altogether smiffy?"

She smiled over her shoulder at her mother. There was a curious look of daring in the pose of the head with its backward fling, the lifted shoulder, the bare throat. She flung out her arms and snapped her fingers.

"I feel as if I could dance forever," she said. "And—and worse— But I won't."

She turned toward the bed, where lay the filmy white ball-gown.

"I won't. I'll be good. I always feel good when I wear white. How do you reckon I'd act with a white frock and a red petticoat?"

She paused to put the skirt on, careful not to touch her hair.

"I feel that way, sometimes—as if I were a combination of white frock and red petticoat. Will you hook it for me, please?"

Mrs. Macross patted her bare shoulder. She was not listening to the girl's words. It was merely pleasant music to her, pleasant music that drowned all other sounds.

"This waistband is entirely too tight," she said.

Lindsley drew in her breath.

"Now," she said, "there's oceans of room. I told her to make it snug enough so it wouldn't slip."

"You really must have it let out before you wear it again, honey. It isn't good for you to wear things that tight."

"We ought to be made with ribs all the way down if it's bad to squeeze in at the waist," Lindsley laughed. "It's an awful temptation, being made the way we are. And oh"—she thrust her arms through the short sleeves of her bodice—"but isn't this waist a dream!"

Her slender throat rose demurely from the soft folds. "Demure" seemed suddenly the only word to characterize her. She stood slender and girlish in her white gown, her head bent a little by the weight of her hair, her face a little grave.

"You used to dress in this very room, didn't you?" she said softly, and her eyes lifted to the water-color sketch of her father, which hung above her head. "Ouch! You pinched."

"It's disgracefully tight in the waist,"

said Mrs. Macross, a trifle out of breath, "and I've broken a finger-nail."

Lindsley was all sympathy.

"Let me file it down for you. I'm so sorry. Your nails are so pretty. It was piggy of me to make you do it when I could just as well have waited for Julia."

She kissed her mother's finger lightly. "That'll make it well."

She ran to open the door for the maid, who came in carrying a tray balanced precariously on the top of a pasteboard box.

"May I come up?" called Fifi Moulton from below.

"Come on," shouted Lindsley.

There was a rush up the stairs, and Fifi burst in. She had known Lindsley but a fortnight, but already the girls were bosom friends.

"How do you do, Mrs. Macross?" she said, clipping each word short, as if she had bitten it off a thread of conversation with her small and dazzling teeth. "Am I late? Oh, Lin, you look too lovely for words! Whose flowers are those? Doesn't she look perfectly sweet, Mrs. Macross?"

There were three boxes of flowers, and two of the boxes were of the same size and shape.

"This one's from Mrs. Beauchamp," said Lindsley, taking off the lid. "Oh, mother, did you see? The loveliest pink roses!"

"They're the new kind," said Fifi. "Who's the other box from?"

Mrs. Wilson's card came with that," said Mrs. Macross.

"Same kind of roses. Oh, but open the big one, Lin. Senator Denby's? Dear old codger, he just blew himself, didn't he? American beauties—why, there's a dozen. You've got him go—" She remembered Mrs. Macross's presence and coughed. "He's very kind, isn't he?" she finished primly. "What ones are you going to carry?"

Lindsley hesitated.

"They're all so lovely," she said. "Don't you think the pink ones would go best with my frock, mother?"

"By all means, the pink ones."

"And neither Mrs. Wilson nor Mrs. Beauchamp will know whose flowers I'm carrying," said Lindsley.

"Nobody sent me any," said Fifi. "I don't think the men do it much these days. You're awfully lucky, Lin. Oh, I forgot to tell you, Mrs. Warburton's waiting in the carriage, and she told me not to stay a minute. Hurry up. Dinner's at eight, you know, and Mrs. Vincent gets awfully huffy if you're late."

"Do hurry, Lindsley," pleaded her mother.

"I'm all ready," Lindsley answered, swallowing the crackers and milk hastily. "Put on my carriage-boots, Julia, please. And mother, may I wear your lace scarf? The hood of that cloak musses my hair so."

Mrs. Macross went to fetch the scarf. Lindsley opened a drawer of the dressing-table and took out a box. A touch of a pencil darkened her brows, and she drew the cosmetic lightly across the lashes.

"Want some rouge?" she asked.

"I'll take it with me," said Fifi. "We can use it in the dressing-room."

She concealed the box beneath her cloak, and Lindsley closed the drawer hastily as her mother entered. She bent her head for the scarf and held her mother in her arms to kiss her.

"I hate to leave you all alone," she said. "I wish they'd asked you to be one of the chaperons; but I know the list was made out before we came. Don't sit up for me. I'll come in as still as I can, and I'll be careful not to take cold. Make Julia go to bed, too. Good night."

She kissed her mother again and went fluttering out with Fifi. Mrs. Macross heard the other door close after them and the carriage drive away.

It was the night of the Dancing Men's Cotillion, the entertainment which tops the list of the debutante's hoped-for glories. Lindsley had taken her invitation as a matter of course, but Mrs. Macross knew its value. She had been prepared to shake the tree, but the plum had dropped into her lap without effort on her part. There were so many empty laps, so much futile shaking of the tree. Her campaign had been successful. Lindsley, dining at Mrs. Vincent's, and going on later to the cotillion, under the wing of Mrs. Warburton, one of the official chaperons, was laurel-crowned. But at what cost!

Mrs. Macross went wearily into the room which had been her father's study, and sat down at her desk. The locked drawer held an appalling array of envelopes. At first they had been requests for patronage. The butcher, the baker, and the makers of many other things besides candlesticks had sought Mrs. Macross's favor. Now there were polite intimations of settlements due.

Mrs. Macross ran over the amounts. She had never been a business woman. In the old days, Franklyn Lindsley had spent as liberally as he received. Afterward, Marian Macross's wants had been few. There was the pension, and there was her teacher's salary. She had never economized. She had merely done without this or that. The gift for making a dime perform the work of a dollar had never been hers, but she had lived on her dime. Now she was spending the dollar instead.

Realities she dared not face sprang at her from the envelopes, and she resolutely shut the drawer. There was still a little money at the bank, and a few checks would quiet this murmur. The matter of the pension—Senator Denby could use his influence toward an increase.

At the thought of the pension she began to pace the floor. Where was Bob Macross now? She caught herself hurrying as she walked. When would the murmur rise again? She faced the fear for an instant and put it from her. There were months still, and the game was scarcely begun. Till the end of the season, at least, and before then—but not yet. She had not definitely named to herself the stake for which she was playing. The game came first.

The bill from the dressmaker was the second one received. That must be paid at once. Dressmakers are talkative. The bill from—yes, this and that must be paid. The rest must wait. There was no need for anxiety. Months yet. And still a little money at the bank, and the pension— She turned with a little cry at the maid's knock, and for a moment saw but indistinctly the card on the tray.

"Wentworth Fordyce." There could not be two of the name, and Wentworth Fordyce had been Bob Macross's dear-

est friend. She had not thought of him. She had forgotten Bob's old friends. Still, was it not likely but Bob had gone back? No, she had merely assumed that he had gone back to Mexico.

"The gentleman apologizes for disturbing you, but he hopes you will see him, ma'am."

She detected a note of surprise in the maid's voice.

"Ask Major Fordyce to come here," she said, turning to the fire again. The angle of a photograph-frame annoyed her and she readjusted it. Fordyce was a long while in mounting the stairs, an eternity in the corridor. The room felt cold. It was very still. Lindsley was out of the house. It would be hours before she came back. Fordyce was so long in coming. The noise of his steps was the only sound.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. Mrs. Macross started. "Why, Mrs. Macross, I didn't hear till an hour ago that you were in town. I did myself the honor of coming at once to see you."

"I am glad you came," she said, her voice even.

"I'm more than glad to see you."

He beamed down at her from his great height jovially, holding her hand in both of his.

"It's—by Jove! It's twenty years since Bob carried you off. Poor Bob!"

Mrs. Macross waited, tense.

"I haven't got used yet to a world without Bob in it," he said huskily.

She caught her breath with something like a sob. The major raised her hand to his lips.

"Won't you sit down, major?"

XII

FORDYCE sat down heavily. He was a man of the leonine type. The years had whitened his shaggy head, but had not thinned the hair. Genial good humor beamed from his bright blue eyes, and his whole manner spoke friendliness—at best a somewhat forced friendliness—toward all the world. He regretted that Mrs. Macross was not more demonstrative. She should have been more affected by the sight of her husband's old friend; but he remembered that she had never approved. The train of thought was not a happy one to pursue.

"I am proud to have been the friend of such a man," he said, and he said it stoutly.

"Colonel Macross was the bravest man I ever knew," she replied.

The major dismissed everything but the warm glow of friendship. Bob Macross's bravery was safe ground.

"I was at Missionary Ridge with him, you know. I can see him now as he looked when a bullet from the top of the hill above us took off his hat. He had his flask in his hand at the time, and he raised it and called out, 'Here's to you, Johnny Reb!' That was Bob all over."

"He was the best friend I ever had," he hastened to add, faintly recognizing the tactlessness of characterizing Macross by that particular anecdote. He recalled the gossip which had drifted back from the frontier post before Macross's gallant death had made forgetfulness of all shortcomings.

"He made friends always," Mrs. Macross said. "But there are not many left in Washington."

The major sighed.

"No," he said. "I almost hate to drop into the Army and Navy Club these days. Nobody there but a lot of puffed-up youngsters who don't know what the scream of a shell is. Mighty few of my day left."

He enumerated a few old comrades, with a touch of sincere regret for the thinning of their ranks.

"But I reckon I'm good for a few years yet," he said genially. "I take life easy, laugh at the world, poke fun at it a bit, and enjoy the show. It's a great show, Washington, isn't it?"

"We are enjoying it immensely."

"Ah, yes—your daughter, they tell me, is a great success, like her mother before her. Why haven't you brought her here before?"

"Oh, but it wasn't time, you know. She's been in school."

She smiled at him candidly.

"And then, too, really, major, I couldn't afford it. You see, Colonel Macross had nothing but his pay, and my father—well, father had tied up everything in investments which were practically worthless for years."

The major was interested. He knew

that Franklyn Lindsley had never amassed a fortune, and he had felt a reasonable curiosity concerning Mrs. Macross's resources.

"We were land-poor," she went on. "And there was some money that could not be used till Lindsley was eighteen."

This chimed with the vague information the major had received before his visit.

"Even now," she said, laughing a little, "we're positively poor, according to modern Washington slanderers, but we can manage, as you see."

She looked about at the charmingly furnished room, and Fordyce's eyes followed.

"You were fortunate to get your father's old house," he said. "It fixes you—places you—makes further social definition of you unnecessary."

"It's like coming home. Of course, it's a little old-fashioned, but I rather like old-fashioned things, old-fashioned ways. Lindsley is delighted with it. I'm so sorry she's not at home to see you."

"I shall look forward to seeing her when I come to Washington again. I didn't expect to find her. The Dancing Men's Cotillion, I knew, was on for tonight. Lieutenant Blank mentioned it to me at the club this afternoon. By the way, is there any truth in the rumor that Lieutenant Blank is going to marry Mrs. Holt?"

"I hadn't heard it. Do you mean the Mrs. Holt who was Betty Mosely?"

"Yes—the one the Greek minister was sent home on account of. You remember the story, don't you? It must have been—why, yes, of course it was before you were married. You see—" he lowered his voice significantly.

"I remember," Mrs. Macross interrupted, "but I never believed it. Perhaps"—she smiled to disarm her words of any possible sting—"perhaps I never listened to gossip very attentively. I'm afraid I don't even now."

"That's a mistake. Knowing Washington gossip is simply knowing one's way about in Washington, and, after all, Mrs. Macross, history is merely crystallized gossip."

He leaned back, pleased with his speech. It would never have occurred

to Mrs. Macross to admit an extenuation for gossip.

"Everybody enjoys gossip," the major went on. "I don't mean necessarily malicious gossip, you understand; but we're all interested in our neighbors, and why deny it? We couldn't love them without being interested in them. Did you hear, by the way, that Mrs. Secretary Brown sent Mrs. Stein in to dinner the other night with Burwood?"

Mrs. Macross shook her head.

"Well, if Mrs. Secretary Brown had been a little better informed she'd have known that Mrs. Stein's husband's first wife was Burwood's first—divorced after the elopement."

He chuckled with good-natured enjoyment.

"I wish I'd been there. It must have been a funny sight for the rest of the company."

"Doesn't it make the two some sort of in-law kin? Brother and sister in law, in a way?"

The major roared. His laugh was disconcerting, deafening.

"Regular family reunion!" he shouted. "Oh, lots of funny things happen in this town! Washington furnishes me half the fun of living."

"Do you spend most of your time here?"

The major looked somewhat surprised.

"Why, no," he said. "I'm in New York most of the time. Didn't you know I'm the owner of *Society Chats*?"

Mrs. Macross was not quick enough to repress an expression of astonishment. The major, without loss of complacency, perceived the distaste in her face.

"You don't read it, then?"

"I haven't yet," she said. "But I've heard of it."

The major sighed.

"From my enemies," he said. "Sometimes I think I'm the most misunderstood man on earth. Now, there's that paper of mine—a chatty, sprightly commentary on society. Now and then, I admit, I do say sharp things about people who deserve them, and I'm the only man who dares do it, too. I'm as frank in that way as the *Spectator* was. Society needs somebody to scold it a bit, just as it did in Steele's day."

"You see I haven't seen the paper,"

she said. "I can't imagine you saying unkind things. But some one told me that *Chats* said something complimentary about the son of an old friend of mine—spoke of his having been seen in Connecticut Avenue, I believe, and that his mother always did dress him prettily."

The major laughed boyishly.

"That was Henry Beauchamp. Well, doesn't his mother support him?"

"No, she does not. His father left him money."

The major looked sincerely grieved.

"I'm sorry—very sorry. You see that little fling was really meant kindly. I'm sorry I've misjudged him. As I understood it, he was just a man without an occupation, the petted son of a rich mother. America has no use for such young men. I touch them up every time I can. I want to make their example ridiculous, if I can't spur them into going to work. I always like to spur idle young men into usefulness."

"But you ought to be very careful, you know—" Her smile was almost playful.

"I try to be, but of course I have to depend on what my correspondents write me. Now and then, of course, something that I regret deeply creeps into my columns—usually when I am away from the office. I have other interests, you see. *Chats* is only my harmless little hobby. I have correspondents in all the large cities, and of course I can't personally verify every bit of gossip they send in. What I want is to give news of society—news and a little good-natured fun."

"Mrs. Beauchamp was deeply offended."

The major clicked his tongue regretfully.

"Too bad! Too bad! I hate to do anybody an injustice. But"—he grinned suddenly—"I bet every one laughed when they read it. I'll have to tell my correspondent here, though, to give the young man a good send-off soon."

"Who is your correspondent here?" she asked.

Craftiness displaced ingenuousness in the major's eyes.

"I have several."

"I have met a few newspaper people,"

she explained, "but I don't recall any that wrote for *Chats*."

The major stared for a moment at her lack of understanding, and laughed a sly laugh. It was the laugh of an old man, a man old in other things than years. Mrs. Macross understood before he began his explanation.

"They are not newspaper people—not professionals, so to speak. They're people who—well, who go about in society and happen to pick up things. If it were known who they are—why, their usefulness to me would—" The major was a little embarrassed.

"Would cease," she finished for him dryly.

He looked at her, uncertain of the keynote, and then laughed again his old man's laugh.

"Exactly. I couldn't tell you how many of them there are. Of course, one or two send in regular budgets. The others—well, they write whenever they happen to hear something really good, or when they happen to need a little extra spending-money."

The word reiterated itself in Mrs. Macross's ears. A little extra spending-money!

"I have never revealed the name of any correspondent," he went on proudly. "No correspondent can reproach me with any breach of confidence. It is a point of honor with me."

"So nobody ever knows who sends in the stories," she said, her eyes fixed on the fire.

"I pay thousands a year to people nobody ever guesses write a line for *Chats*."

He mentioned rates that surprised her.

"You see, I don't employ penny-a-liners. If I could get what I want at penny-a-line rates, I'd make money. But money's not my object. *Chats* is merely a hobby with me."

Mrs. Macross's eyes were still on the fire. A little extra spending-money!

"You'd be surprised if you knew who some of my correspondents are. Lord! Mrs. Macross, half the people in Washington would sell their souls for money."

He corrected the impression hastily.

"I don't mean—well, I don't count writing good-natured gossip for *Chats* selling one's soul, of course—I wasn't

thinking of *Chats*. I was thinking of other things."

"What price could one get for a soul?" she asked.

"I don't know. I never speculated in futures. They used to fetch enormous prices, so we read. Maybe the supply exceeded the demand—or maybe the devil went out of trade. You've got to sell something you can deliver these days—or get a price for not delivering something you have on hand. Washington is the paradise of people who live by their wits."

"Can any place be a paradise for such people?"

"Ever meet Colonel Skillig's widow?" was his reply. "She used to have a government clerkship—a thousand a year, or something like that. Then she got to be a stenographer—quiet, guileless-looking thing, as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. She had a friend who was a broker. She used to write Senator Blenkins's letters for him—letters he was too foxy to trust to his clerk. Well, one day she mentioned to her broker-friend a queer sentence in one of Blenkins's letters—in a letter to a broker in New York, mind you. She hadn't an idea what it meant, but she caught on fast enough. Next letter she wrote she took a copy of."

"Didn't the Senator know it?"

"Why, no. She put two thin sheets in her typewriter, and the letters—unless you've seen a typewriter work you wouldn't understand, but the letters were printed on one sheet and impressed on the other. That letter netted her ten thousand dollars."

Mrs. Macross did not quite understand. The major explained patiently.

"There are men in Congress whose yes or no would be worth almost any sum to the person who could get to Wall Street first with it," he concluded.

"I should think a man like Senator Blenkins wouldn't trust an important letter to a stenographer. He must have seen the second sheet."

"Two initials signed to a typewritten sheet are easier to deny than a page of writing. She threw the second sheet into the waste-basket before his very eyes. She told me so herself."

"So her usefulness in that way is ended."

The major grinned knowingly.

"In the case of Blenkins, yes. But there are others. Funny world, isn't it? Lord, how Washington amuses me!"

A clock chimed the hour somewhere, and the major rose hastily.

"Why, I've wasted all my visit talking about myself!" he exclaimed. "Forgive me for boring you. I've got to catch my train now, but don't forget me. I'll be over again soon, and then we'll have a long talk over old times."

He left an effusive message for Linsley, shook Mrs. Macross's hand, and took his departure. The room seemed full of his expansive cordiality after he had gone. The sound of his laugh still echoed, but as the echo died away, the old murmur rose again. A little extra money. Mrs. Macross seated herself at her desk. Which of the bills must be paid first? This one? That one? The third? The sixth? The tenth? She shut the drawer suddenly.

Mrs. Beauchamp, volubly indignant, had brought her the offending copy of *Chats*. It lay in another drawer of her desk, and she took it out. It was the first copy of the paper she had read.

These were the things Major Fordyce paid for—innuendo, malice, open scandal; but perhaps he had been away from the office when this and that crept in. There were other things, harmless things, as he had said—fulsome flattery, snobbish deference, arrant toadying.

She dropped the paper and began to pace the room.

"A very brave act performed by Mr. Henry Beauchamp at Easthampton, last summer," she wrote, tore the paper across, and threw it into the waste-basket.

"Mr. Henry Beauchamp is the hero," she began again.

This, and a third attempt she discarded, but when she laid down her pen an hour later a pile of written pages rested beneath her hand. She had not mentioned Beauchamp. She had weakened the rung beneath the feet of climbers, and memories twenty years old had not served her ill. She folded the manuscript without reading it, and locked it away in a drawer. Resolutely then she took up a book, but the air of the room oppressed her. She went to the window and flung it open.

A man passing looked up as the sudden bar of light streamed from the window, and walked on a few steps before he recognized her. It was unusual to see the curtains drawn back in any house in that street, and the open window suggested an emergency. He retraced his steps and went in at the gate.

"Mrs. Macross?" he called.

Mrs. Macross made an inarticulate sound of alarm.

"It's Denby," he said. "I was passing when you opened the window, and I feared something had happened."

"You startled me. I thought you had come to tell me something about Lindsley."

She laughed with relief.

"Won't you come in?" she said. "It's too cold to talk to you from the window."

She was still smiling as she came down the stairs to meet him.

"I was lonely waiting for Lindsley, and I've hours to wait yet. It's not nearly ten. I'm so glad you happened along."

"I am, too," he said heartily. "I'd have set out with the intention of coming, if I hadn't thought calling in the evening was out of fashion in Washington. Evenings are lonely times for a man who hasn't a home."

She found him the most comfortable chair and laughed down his protest against depriving her of it. The Senator had never seen her more simply friendly. There was no trace of the *grande dame* about her. She was, as he phrased it, like home-folks. The visit had the charm of the unexpected. He sighed contentedly.

"I have been bothered half to death all day," he said. "I started out this morning with six constituents who wanted one thing or another from their Uncle Sam, and I've been at it all day."

"A Senator ought to be born twins. One of him to attend to law-making and one of him to attend to office-seekers."

"That sounds so much like your daughter. There's truth in it, too. I am tired, madam—tired to the marrow of my bones, and I stayed out to-night to avoid an interview with a fellow-townsmen of mine who wants his son-in-law appointed consul to Mogador."

"Where is Mogador?" she asked.

The Senator shook his head.

"I don't know. In Timbuctoo possibly."

His usual Senatorial manner had slipped from him. He was frankly too tired to maintain it. He was even a little querulous, demanding sympathy.

"You have so many responsibilities," she murmured.

"I'm pestered," he complained. "Do you know that little lady journalist, Miss Blank?"

Mrs. Macross spoke of her sympathetically.

"She does not require your sympathy. She is a schemer, my dear madam—a schemer. She came to see me to-day in my committee-room. Queer how wires are pulled. Somebody had been at her, I'm fully convinced, about that Iberian matter. She tried to pump me."

Mrs. Macross pieced together the fragments she had heard concerning the King of Iberia and his colony. It had been talked of at dinners.

She was suddenly alert. Major For-dyce had helped her to an understanding of many things.

The Iberian minister—who was it had said the Iberian minister wanted to know whether the United States would join another nation in a formal protest? Who was it had said the Iberian minister would give a great deal for the information? Denby was the man who knew—his committee.

"Imagine trying to pump you!" she said gaily. "Why do you suppose she wanted to know about it?"

A little of the forensic manner crept into the Senator's voice.

"She doubtless wished information because of the possible effect an action by this government would have on—stocks of one nature and another. They are depressed at present."

Mrs. Macross rose to fetch a fire-screen.

She stood behind the Senator's chair, holding the screen in her hand.

"I always get bewildered when people talk about the stock-market," she said. "Won't you let me give you a glass of wine and a biscuit? Or would you prefer"—she moved toward the bell—"whisky and soda?"

The Senator was surprised at the in-

visitation. Mrs. Macross was asking him to take a drink, but she was asking it as Mrs. Macross could ask.

"I kept house for father too long not to know what a tired statesman needs," she said.

"Thank you," he said gratefully. "I am tired. Thank you, too, for not suggesting tea. I have no use for a man who drinks tea. It's the favorite beverage of the Chinese, and they wear skirts."

It was a more free speech than he would have made ten minutes earlier, but Mrs. Macross had put him absolutely at his ease.

"I congratulate you, madam, on your knowledge of good old Bourbon. Your health!" he said a little later.

"Father preferred Bourbon."

"I have a prejudice against Scotch," he remarked, drinking his whisky appreciatively.

"The Scots wear skirts, too," she suggested, laughing.

The Senator mellowed under the influence of her sympathy, the comfortable chair, the warm fire, and the glass.

"They're canny. I—why, I have it! It was MacDonald who set that lady journalist to worrying me. He thought she could get it out of me."

"He surely doesn't know you."

It was more direct flattery than she would have used half an hour earlier.

"I can't imagine this country concerning itself about the King of Iberia's affairs," she went on. "We don't do that sort of thing as a rule, do we?"

"No," he answered, "and we never will as long as I can help it."

Mrs. Macross's hands, lying in her lap, twitched involuntarily. She laughed softly.

"Poor old king! How anxious he must be."

"I fancy he is. And a week or so more of anxiety will be good for him. It will teach him a salutary lesson."

"I suppose," she said slowly, "he's like the rest of us—never too old to learn."

XIII

Two days after Major Fordyce's visit, Mrs. Macross went to ask a favor of Mrs. Wilson. Would Mrs. Wilson come to stay three days with Linds-

ley during her mother's absence in New York? Mrs. Macross did not explain to herself the impulse which led her to Mrs. Wilson. The two women were scarcely more than formal acquaintances, and Mrs. Wilson had given her a moment of fear. They had exchanged visits, and they had met in more or less crowded drawing-rooms, but no one else occurred to Mrs. Macross when Lindsley must be left for a few days.

To Mrs. Wilson the thing was an un-hoped-for joy. She was by nature a heroine-worshiper, and she burned incense before Mrs. Macross. The instinct of maternity had never been strong in her. Lindsley was to her less a young girl than a character in a drama, in which she herself was now permitted to play a part, and for the time being it was to be Mrs. Macross's part.

Lindsley opened to her, too, a new phase of Washington. Cousin Louisa, come upon almost by chance in Virginia, had willingly consented to accompany her to Washington for the winter, and Cousin Louisa had kinsmen and friends in the capital. Mrs. Wilson had been accepted as one of them, a Kercheval, of Virginia, by descent from her great-grandmother. They lived in Georgetown; they lived east of Fourteenth Street, or in that ancient Faubourg Saint Germain, the old "First Ward." They were decorously persons of position, anomalous in a city whose essential spirit is instability. In a word, they were not "smart," and Lindsley's world was the world of the moment. It dazzled Mrs. Wilson. There seemed no time to breathe.

In Pineapolis, Wisconsin, during Deacon Wilson's lifetime, there had been for Mrs. Wilson society of a sort. The Ladies' Fortnightly Club met solemnly every fourteenth day to hear papers on literary subjects. They discussed books gravely and listened dutifully to an occasional symphony. They gave "high teas" and borrowed one another's spoons.

Society was serious in Pineapolis. Mrs. Wilson had been asked once to two afternoon receptions in a week. That was the winter when the pastor of the Methodist church launched his memorable diatribe against the frivolity of the modern

woman. Society in Pineapolis was a thing to be experienced one day out of many, like religion. In Washington—in Lindsley's Washington—society was the occupation of every day. Mrs. Wilson had the discriminating sense. Instinctively she gave each scene its proper value, each new acquaintance his right place in the drama.

The three days began with the current-topics class—"club," Mrs. Wilson called it; but she discovered later that Washington usage grants the name to no organization without a fixed habitation. Classes were the vogue that winter, and the current-topics Wednesday morning meeting was a class. It was smart, and Mrs. Wilson found no other reason for its being. It was not interesting to her to listen for an hour to a raucous-voiced and nervous young woman giving news of literature, music, art, science, and politics, and the week's history of the world.

But she foresaw that some of the information might be useful for conversational purposes at dinners, if one could remember it. It was culture not acquired after the thorough Pineapolis method, but glanced at as one glances at a phrase-book in a foreign language. The figure clung in Mrs. Wilson's mind. She had learned to ask in French for every imaginable thing but a dinner and a hairpin. The current-topics class left her informed on every subject except the things likely to be mentioned at a dinner. It furnished one with matter for conversation in a society where conversation is as obsolete as midday dining.

"You must be up in things," Lindsley explained. "If you're not, people are sure to ask you about them. If you are, they never mention them. So it is safest to know."

She smiled the dazzling smile that gave her for a moment the look of her father, and her eyes looked out with candid friendliness. The class hour was ended and the chatter of voices rose shrill and metallic. Lindsley seemed to know nearly every woman in the room. At the door she caught sight of Miss Denslow—the newspaper woman—and stopped to speak to her.

"It was ever so kind of you to give me a Paris frock at the 'Dancing

Men's,'" she said. "Think of it! Nobody ever gave me a Paris gown before."

"Wasn't it imported?" asked the newspaper woman.

Lindsley touched her arm and gave it a little squeeze.

"You know it wasn't. But please dress me beautifully every time, won't you? Only, if I ever have a wedding, please don't say I'm wearing family-heirloom lace."

The newspaper woman smiled appreciatively. She was not fond of her work. Describing the gowns of other women did not make her the more content with her own makeshifts.

"I'm going to the Baroness Barinsky's luncheon," Lindsley went on.

"To-day?" asked the newspaper woman.

"Yes. Didn't you know about it? Come on over here in the corner and I'll tell you who's going to be there."

In five minutes she had furnished half a column of news.

"Don't interrupt me, please. I'm busy," she flung over her shoulder to Mrs. Warburton. "Miss Denslow is going to give me a brand-new frock every time I go anywhere. And oh, Miss Denslow, don't you think I might have pearls?"

"Diamonds," said Miss Denslow gratefully.

"And will you please call Fifi Moulton tall and slender? She's so afraid she's getting stout."

The speech surprised Mrs. Wilson. Fifi had seemed to her positively thin.

"Is Miss Moulton really afraid she's getting stout?" she said as they came down the steps together.

"Oh, no," Lindsley answered. "She'd love it. She perfectly loathes being tall." She faced Mrs. Wilson abruptly. "Now don't say a word. I can't help it if she's tall, can I? Let's go over to the tea-room and have some chocolate. Besides," she added, "I'm going to tell Fifi I put Miss Denslow up to it."

She screwed her face into a grimace of sheer *gaminerie*, but as she glanced down the street her expression changed.

"Why," she said a little primly, "isn't that Mr. Wendell?"

Wendell took off his hat and beamed at them delightedly.

"Where are you going, Mr. Wendell?" Lindsley demanded.

Wendell looked surprised.

"Why, I got your mes—" he began. A look from Lindsley stopped him.

"I got sight of you coming out of the door, and I chased over to ask if you ladies won't come over to the tea-room with me," he said bravely.

Mrs. Wilson turned her disconcertingly direct gaze on the girl.

"Curious," she said. "We were just speaking of it. They—they managed things very much the same way when I was a girl."

Lindsley laughed. She possessed that rarest of charms, a really musical laugh. It was silvery, bubbling, clear, whole-souled.

"If you two don't mind," she said, "I think I won't go to the tea-room. I'll just have enough time to run home and put on another frock before I go to the baroness's."

Wendell was frankly crestfallen. He looked at her reproachfully.

"On second thought, I won't," she said. "This frock looks well enough to wear, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," Wendell agreed.

"Listen!" cried Lindsley. "I hear a band. Oh, it's the 'Dead March'!"

She scudded to the corner and turned toward Pennsylvania Avenue. Mrs. Wilson and Wendell followed, to find her standing at the curb, her lips a little parted, her eyes bright, her color a little dimmed. No daughter of a soldier could watch a military funeral pass without a thrill, an uplift of the head.

Brave in the glitter of gold and blue and the toss of yellow plumes, the troop rode before the gun-carriage with its flag-covered burden. Wendell bared his head reverently. A little farther down the street the commanding general of the army stopped his carriage to let the dead pass, and saluted the soldier on his last ride. Lindsley stood watching long after the cortège had faded into an indistinguishable mass of dulled blue and dimmed scarlet.

"I think I will go home first, after all," she said. "You can come for me at three."

She went slowly down the street, pausing—
(To be continued)

ing once to hear the last strains of the dirge.

"It's too bad she couldn't have known her father," Wendell said, as he and Mrs. Wilson retraced their steps to the tea-room. "I've often wondered about that old man we met on the train. He must have been crazy. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Wilson turned to watch a negro urchin dancing to the music of a street-piano.

"Are you sure he wasn't Colonel Macross?" she asked.

"Why, of course he wasn't. If he had been, he'd have gone to Mrs. Macross and her daughter, and evidently he didn't."

Mrs. Wilson looked at him with her mouth drawn into a straight line.

"Of course he didn't go," she said. "Poor old fellow! I wonder who he was."

"Probably some old fellow who had known Macross, or, maybe—well, he may have been lying just for the fun of it, you know. I'm glad Mrs. Macross doesn't know about it. It wouldn't be a pleasant thing for her, considering how she reveres Colonel Macross's memory."

"Did you ever hear her say she revered his memory?" she demanded.

"Why, no," he confessed. "But naturally she would. She's that kind of a woman."

Mrs. Wilson laughed. A recollection of Deacon Wilson flashed across her mind and stopped her half-way.

"It's easy to revere a man who is dead," she said. "All kinds of women do that."

Wendell was not pleased with the speech. He had not heard cynicism from Mrs. Wilson, and it did not chime with his conception of her. She was too nice a little woman, he thought, to say a thing with that sound. A moment later it occurred to him that perhaps Mrs. Wilson had not been happily married. His third thought was that he had mistaken her meaning. No doubt every good woman did revere her dead husband, and not every dead husband deserved it. It was impossible to associate cynicism with Mrs. Wilson.

LIGHT VERSE

FORECAST FOR JUNE

AS rose-crowned Empress June ascends
 The throne so lately May's,
 'Twould seem a storm of love impends
 Her reign of thirty days;
 High pressure of affection will
 From North to Southland sweep,
 There'll flurries be, though far from chill,
 Of kisses drifting deep.

Typhoons of arch, coquettish smiles,
 Of artfulness prepense,
 Will sweep o'er all the ocean isles,
 Yea, more—the continents!
 Rose-petal showers, too, there'll be,
 The near-drawn heads to bless
 Of those who question tenderly,
 And those who answer *Yes!*

Conditions barometric show
 There'll be disturbing tides
 In matrimony's sea, but lo!
 A multitude of brides
 Will ride the breakers safely, and
 Be thankful 'twas in June
 They took, and bound for Happyland,
 The good ship Honeymoon.

Roy Farrell Greene

OLD-FASHIONED THINGS

THEY'VE all come back, with youth
 renewed—
 The dear old-fashioned things
 Which took to flight long years ago
 On Time's e'er-changing wings;
 They've all come back from lumber-rooms,
 From attics cold and drear,
 Where in the dust, unsought, unused,
 They've lain for many a year.

They've all come back—the spindle legs
 So delicate and fine;
 The soft old brown mahogany.
 Like rarest, richest wine;
 The dark hand-carven rosewood;
 The knobs of cut-glass, rare;
 The quaint gargoyles, and old claw feet—
 We see them everywhere.

The china-closets harbor, too,
 Past fashions, we are told;
 And so we finger cups the same
 As grandmama of old;

The dainty trace new silver bears
 Is copied from the past;
 And all the dear old-timy things
 Have come to light at last.

And Fashion too, the fickle dame,
 Is not to be outdone—
 So, gathering her clinging skirts,
 She, too, has backward run,
 And brought to light the flounce and curls,
 The frills and furbelow,
 Which charmed the dainty grandmamas
 Of many years ago.

Yes, bring them on, these treasures rare
 From Time's old moldy chest.
 We'll welcome each to hearth and home,
 As though a royal guest.
 And Nature—artist skilled of all—
 As days revolving whirl,
 Bring once again that quaintest gem—
 Your sweet old-fashioned girl.

Mary Fairfax Childs

THE FAIRIES

FAIRY fingers wait on me.
 Fairies in our day?
 What is that you say?
 Such a thing could never be?

Fairy faces peer at me,
 Come and go away,
 Not for long they stay.
 Did you ne'er a fairy see?

Fairy forms they follow me,
 Everywhere I stray;
 That's the fairy way—
 From them none may ever flee.

Fairy friends they care for me,
 Make me glad and gay.
 Don't you like my lay?
 Then agree to disagree!

Harold Susman

THE BALLADE OF THE ANCIENT GIRLS

WHERE are the beaus of yesterday
 Who at our feet so fondly sighed,
 Who took us to the "prom" and play
 And often went with us to ride?
 It cannot be they *all* have died;
 But in our hearts suspicion grows
 Till we admit, with wounded pride,
 The buds have taken all our beaus.

There's Ned, who used to walk with May,
And wear a smile beatified—
Yet he appeared commencement-day
With May's young sister at his side,
And looked serenely satisfied!
The Dicks and Franks and Jacks and Joes
To other apron-strings are tied.
The buds have taken all our beaus.

Oh, budlings who are now so gay,
These sayings are both true and tried:
In sunny summer-time make hay
And seize the moments as they glide.
Oh, gleeful buds, do not deride
The warnings of the aged rose—
We thought we'd ne'er be set aside—
The buds have taken all our beaus.

ENVOY

Be warned of us who yet abide,
Oh, bud, that your heart never knows
The gloom with which our hearts have
cried:
"The buds have taken all our beaus!"
Elizabeth C. Webb

THE FLATIRON BUILDING

IT wears its wonders jauntily
Above the city's din,
Its coat of windows buttoned close
About its stony chin.
The feather-smoke its cap adorns
With such a rakish air
That all the sober houses near
Just sit around to stare.
At dusk it plants its foot more firm,
Transcends the coming night,
Cries "Halt!" from out a thousand mouths
That laugh in sudden light.
The mist creeps slowly to its knee
The jeweled caves to fill:
The ocean fog a burnouse throws
That wraps it like a hill.
Gibraltar of the earth and air!
A thing achieved—complete:
Just fancy it grown anywhere
But on a city street!

Mary McNeil Fenollosa

THE ANGLER

ALL day he whips for trout the quiet
stream,
His hook entangled in the skies of dream.
His only comrade while the swift hours run,
The world-wide presence of the summer
sun.

He hears the wind that just before him goes,
Shout the sweet rumor of the wilding rose.
Like flaming brand the tanager's clear song,
Drops in his soul the while he walks along.

He sees the worn rocks battling with the
rills,
And in his pulse a sense of triumph thrills.
Beside the bank he notes a strong, straight
tree,
And all his soul grows tall in sympathy.

Homeward he goes at last when comes the
night,
His creel still empty and his soul still
light—
For greater witness of his angler's art,
The beauty of the day is in his heart!

Edward Wilbur Mason

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

IF Bernard Shaw had made the earth
How fine, indeed, 'twould be!
How much of joyous, gladsome mirth
On every side we'd see!
The land would be an ocean sweet,
The ocean would be land,
And people, 'stead of on their feet,
Upon their heads would stand—
If Bernard Shaw had chanced to bob
Along in time to boss the job!

The sun would rise and shine at night
Out of the golden west;
And in the day we'd get our light
From Luna, pale and blest.
The thief an honest man would be;
The rich would all be broke;
And care and want and misery
We'd look on as a joke,
If only Mister Bernard Shaw
Had penned the universal law.

We'd all be born well on our way
In wisdom and in age;
And younger grown each passing day
Upon our earthly stage:
From patriarchal years to prime,
From prime to youth, and thence
Into the joyous, happy time
Of childish innocence:
How sweet, indeed, this mortal dream
Had Bernard Shaw designed the
scheme!

We'd all have fed on nice hot air,
And quenched our thirst in ink;
And 'stead of clothes we all would wear
Dear nature's gown of pink.
We'd drink our drams from finger-bowls—
In short, our earthly lot
Would be, from north to southern poles,
Exactly as it's not.

O Bernard Shaw, you were a slob
To come too late to boss the job!

Blakeney Gray

THE STORY OF SMELTING

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRY WHICH GIVES OUT A PRODUCT WORTH SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS A WEEK—THE SEVEN SONS OF MEYER GUGGENHEIM HAVE MADE CORTEZ AND PIZARRO LOOK LIKE CLUMSY NOVICES AS GATHERERS OF WEALTH

OF all the romances of American business, none is more dazzling than the fairy-tale of the smelters; and now that the outflow of metals from their tanks and furnaces has reached the unparalleled value of seven million dollars a week, it may be assumed that the appropriate time has come to give this story to the public.

Gold, silver, copper, and lead—these are the principal metals that are handled by the smelters. They are a congenial family of four, that are generally found cuddling together in their rocky home. Unlike the great giant, iron, who prefers to live by himself, the two precious metals, gold and silver, seem to have a most democratic fondness for the company of their humble imitators—copper and lead. Consequently, the four metals are now being mined and smelted together in most localities; and it is their combined value that is reaching up to the surprising total of a million dollars a day.

To an extraordinary extent, the story of this vast industry is the story of seven brothers. They, at least, are now in control of the American Smelting and Refining Company, which does one-half of the total business and dominates the whole field. This one company is now producing metals to the value of fifteen million dollars a month. It is delivering enough gold to Uncle Sam every day to pay the salaries of President Roosevelt and his secretary for three years.

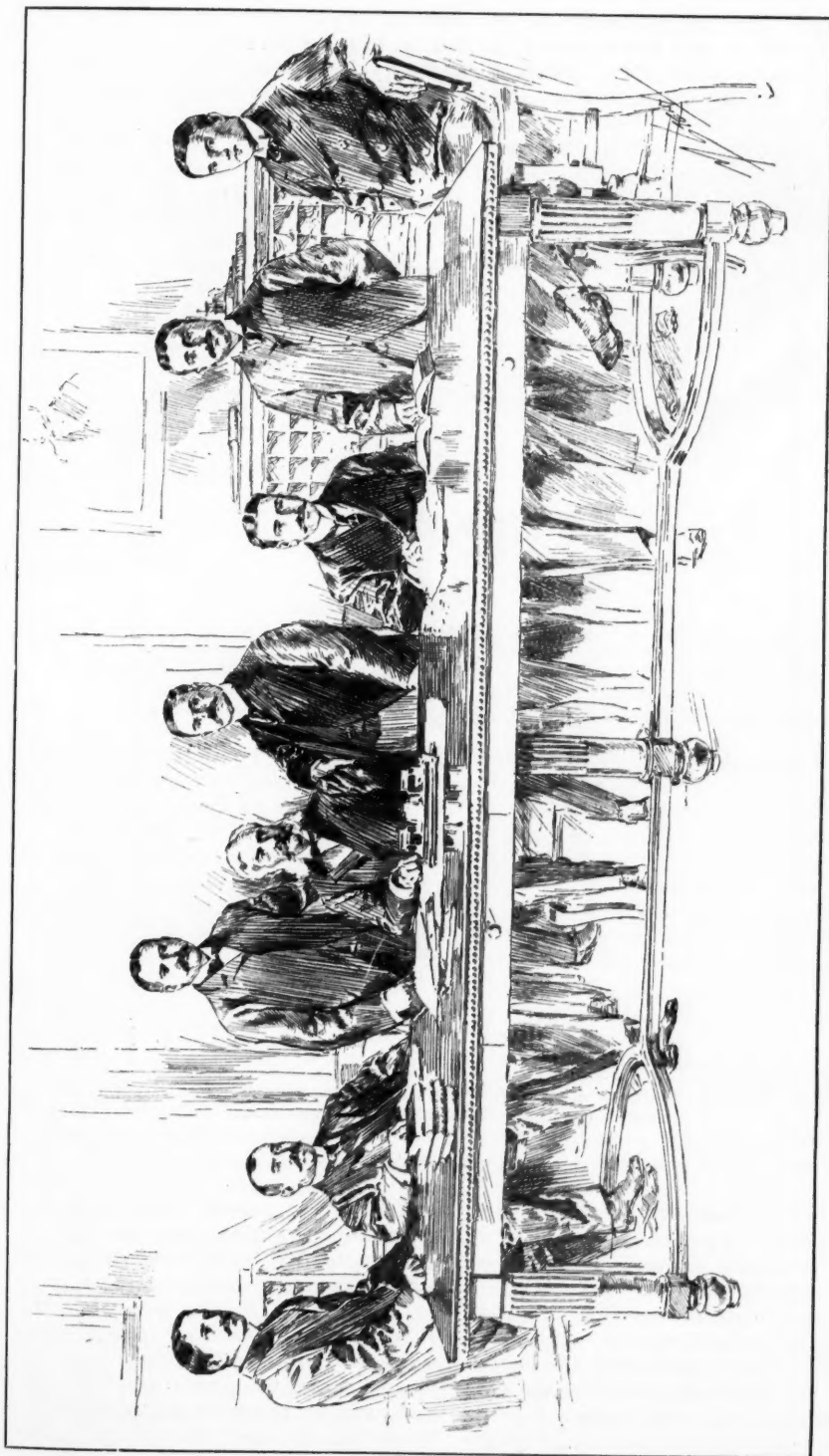
Compared with the Guggenheims, Cortez and Pizarro were clumsy novices

as gatherers of the precious metals. Already the Guggenheims have produced more gold and silver in Mexico than Cortez ever saw; and more in South America than all the rich loot of Pizarro. In Cuba, Colorado, Nevada, Ontario, Alaska, and the Congo region of Africa, these intelligent organizers are transforming the gold, silver, and copper business from a gamble into a science. Steadily and surely they are mastering the master metals of civilization. To every thoughtful man of affairs, this is a fact of paramount importance.

The Guggenheims are doing all this, not by the brute force of capital, but by sheer perseverance and efficiency. They have bought the best talent that the human race can supply. In the immense department-store of metals which they have established, there is a staff of experts such as few industries can show.

"The best isn't even good enough"—that is the Guggenheim motto, as given to me by one of the brothers. Clear down the line I found the responsible positions filled, not by relatives or incompetent friends, but by the men who could best do the work.

Extraordinary men are worth extraordinary salaries—that is another Guggenheim principle. While their success has come through team-play, they have not made the blunder of supposing that organization can be a substitute for individual ability. A general manager of a mining-region, for instance, receives ten thousand dollars a year—more than the salary of the Vice-President of the Uni-



THE GUGGENHEIM FAMILY

BENJAMIN

MURRY

ISAAC

DANIEL

MEYER (THE FATHER—NOW DEAD)

SOLOMON

SIMON

WILLIAM

ted States. The superintendent of an average smelter is paid five thousand; a foreman receives about forty dollars a week. To hold its skilled workers still more closely, the American Smelting and Refining Company pays an extra bonus each year, in proportion to its profits. This amounted to half a million in 1906. In short, when an employee is seen to

nineteen and slightly built. Neither he nor his father could speak English. They had very little money—scarcely enough to carry them to Philadelphia, where they had some friends, who, also, were poor. But the boy was happy for two reasons—he had arrived in a land of fair play; and he had met a girl on the ship who had promised to marry him as soon as



DANIEL GUGGENHEIM, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY—HE IS TO-DAY THE FOREMOST SMELTER IN THE WORLD

From a photograph by Pach, New York

take a partner's interest in the business, he is treated as a partner.

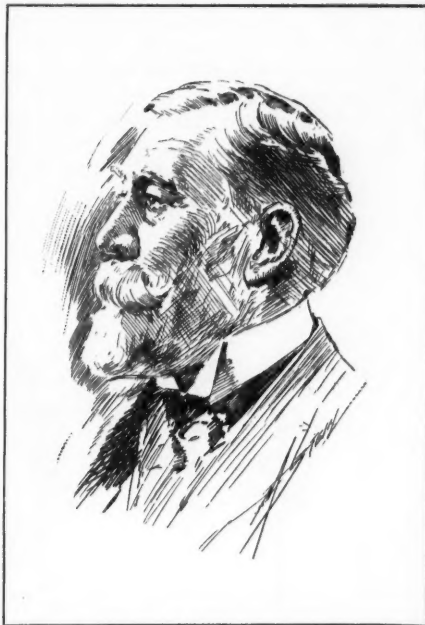
For ten years or more a number of myths regarding the rise of the Guggenheim family have been told and retold in the newspapers. The facts, almost sensational in their simplicity, are as follows: In 1847—the year that the rush of German immigration began—a young boy landed at Castle Garden. He was

he could make a home. The ship had taken four months to cross the ocean, by the way, so that their courtship had not necessarily been a short one.

The boy had dreams—vague dreams of power such as all future generals have when they first enter the "awkward squad." But the immediate need was cash, and he began to sell stove-polish. Tramping one day through the little



T. R. JONES, WHO HAS BEEN PROMINENTLY
IDENTIFIED WITH THE SMELTING
INDUSTRY IN UTAH
From a photograph



W. S. McCORNICK, OF SALT LAKE CITY, A
DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN SMELTING
AND REFINING COMPANY
From a photograph by Newcomb, Salt Lake City

town of Bethlehem, he met a good-natured chemist, who looked with interest upon the sharp-eyed young foreigner.

"Please tell me how this stove-polish is made," begged the boy. The chemist analyzed the polish and wrote out the recipe. After that, the boy manufactured his own polish and doubled his profits. Then he added concentrated lye to his stock. He sold it by day and studied it by night, until he learned to manufacture a brand that was just a little better than any other. In five years he was able to make a home for the girl; and Meyer Guggenheim became a married man and an American citizen at the same time.

The home was small at first; but the children and the money came plentifully. In twenty years Meyer Guggenheim was a prosperous lace-manufacturer, with ten young branches on the family tree—seven sons and three daughters. It was a Family with a big F—one of the patriarchal kind. It was a Family of hard work and concentration of purpose, probably the most efficient Family, as such, that American history can show.

One day, in 1881, while the eight male

Guggenheims were busy manufacturing laces and embroideries, there came a sudden panic in Wall Street, which abruptly changed the course of the Family's career. Not that it had any traffic with Wall Street, in those days. It scarcely knew that such a betting-ring existed. But a friend who was less unsophisticated rushed into the office of the Guggenheim Family and begged for help. He had been caught in the crash and needed some money at once.

"I have a silver mine in Leadville," he said. "I'll give you half of it for three thousand dollars."

Now, Meyer Guggenheim knew nothing of silver mines. But a friend was a friend; so he gave the money and took half the mine. As chance would have it, the mine proved to be a rich one, and he bought control. A year or so later a tall Westerner, the man to whom Guggenheim had been selling his ore, strode into Meyer Guggenheim's Philadelphia office and proposed that he should embark in the smelting business.

At this time Meyer Guggenheim was nearly sixty years of age. He was rich



HENRY L. HIGGINSON, THE BOSTON BANKER—
A DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN SMELTING
AND REFINING COMPANY

*From a photograph by the Notman Photographic
Company, Boston*

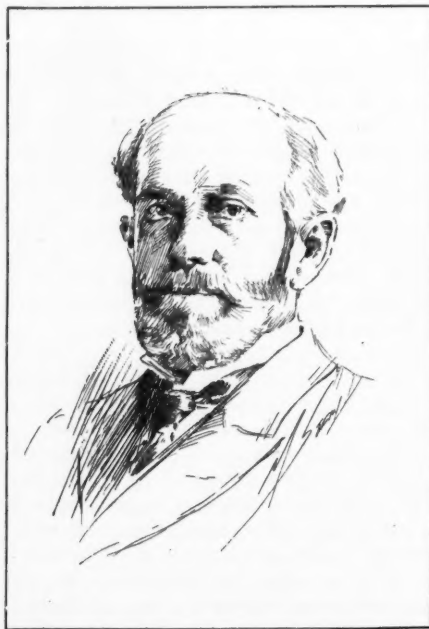
and content. His lace business had become one of the solid enterprises of Philadelphia, and he had trained his sons to continue it. But the tall Westerner was persuasive and magnetic. He described the smelting industry until its rosy possibilities became an aurora borealis of prosperity.

"A smelter is not like a factory that runs only by daylight," he said. "It works night and day—while you are at church, while you are asleep. It is better than banking, because you are dealing in money itself. There is no credit—no debt—no uncertainty. It is the surest business in the world."

Meyer Guggenheim was persuaded. The swing of the tall Westerner's eloquence swept him off his feet, and he gave his consent to the building of a large smelter at Pueblo. The Westerner became its manager, or, to speak more accurately, its mis-manager. Instead of sending a night-and-day stream of gold and silver into the Guggenheim treasury, he failed to pay expenses. The enterprise proved to be a flat failure in every

respect, and the disappointed Meyer Guggenheim sent two of his sons to save as much as possible out of the wreck. At the time this trip was taken—less than eighteen years ago—none of the Guggenheims had seen a smelter, none of them had extracted a single penny's worth of metal from the earth. And it was in this accidental way that the brothers were turned into the path that led them to their place among the few masters of the gold and silver of the world.

The two young Guggenheims, at that time, knew little of mining. But they were quick and ambitious. They had business brains—swift-running and frictionless. Several months after they had been in Colorado they saw that they could make the tall Westerner's dream come true. They worked by day and studied by night, as their father had done. One by one the other brothers joined them, and soon all seven were organized into a company under the name of M. Guggenheim's Sons. As for M. Guggenheim himself, he retired from the lace business, sat down in a comfortable arm-



JAMES B. GRANT, FORMER GOVERNOR OF COLORADO, NOW PRESIDENT OF THE GRANT
SMELTER COMPANY, OF DENVER

*From a photograph by Throbeck & Rundle,
Denver*

chair in his sons' office, and watched them make more money in a year than he had accumulated in a lifetime.

For twelve years the brothers worked like a septilateral machine. Daniel was the natural leader, but every important question was debated and settled by vote.

They paddled their own canoe for the first ten years. No one—not even their father—had backed them with capital. Then they got an idea that required more money than they could risk. They conceived of a company that would search for minerals as detectives search for



SIMON GUGGENHEIM, THE COLORADO REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GUGGENHEIM FAMILY—HE WAS RECENTLY CHOSEN TO REPRESENT HIS STATE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

From a photograph

It was a little republic, this family—not an empire. The majority ruled. Not one of the seven had any outside interests. Morning, noon, and night they talked smelting—smelting—smelting. They were absolute devotees of their business. Spurred on by their father, they studied every detail. As fast as the money came in, it was put back in improvements. For years after they became rich, the brothers had not even bought the houses they lived in.

criminals—a sort of bureau for the discovery of buried treasure. It was really a fairy-tale put upon a scientific basis.

Daniel Guggenheim carried the idea to W. C. Whitney, who was then a towering figure in lower Broadway. Whitney looked once at the idea and twice at the man. Thirty years of finance had taught Whitney to think less of a scheme than of the man who stood behind it. For a week he listened to "Mr. Dan"—lunched with him—drove around Central



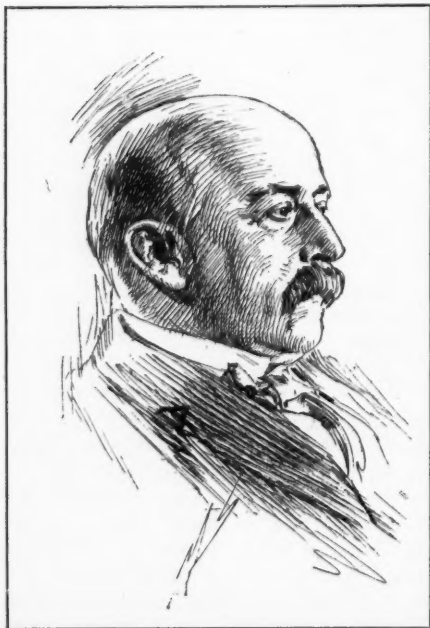
THE LATE A. R. MEYER, WHO WAS PRESIDENT OF
THE CONSOLIDATED KANSAS CITY SMELTING
AND REFINING COMPANY

From a photograph by Strauss, Kansas City



EDWARD BRUSH, OF THE AMERICAN SMELTING
AND REFINING COMPANY—A LEADING
AUTHORITY ON SILVER

From a photograph by Torfey, New York



BARTON SEWELL, A WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY,
WHO IS VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN
SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY

From a photograph

Park with him. Then, one morning, he said: "Go ahead. I'll go in with you."

With the help of Whitney's money and brains the seven brothers dashed ahead at full speed. "We did very little prospecting," said Murry Guggenheim. "That would have been too much of a gamble. We picked out the best mines in Mexico, Colorado, and South America, and then bought them outright. This gave us a steady supply of ore for our smelters. It also gave us a variety of ores, so that we could combine them in such a way as to produce the best results."

The "Guggenheim Exploration Company" at once proved a tremendous advantage to the brothers. Their business shot ahead so swiftly that when they entered the American Smelting and Refining Company in the following year the price they received was somewhat more than thirty millions for their smelters alone. The "Guggenheim Ex," as it is called, still remains an independent enterprise.

The first break in the ranks of the brothers came when they decided to con-



GUY C. BARTON, OF OMAHA, DIRECTOR OF THE
AMERICAN SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY
—HE WAS ASSOCIATED WITH MR. NASH

From a photograph



THE LATE E. W. NASH, OF OMAHA—HE WAS
THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN
SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY

From a photograph

solidate with other smelting companies. The vote stood four to three; and for the first time the minority refused to yield to the majority. Benjamin and William withdrew, the one to become a manufacturer of mining-machinery and the other a globe-trotter. The remaining five went into the American Smelting and Refining Company with enough stock in their pockets to control it. In 1904 Daniel Guggenheim became its president, so that, both officially and practically, he is now the foremost smelter in the world.

Others may have their railways, their steamships, their steel mills, their banks, and so forth. All that "Mr. Dan" asks is that he shall be allowed to smelt ore; but this he insists upon. Several months ago Charles M. Schwab and a group of Pittsburghers rushed at the smelting business like boys at an orchard. They had bought gold-mines in Nevada and proposed to smelt their own ore. "Mr. Dan" at once sent for Schwab, opened his eyes to the complexities of smelting, and persuaded him to sign a twenty-five-year contract to keep out of the business,



ANTON EILERS, WHO MAY BE CALLED THE
FATHER OF SCIENTIFIC SMELTING
IN AMERICA

From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn



A. J. RALSTON, PRESIDENT OF THE SELBY
SMELTING AND LEAD COMPANY

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco

and to send his ores to the Guggenheim smelter.

"The Guggenheim luck" is a phrase often heard in mining-camps. "Everything that the Guggenheims pick up turns to gold," one of the shareholders informed me, in an awestruck whisper. The simple truth is that luck has had nothing whatever to do with the success of the Guggenheims. No fairy god-mother gifted them with the touch of King Midas. They are not men of transcendent genius. They have the energy to work hard and the sense to work together; that is the secret of the Guggenheim mystery.

Meyer Guggenheim trained his seven sons well. He taught them to play fair and to mind their own business. He told them the story of the seven sticks that could not be broken when they were tied firmly together; and he warned them of the dangerous roads that lead to wealth.

"Get money," he said. "But do not try to get it by walking over the graves of your fellow men."

Now that their business is rolling larger and larger, like a gigantic snow-

ball, the Guggenheims have reversed their earlier policy of economy and have become the most royal of spenders. They have magnificent country homes in Elberon, New Jersey, as well as residences in New York. And their charities are so numerous that a special secretary is employed as paymaster.

When San Francisco was wrecked, Daniel Guggenheim, representing his firm, was the first to give. On the instant that the news of the disaster reached New York he telegraphed to an Oakland bank to place fifty thousand dollars in the hands of General Funston. "No red tape," he ordered. "Give it to the people at once." At the same time he telegraphed to an Oakland truckman, ordering him to send two drays immediately to the bank. And so the most welcome money that ever arrived in San Francisco went in on those two drays. While others were talking, "Mr. Dan" acted. That seems to be the Guggenheim way.

As it is carried on to-day in the United States, the smelting business has no ancient history. There were metals, of



W. H. JAMES, OF DENVER, A PIONEER IN
- THE SMELTING INDUSTRY

From a photograph by Hopkins, Denver

course, in the empires that were forgotten before Egypt was born. But there is little resemblance between the tiny smelting-pot of a Babylonian miner and a monstrous American smelter, that swallows more than a ton of ore every minute of the day and night. As well might we say that the amber magnet of the Grecians was the ancestor of the electric dynamo.

In fact, the smelting business is so young that its pioneers are still in control. They have not been displaced, as in the case of steel-making, by white-handed financiers who have all manner of other interests. They are smelters, and nothing else. They not only began at the foot of the ladder, but built the ladder as they climbed it.

The business of mining and smelting was a gamble when these men found it. The tiny plants of thirty years ago were like a fleet of racing sailboats in a rough sea. When the wind was right, they made progress; and when it was wrong, they drifted backward. They collided and keeled over and were driven on the rocks. "We thought we did nobly in those days if we paid our debts," said one of the veterans.

To-day a smelter is like a towering ocean liner. It runs ahead steadily under its own steam, whether the wind is favorable or not. It is two hundred times larger than a plant of pioneer days; and it is as costly as a king's palace. It is supplied with ore not by men with picks and shovels, but by immense machines whose steel jaws eat up whole counties.

AN INDUSTRY OF EXACTNESS

The entire industry has been lifted up to a higher level. It has become a science instead of a guess. Even when nature has hidden one little ounce of gold in a hundred tons of soil, an assayer can now take a handful of the soil and tell the exact value of the hidden treasure. Better still, the process of smelting and refining has become so accurate that every particle of that ounce of gold can be taken out. A little silver is still lost, but not one atom of gold. Some smelters are even making ten thousand dollars a month by extracting gold and silver from the refuse-dumps of former days.

Such scientific exactness I have never seen in any other industry. Actually, in each refinery, there is a scale so delicate that it will weigh the scratch of a pencil. In one of the laboratories the chief wizard gratified my curiosity by weighing my initials. Two tiny scraps of paper were first made to balance. Then on one scrap I wrote "H. N. C." in small letters. This burdened scrap at once tipped the beam and registered a weight of six one-hundredths of a milligram. So it was shown that the three letters, if they were written about three million times, would weigh a pound.

Twenty miles from New York, down the marshy coast of New Jersey, may be seen a combined smelter and refinery that produces more copper than all Germany. In a day's work it enriches the United States to the extent of two hundred tons of copper, eight thousand pounds of silver, and a thousand ounces of gold. To one who sees its activities for the first time it seems to be a cross between a foundry and a mint. There are the blazing furnaces and sputtering streams of lead and copper, on the one hand; and the most delicate handling of the money metals, on the other. At the first glance the work appears to be carried on by sooty Slavs and Italians, but a closer study makes it clear that the whole performance is a matter of mind, not muscle. To use an Irishism, it is "as simple and complicated a thing as ever I saw."

Its copper ore arrives by steamship from Chile and Cuba. It is first assayed, then roasted for thirty-two hours to drive out the sulfur. Then it is dropped into a blast furnace and the crude copper is molded into heavy bars. These bars pass on to the refinery, where they again go through the fiery ordeal of a furnace, and emerge much purer. This time the copper is cast into thick plates, with a handle upon each side. A plate is twice as heavy as a man; but an electric crane picks up twenty-six plates at once, weighs them, and then scurries off with its load to an immense tank-room.

The gold and silver are extracted from the copper in the tank-room by the electrolytic process. Each plate is hung in a tank of acid, side by side with a sheet of pure copper. Under the persuasion of an electric current the plate decomposes.

Its copper is deposited upon the sheet, or "cathode," as it is called; and the gold and silver fall to the bottom of the tank in the form of thick mud. This part of the process requires twenty-eight days.

THE REFINEMENT OF FINE PROCESSES

The copper is now absolutely pure and has only to be molded into bars of various sizes. But the precious mud has still to be dealt with. It is dropped into small trucks that run up and down in the dirty basement of the tank-room. Each truck carries a burden more costly than if it were silk and satin, and yet it seems to be trundled around as carelessly as though it were a load of slag on its way to the dump.

In another building, which only a privileged few may enter, the gold is separated from the silver by a chemical and electrical process. The silver is cast into small eight-pound ingots and shipped twice a week to England. The gold—a daily treasure of a thousand ounces, worth more than twenty thousand dollars—is made into a single bar and expressed every afternoon to the United States Assay Office, in New York. Taking figures from a number of refineries, I find that to produce a thousand ounces of pure metal it requires the treatment of forty tons of ore for silver, one thousand tons for copper, and two thousand tons for gold. In other words, to get one tiny ounce of gold compels the handling of four thousand pounds of soil and rock. Such is the difficult task of the smelters.

It is now widely recognized that the smelting business is one which must be undertaken upon a large scale. Nature, not the Guggenheims, is responsible for this fact. Whoever would get all the gold and silver and copper and lead out of his ore must mix it with half a dozen other ores, some of which may be a thousand miles distant.

The silver ore of Bolivia, for instance, was formerly smelted at the mines. But to-day it is carried across South America to Chile, shipped around the Cape to Galveston, transported to Pueblo to be smelted, then to Omaha to be refined. It is next sent to New York, reshipped to London, and thence it is taken to India and scattered among the people of the Himalayas. And so it has come to pass that the improvements and economies in a big smelter are such that it is more profitable for a mine-owner to send his ore half around the world than to run a little smelter of his own.

"These extraordinary improvements in our business are more than a matter of private profit," said "Mr. Dan" Guggenheim, when I succeeded in obtaining the first expression of opinion from him which he has ever allowed to go into print.

"They are emphatically a social benefit," he continued. "The nation that can produce gold and silver and copper the most cheaply and abundantly has a great commercial advantage over the other nations of the world. We are now extracting metals from low-grade ores that had been thrown aside as worthless. We are even compelling the dump-heaps of thirty years ago to add to the national wealth of the United States.

"Especially in the increased production of gold, the smelters are promoting the interests of the whole country. Gold is the supreme metal. It is the basic money of the world. If it is plentiful, the great international structure of credit stands upon a solid foundation; if not, there may come stagnation and commercial disaster. And so it is a matter of vast importance that gold shall not be produced in a haphazard manner, but with all the energy, all the system, and all the science that the twentieth century can give."

TIME

Lo! How the ponderous centuries have rolled
On o'er the past, and in their copious fold
Gathered the mighty count of souls untold.

And so on everlastingly the scheme—
Legions of lives now dwindled to a theme
About which poets write and sages dream.

Loftus Husband

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK

BY T. P. O'CONNOR

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, AND EDITOR OF *T. P.'s Weekly*

A DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN TELLS WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS WHEN, FOR THE THIRD TIME, HE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC LAST YEAR—AN INTERESTING MIXTURE OF KEEN CRITICISM AND PLEASANT EULOGY

ONE of the curious fancies, waking or dreaming, of one who has never crossed the ocean, is speculation as to what will be the look of the solid land of which he will first catch sight after his days of wandering on the trackless ocean. I remember to this day how I made a complete image to myself, more than quarter of a century ago, of the kind of thing which would first catch my eye. It had become so real to me that I dreamed of it again and again. It was a long, small island—just the kind of island you would see in a tiny inland lake in Ireland—with tall reeds up about its side; and in the midst of it a long, low building—something between the outhouse of a farm and the bungalow of a man of isolated habits and moderate fortune.

I recall this curious and haunting fancy because what I remember best of my experiences of arrival in America—I have been in America now three times—is the first sight that met my view—and the first thing in that sight; for it is the symptom and the epitome of all my impressions then and afterward. It was not the small, long, narrow island of my imagination. The island, if island it were, was so intermingled with the mainland as not to look an island at all, and it was huge and not small. And the dwelling—which is the main feature of the landscape in my wake—was not in the least like that long, narrow, low-roofed dwelling of which I had dreamed; it was a gigantic hotel.

Whenever I think of my approach to New York, it is that gigantic hotel that always stands out in my memory. Buildings of these enormous proportions are a strange sight to European eyes. We have nothing like them in any part of Europe. Somehow or other, I associate this gigantic hotel with the appearance of an elephant. I am not sure that it is not intentionally fashioned after an elephant's shape. At all events, it remains in my memory as bearing to the buildings with which I had been associated in Europe the same relation as the elephant does to the horse. And my first impression, then, of New York is of immensity—and especially immensity of building.

THE CITY OF THE GIGANTIC

In all your streets I saw something of the same kind; and I speak not merely of the phenomenal sky-scrapers, with which everybody is familiar, but with the general building and architectural idea of the whole city. It is all on a scale gigantic, daring, almost appalling. It is the first and most striking indication of that powerful, daring, gigantesque temperament which is the temperament of America. The land into which we are born is of all environments the most potent on our character; and America, with its States that are kingdoms and its single nation that yet is as great as ancient continents divided into dozens of nations—America has impressed its own gigantic proportions on

the mind of America, all of whose conceptions run to the gigantic.

My second impression of America is also derived from its buildings. I will never forget my first walk up Fifth Avenue, though it is so many years since it was taken. The houses of the Vanderbilts, the Stewarts, and those other names great in the finance and wealth of America, appeared to me like some uneasy dream of glory, wealth, and luxury, unbridled, visionary, and arrogant.

Those houses with their vast fronts, their gilded or sculptured walls, seemed to be a curious mixture—may I put it that way?—of palaces on the canals of Venice, cathedrals of ancient German towns, and the pasteboard towers of a melodrama. I speak of melodrama because there was a curious sense of unreality and of the theatrical in this abounding luxury and display. I seemed to be living in a city where wealth, imperial power, unexampled conquests, desired to display and reveal themselves with the ostentation and pride we associate with cities like the Constantinople of the later Roman Empire and of the Babylon of an earlier period. I have lived for nearly forty years in a great city—in some respects the greatest city in the world—but in its dingy and comparatively modest mansions I see a contrast with the daring opulence of New York houses as great almost as there is between London and an English provincial town.

THE NEW FIFTH AVENUE

The Fifth Avenue of the early eighties, when I first saw it, is, of course, quite unlike in many respects the Fifth Avenue of last year when I passed through it again. It is no longer the somewhat quiet and somber place, with its long and uninterrupted rows of brown-stone private mansions, which it then for the most part was. The tranquillity has given place to an immense tumult and activity. But still there are things that seem to remain the same; and one of these is that same intense love of the gigantic, the splendid, and the artistic. In a small German village I have often been struck with the curious poetry that the people are able to put into what with us in England

is the most prosaic of enterprises and institutions. The London butcher's shop is not an attractive spectacle; but in Germany I have often seen the butcher's shop so covered with garlands—a thing of such a pleasant commingling of white marble and green leaves as almost to make you forget the viler side of the trade.

In the same way—but on an altogether larger scale—I was immensely struck in New York with the extraordinary things which the potent life-spirit of the city can put into so commonplace a thing as mere shops, or stores, as you would call them. Bond Street is an historic thoroughfare in London—has been the resort of our dandies and our coquettes for more than one century—and its stores are neat, clean, well ordered.

SHOPS THAT ARE PALACES

But what a poor, insignificant thing even the finest jeweler's store of Bond Street or of Regent Street in London is in comparison with such a place as that in which Tiffany now stores his wares. Or take Altman's—I believe a big dry-goods store. Compare it with, say, Whiteley's or John Barker's or any other of our great caravanseries in London. It is true that Whiteley's or John Barker's might cover a great deal more space of ground; but, after all, what is there in these great stores to mark them out from the buildings around? They are larger, and there are more of them; but they have the same height of elevation, they have the same kind of roof, their fronts consist entirely of the same deadly monotony of big glass windows and plain window-sash. When I passed Tiffany's or Altman's I felt as though I were passing, not a store given up to the somewhat prosaic work of selling jewels or underclothing, but by a palace artistic, dreamful, a reverie of beauty which some poet mind had fashioned as a lordly and beautiful pleasure-house. These shops were palaces for the *mag-nifico* who ruled an Italian city and state in medieval times rather than a mere shop where the ordinary citizen or his wife could go and haggle about their wares.

If I dwell on the gigantic and the beau-

tiful which you see in New York, it is because these seem to me to be the outward manifestation of what is the real temperament of New York. Behind these gigantic and beautiful fabrics there is the inspiring mind of the country, and that mind appears to me to be essentially grandiose. I do not speak of the American spirit as haunted by that perilous delusion which is called megalomania, when the man of ill-balanced mind is found to be spending all his substance in the illusion that he is the owner of millions. If there were some word which left in the "megalo" and left out the "mania," it is the word which I would apply to the American temperament. The life-spirit of New York is perhaps more virile, violent, and concentrated than in other parts of the country, but the spirit is common to all America, though in the metropolis you see its most remarkable and striking outcome. It is the spirit of a nation at once larger, newer, richer in material, and still more in possibilities, than any other nation that ever existed.

THE EBULLIENCE OF LIFE

Take the history of the country and of its settlement in one broad sweeping generalization, and you find that it may be summed up as the application to a soil, at once virgin and gigantic, of all the experience and all the courage and daring of all the other lands and all the antecedent ages. To America, with its vastness still unpeopled, came the young, the strong, the daring of all the world, with their accumulated knowledge and experience of the ages and the different nations behind them on the one hand, and, on the other, with their spirits fresh, impatient, filled with that intoxication which comes to those who escape to freedom and illimitable possibilities from the servitude and the cramped conditions of ancient countries and settled social castes. These two things in combination were bound to produce an ebullition of life; and this ebullience of life is what really lies behind the gigantic sky-scrapers and the palatial stores of New York.

It is the life-spirit of New York, in fact, which is more interesting even than its manifestations in edifice—or, to put the same idea in other words, the most in-

teresting thing in New York is its men and women. It is in them that you see this strange, resistless, inexhaustible, exuberant life-spirit revealing itself—often with something like frenzied activity. Put all the thousands of streams, big and little, from near and afar, into a small narrow and run them down a steep and abrupt descent, and you have Niagara Falls; and in the same way, put all the fevered energy of Europe, just escaped, and all the boundless energies of all the other cities, villages, and illimitable plains of America into a narrow tongue of land—and you have New York.

Thus it is that the European visitor becomes conscious at the very moment of his landing of a surging—a tumult, a deafening thunderousness of life—if I may coin such a phrase—which to him is bewildering, affrighting, and discomforting. All around him he sees the work of construction and reconstruction going on simultaneously. Beside the great skyscraper is another greater and huger skyscraper; the whole town seems to be in a constant process of creation and re-creation.

And the desire for movement seems to be something like a mania rather than a mere expression of ordinary city needs. The citizen to get down from up-town to the business region, at once has his elevated railroad. It may kill people. It may destroy all the pleasure of life in every house it passes by. It may induce premature birth, neurotic character, weedy frames. No matter! Right on the railroad must go, like some modern Juggernaut, obeying an impulse which is inborn, irresistible, and merciless. It has not time nor care to mark the victims as they fall under its wheels as it marches on, triumphant, devastating, merciless.

Or an underground railroad is necessary. The delving begins; goes on for years; meets every kind of difficulty—rock, water, impermeable mud; it goes right on all the same; and when it is finished there is a service which for rapidity and completeness is utterly beyond anything of which Europe even yet has begun to dream.

To move rapidly, ceaselessly, even through destruction and death—to move—that seems to be the dominating impulse of New York. There is no room

or time for pause. The New Yorker—indeed, the American generally—under the impulse of this spirit of restless and constant movement, undertakes a journey of two, three, six days as we undertake a journey from London to Edinburgh—the journey of one night. And often it strikes you that it is movement for mere movement's sake; the extorted obedience to a restless inner fever. And thus you get a sense of energy in New York by the side of which the energy of even London seems little better than lethargy.

A CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

And this restlessness does not end with the day. All through the night the street-cars and the railroads run—almost at the same breakneck pace. Their loud shouts and bell-rings beset the air through the long watches of the darkness. There does not seem to be such a thing in all the twenty-four hours of the New York day as one half hour of silence, of quiet, of pause. To the foreigner the city, for that reason, is for some time one of the most uncomfortable in the world. I never knew in the two or three weeks I spent in New York lately one night during which I had a decent and uninterrupted spell of sleep. I might as well have tried to sleep in the midst of a battle-field as during a New York night.

And when New York amuses itself, it gives one the same impression of looking to the feverishness rather than the intrinsic pleasurable-ness of what it does. Those vast restaurants where nightly men and women dine strike me as noisy, tumultuous, with rush and fever as their inspiring emotions. It is not merely that Americans in such resorts seem to me to speak more, and more loudly, than they do in our London restaurants, but that they seem also to me to be as hurried in their pursuit of pleasure as in their pursuit of business.

THE TRIUMPH OF MONEY

And this brings me to the second great dominating impression which the foreigner gets of New York—that is, its expensiveness. To me it seems as if a shilling in London went quite as far as a dollar—four times the amount—goes in New York. To a Londoner, money

seems to have no value for anybody in New York. You pay heavily for almost everything—for your rooms in a hotel, for your meals, for a carriage, for a drink—and the tip system—which was said once not to be American at all—has reached to such a point that it is a tax on any purse but the most opulent.

The triumph of money was not so borne in upon me in New York as the absolute necessity for it, and for a large amount of it. I did not see how any man of the middle classes could get any comfort out of the city if he passed the ordinary life of people I saw around me. We have, especially since the advent of the South African millionaire, immensely increased the cost of life in London; and our big hotels can now bear comparison in their prices with those of almost any city in the world. But every hotel seemed to me to be dear in New York. Everything, in fact, seemed dear. As I have said, your dollar went just the same length as our shilling in London.

I came, from this fact, to view New York in a curious spirit. Analyzing my emotions, I should describe them as a mixture of an immense admiration, an immense love, and an immense pity. The admiration was extorted by the sense of the wondrous vitality, courage, and possibilities of the city. It represented in reality and truth a new world—even a new birth of humanity. Those people—never satisfied with their achievement—never tired, never at rest—straining in the case of even a millionaire with the same enthusiasm and ferocity of effort as in the days of poverty—all moved by the same great gust of passionate activity—what was all this but a new world and a new birth of humanity?

AN ATMOSPHERE OF OPTIMISM

And these factors in the New York character account for the second feeling—the immense love which it inspires, especially in one of the same blood as that of so many of New York's citizens. For the whole and dominant atmosphere of the place is optimism; and optimism is the parent of some of the best of human qualities. All around you are people who hope to become rich beyond the dreams of avarice—who have their great dreams, and who are compelled by the very na-

ture of their environment to live as if the dreams had already been realized.

Go to the Waldorf-Astoria, and you begin to realize what is the country which lies behind New York and what tremendous and as yet but slightly garnered possibilities supply the capital with its wealth, its driving force, the fury of its life. In that huge caravansary you find them assembled from all parts of the vast continent—those men, usually with the chin whiskers, with the billycock hat, with the great round oaths, with those restless eyes that seem to be always searching a distant horizon of immense hopes and, at the same time, just penetrate to the depths of your soul when they are turned on to you—the men of the great mining world. It is that group of men which suggested to me the thought that there is something in the eye of almost every American that shows the penetration of the born and instinctive psychologist. In that vast life of restless ambition, of warring natures, of every man having to make his way and devil take the hindmost—in that nation every one can instinctively “place” you by a mere glance. The bell-boy who attends your room, the boy who draws up the elevator—he can tell whether the visitor who sends up his card is the reputable person who has a right to an interview, or the deadbeat who has come to try and victimize you.

FAIRY-TALES OF FORTUNE

In the Waldorf-Astoria there assemble, as I have said, every afternoon the mining-men of the United States; and there you can hear the stories—more like pages from the “Arabian Nights” than anything real or possible—of immense fortunes made in few years; of blacksmiths or hodmen or navvies who have grown to be multimillionaires. These men have come to get their money or spend their money in New York, and to supply their share of its extravagance, its feverish hunt for money and for pleasure. They swell its Niagara of expenditure and crowded life.

And with this optimism comes a great spirit of good-nature, of toleration, of helpfulness; and in no city in the world is there such a desire to entertain and

to honor the foreigner. Our hospitality is generous, but it is niggardly as compared with that of New York. They can't do enough for you. It is one of the surprising and one of the most delightful characteristics of the city that amid all that feverish and merciless struggle for existence which I have described, there is found time by the New Yorker for so many little acts of kindness and hospitality. You get not merely invitations to dinners; but the dinner has all kinds of little surprises which are meant to show you honor. Your rooms are filled with flowers that friends have taken the trouble to send you; and those flowers again are an example of that perfect wastefulness and lavishness which are characteristic of New York. You sometimes find one person sending you flowers that must have cost ten pounds—a sum which most of us would hesitate to spend in London even on the bouquet of a rich young bride.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

And, finally, you feel an immense pity for New York. What becomes of the weak, the unsuccessful, the poor in that tremendous rush of gigantic ambitions and of lavish cost? Side by side with the reckless good-humor, the extravagant optimism of many classes in New York, I thought I saw a somberness and unrest among the poor, a dull sense of a burden of life too heavy to bear. They seemed to me for the most sad, reticent, grim. And there is another class which I did not meet, but which must be even sadder and more pathetic, and that is the middle classes, who have to get along with moderate means in this carnival of luxury and extravagance and costliness.

You must have money, and plenty of it, to find life tolerable—that is what, finally, I felt about New York; and so I had it in my heart to forgive the ferocious combatant who seeks for it; the fallen combatant who has failed to attain it; and even the beautiful young woman who weds the elderly millionaire. And so New York represents to me the three virtues—it gives me faith, it gives me hope, it gives me charity.

HIS TALISMAN

BY ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

WITH A DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

WITH an interest almost feminine, Barry Thorpe looked at the ring lying in his hand. The stone was a great emerald, flawless, of wonderful color, and curiously set in a rim of dull gold designed by a craftsman of a bygone generation. Barry liked it, had always liked it. Beyond its beauty and its value, it held for him associations with his childhood. He had first seen it on his mother's finger, and many times he had watched her kiss it laughingly, and then hold hand and ring to her husband's lips.

"Kiss it, Barry! It's our mascot," she would say. And little Barry would kiss it, too, as his father and mother leaned together above his head with an ardor which their small son contemplated in philosophic tolerance for grown-ups.

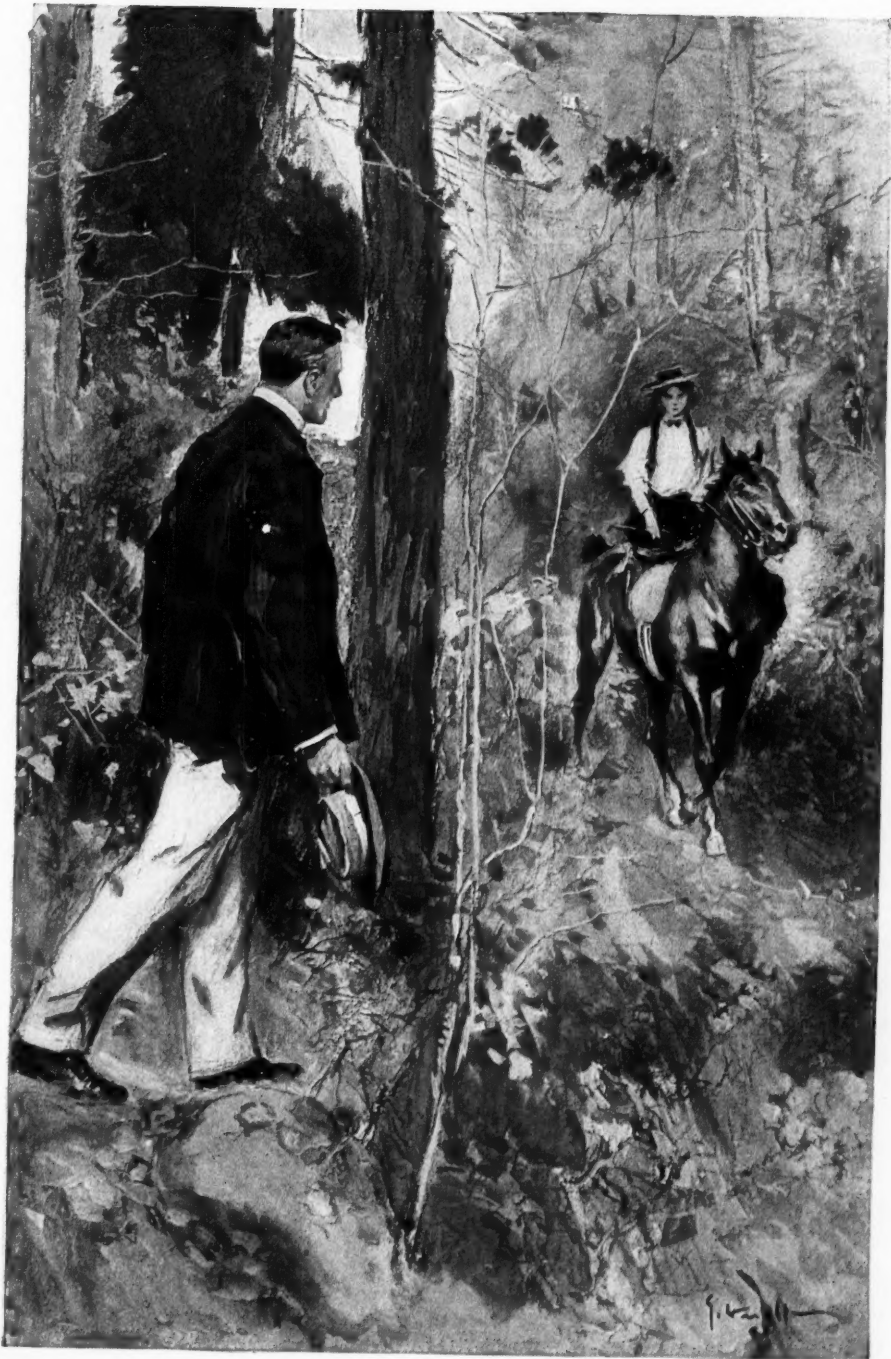
He had been born and brought up in an atmosphere of love, had Barry, and to-day the ring had power to recall those dear, lost faces, young and luminous and fair. When he was sixteen his father had been killed in a railroad accident, and six months later his mother died also; yet the boy escaped those sinister associations with death which too often color a child's life. Though she was ill and alone, his mother would not allow his school life to be broken in upon. Once only she sent for him, and then her dainty room, her bright-eyed alertness, as she lay among her pillows, the flowers everywhere making a vivid setting for the personality which all his life Barry associated with happiness—these things left upon his mind an impression of something triumphantly young and joyous never to be dispelled. Then it was that she gave him the ring.

"When you have found the woman you are to love, Barry, when you are sure of her and of yourself, then I want her to have this. It has been linked only with honor and happiness. Just before her death, your grandmother gave it to your father for me. It has been the love-token of two generations. Only remember always that it stands for the best, for love stronger than pain or sorrow or death! And if it is to bring you enduring happiness, Barry, you must be true, to yourself and to all women!"

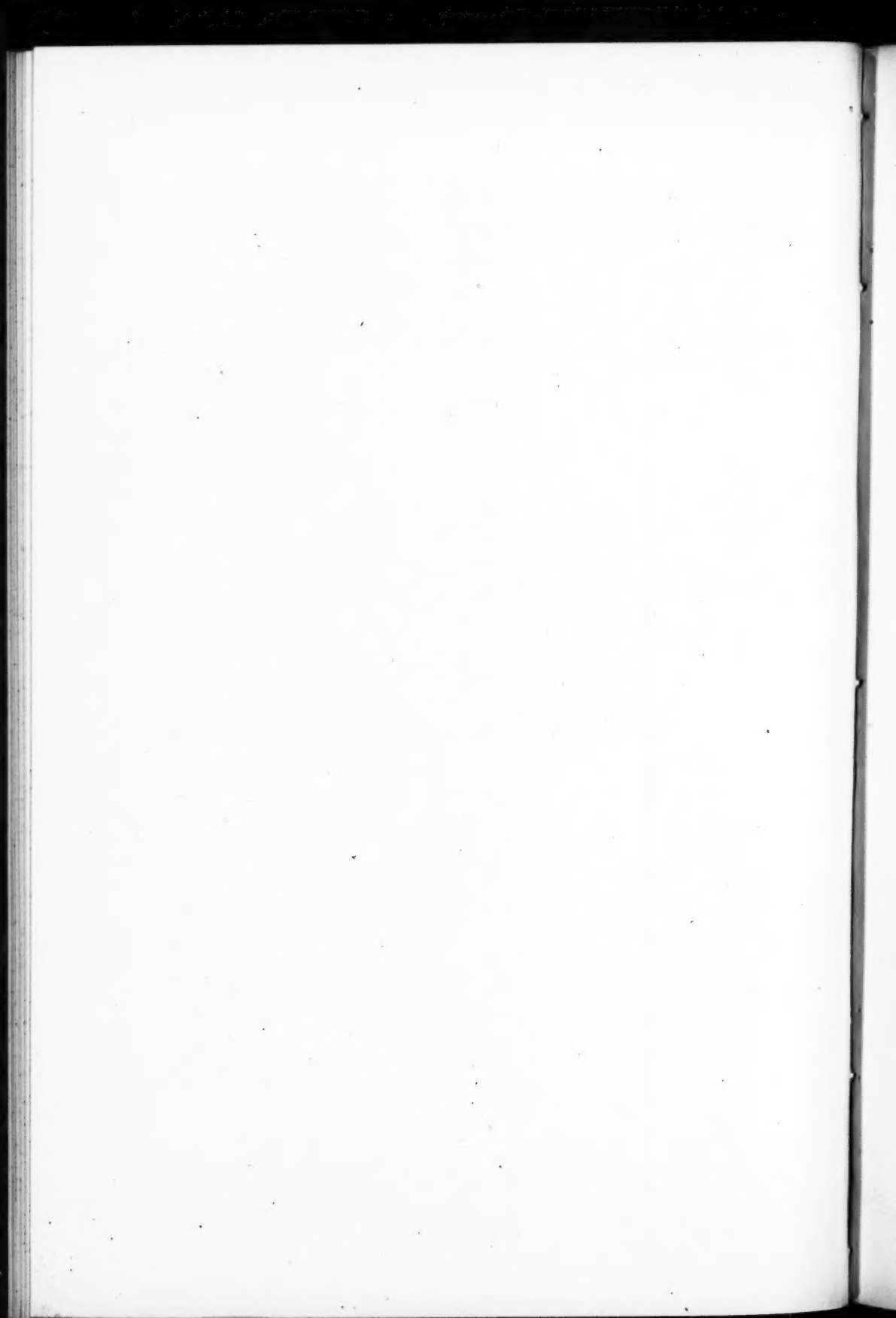
He remembered that he had kissed her and promised. He remembered the pure loveliness of her face at the moment, a loveliness of the brave spirit unaffected by the material. Later, years later, he learned that she had been dying of cancer, that she had suffered terribly. Yet this knowledge could not undo the work of years. To Barry only tranquillity and content and a magnificent gift for loving were associated with that young mother, thanks to her own choice and to the courage which had not forsaken her even at the end of the out trail!

The years since boyhood had been many and full to Barry. Manhood had brought him the responsibilities and the peculiar temptations of riches. He had faced moral dangers and no little disillusion. But deeper than the pessimism born of luxury, deeper than the scorn of sycophancy, of insincerity, of trickery, there lurked a boyish faith in the reality of love and truth and happiness, the faith that was his by birthright!

And now at last the one woman had stepped across his path like some fairy princess sprung of fairy conditions,



HE HURRIED DOWN THE NARROW BRIDLE-PATH BETWEEN THE PINES



wonderful, as youth and love are always wonderful; and Barry, down in that deep, boy heart of his, was glad, glad, glad! As he held the ring, standing there in the sunshine in sight of her window, he sent up a little prayer of thanksgiving, quite unorthodox in form but very reverent and honest, not only for this girl whom he loved, but also for that good, beautiful passion of two persons which had called him out of space, out of nothingness, to take his part in the fighting and living and loving of the clean earth!

II

HER aunt, Madame Dupré—elegant, graceful, with American experience superimposed upon French tact, French standards—invariably reminded him of a bird of prey, he never quite knew why. Yet Dupré himself Barry liked, and also the young Dupré, a frank, sportsman-like college youth, and both father and son appeared to like him. Toward the others, a gay group of people he knew casually and carelessly in town, he felt only good-tempered indifference tinged with impatience that just now they appeared a trifle in his way. For seeing Bettina alone had suddenly become difficult. It almost looked during the first few days after his arrival as if she avoided him, though when brought face to face with her at meals or on the tennis-court, she was as sweet, as interested, as charming as she had been during that first winter in town when he had found her.

Then, one night at dinner she sat next to him. It was a whim of Madame Dupré that each evening meal meant a new combination, and Barry made the most of his opportunity. He felt himself talking well, even brilliantly, and usually his reserve rather cut him out of the clever, personal chat which this little coterie of intimates enjoyed and to which Bettina was accustomed.

He smiled at her whimsically across his glass of *crème de menthe*. She had rallied him upon his unaccustomed repartee.

"Really, Miss Laird, it's you who say the things you have been accrediting to me!"

She laughed a little. "I'm conceited,

as you evidently have discovered, but even the most consummate egoism won't allow me to believe that my subconscious self is responsible for your *bons mots*!"

"And yet it's quite true." The humorous honesty of his voice, touched with some subtler emphasis, brought the color to her cheeks. She watched him with a shade more of interest in her eyes than she was accustomed to evince. Viewed in profile, he seemed to her older than most of the bachelors about the table. His black hair had an unexpected streak of gray across the temples, his face was thin, almost ascetic, in line if not in expression. Yet not Ted Graham on her other side, with his twenty-five years of flagrant youth and his mop of russet hair, had such young eyes.

Bettina had liked Barry Thorpe from their first meeting. He stood for social conservatism, for breeding, and for a quiet forcefulness among the more aggressive men she knew. And lately he had stood for something else, for a possibility full of alluring vistas, inasmuch as Bettina, though gowned by Worth, had never known the joys of financial or personal independence. She lived on the bounty of her aunt, and had early been brought to recognize her social duty, from the Dupré standpoint. Therefore, it was with a sense of expectation that she found herself agreeing to Barry's suggestion for a *tête-à-tête*.

"Yes, it is moonlight, and I will go after dinner," she said, and an hour later they were sauntering together across the lawn, up a long gentle slope to a hilltop whereon was perched a quaint temple-like structure, architecturally impossible, and yet, thanks to a triumph in landscape gardening, as picturesque as an Alpine chalet. Here they sat down for a moment to watch the lake glittering in the moonlight, and here at last Barry could tell his story. His face burned, his hands were cold, the moment long sought had come; and yet he feared—he did not know what! His fingers touched the ring in his pocket, and a curious sense of content and well-being stole over his spirit. After all, the thing was quite simple! He touched her hand. There was something confident and sweet in his voice.

"Dear, I think you have seen that I love you, that I want to marry you! Can you love me, Bettina?"

She knew that but one reply was possible, yet she sat like a stone. Was she not obviously up for sale, with nothing else expected of her? But she realized, suddenly, that this phase of the situation had never crossed his mind. His simplicity was like that of a confident child. He would believe anything she told him—and he would never marry her if he knew the truth!

He misconstrued her silence. "Forgive me! If you do not care, then this must seem an impertinence!" But she put out her hand and touched his cheek and he caught it eagerly. "Betty, my Betty, you do? Oh, my dear!"

Within his arms, his lips on hers, the thing seemed easy, for she had no sense of spiritual reaction or of physical repulsion. Only his faith, his utter joy, seemed to her terrible and inexplicable. Was he not a man of the world, knowing the world's code? Why, then, was he so incapable of perceiving the truth, which yet she would not tell him? His low laugh startled her. "I have been such a coward, Betty—so eaten up by the fear of loving the wrong woman, afraid that my money might count against my chance for a happiness like this! Ah, my-girl, it is so good to hold you, knowing by your touch that you 'love me back,' as children say!"

He laid the ring in her hands. "It was my mother's and my grandmother's, Betty. My mother told me about it—that it has been linked only with honor and happiness, the love-token of two generations—that it stands for the best, for love stronger than death! As my father's and my grandfather's hearts were true, so is mine true, beloved!"

He slipped it on her finger, and even in the moonlight she could see its quaint perfection.

III

NEITHER drawn curtains nor dense mist the next morning kept Barry in bed. He dressed rapidly and went out to tramp over the wet lawns, across the hills, to open country untouched by the magic of the landscape gardener. The house was too luxurious, the grounds too

exotic, to contain his happiness, his consciousness of world possession! It was not that he was restless, that he longed for a glimpse of Bettina. Rather, he liked being alone, free to think of her for a little without any effort after self-expression. Yet when he saw her unexpectedly upon his return to the Dupré boundaries the rush of pure joy made him wonder at his own capacity for emotion.

He leaped a low fence and hurried down the narrow bridle-path between the pines. She was riding, and her horse, a thoroughbred hunter, was sweating from the pace they had kept for many a mile, his smooth coat splashed with mud. The girl's heavy hair hung in two braids across her breast; about her forehead the short loose rings curled, her fairness seeming almost pallor against her dark hair. But when she saw Barry the blood rushed to her cheeks, and to him she was incarnate Morning!

He stood beside her horse looking at her without speech beyond the eloquence of his eyes and the boyish sweetness of his smile. But she did not lean down to him. Instead, she slipped suddenly to the ground and stood beside him. And now he realized that she was haggard, that her pointed chin was tremulous, her forehead drawn. When he would have taken her into his arms she barred him with her outstretched hands.

"Don't touch me, Barry Thorpe! You won't want to when you understand. It was not love of you but greed for your money which made me promise to marry you last night!"

The shock of it changed his eyes. Their eager youth went blank as if a fire in them had been blown out. But she rushed on, passionately, as though telling the truth were a sort of sacrament.

"All my life I have been brought up to look forward to a marriage of convenience, taught to look upon it as the part of wisdom, of common sanity. Yet I have lived in America, and my father was an American, and I always knew what men like you think of such marriages. But I tried to make you care for me, tried deliberately all this past year. Only I didn't dream you could love *so*! Yet I would have lived my lie out, if it had not been for—this!"

She held out his ring with something unconsciously dramatic, passionately Latin, in the grace and wildness of her gesture, the low intensity of her voice.

Barry took it, the strange, dazed look still in his eyes. She faced him proudly. "Last night I was normal, unscrupulous, at heart an adventuress for all the veneer of my social training. If it had not been for this ring I would have married you. If it had been a new ring, bought with your money for me, I should have kept it! But I looked at the dates, at the initials, and what you said of your mother came back to me in the night. I saw myself a thief, stealing what could only rightly belong to a woman who loved, a woman who should come to you freely, gladly, untouched by greed, glorified by passion!"

His strange look seemed to hurt her, to cripple her self-esteem, even to sear through the flesh to her sick soul. She put her arms around the horse's head and laid her cheek against the kind brute, who nuzzled her with puzzled affection.

But when Barry spoke she raised her head in astonishment to look at him. His voice rang, strong, confident. "And yet you told me!"

"Yes, I had to tell you!"

He touched the ring with his finger as it lay in the palm of his hand. "It's a touchstone, a talisman! Because of it, you did not brand me with the mark of hopeless failure which may damn a man's life, a man's soul! Because of it, you have been true, in spite of a hundred alien influences, to the highest code of woman's honor!"

She watched his face, fascinated by what she read there. He had never before seemed to her so virile and so winning, so worthy of a woman's best.

"Don't you see that I must be grateful to you? Only one thing I must know, is there a man you *do* love? Graham, or some other?"

"I am not that vile—no! And I believe there will never be any one!"

His look was as bright as the beam of sunlight which suddenly pierced through the masses of cloud.

"You've been thinking of me as a millionaire, Betty! Now that you have been honest with me, you will think of me as a man! And as a man I mean to win you yet, brave heart and dear body, all of you!" He slipped the ring upon his finger and smiled at her.

"Until you claim it, my lady!"

MUSIC

A RIPPLE of music,
Like waters at play;
Like little birds waking,
To sing in the day;
Like pearls of the Orient,
Fairer than dew;
Like silver bells ringing
Or violets blue;
Like revels of fairies
On pansy-beds sweet;
Like tales of vague beauty
The soft winds repeat;
Like blooms of wistaria
Blown on the air;
Like hyacinth-perfume
Or columbine fair;
Like gold of the sunshine
Or green of the grass;
Like tiny winds laughing
That dance as they pass,
So ripples that music
So winsomely wild—
That sweetest of music,
The laugh of a child!

Robert Francis Allen

TO HIM THAT HATH*

A STORY OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY LEROY SCOTT

XXIX (continued)

CONSTERNATION struggled on the faces of the five; they looked from the rigid, white figure of Rogers to the calm face of Mr. Chambers.

"It isn't so," declared one tremulously.

"We will leave the question to Mr. Rogers," said Mr. Chambers's unexcitable voice, and he pivoted in his chair so that his steady eyes pointed upon Rogers. "If Mr. Rogers is not 'Red Thorpe,' the one-time notorious safe-blower, with scores of burglaries and three terms in the penitentiary against him, let him say so. However, before he denies it, I shall tell him that I have all the police data necessary for his identification. Now, Mr. Rogers."

Their gaze on Rogers's face, all waited for him to speak—Jordon, astounded, the five pale with the fear of loss, the mayor glowering, David with a sense that supreme ruin was crushing upon them.

At length Rogers's lips moved. "It is true," he whispered.

"What if it is?" roared the mayor at Mr. Chambers. "There's nothin' agin him now!"

"I'm making no charges against him," returned Mr. Chambers. "This is merely some information it seemed his clients might be interested in having."

All eyes again turned upon Rogers. He came slowly to his feet, walked to Mr. Chambers's desk, leaned his hands upon it, and directed his large burning eyes down into Mr. Chambers's face.

"I have done many bad things, yes," he said in a voice, low, flame-hot, "but nothing as bad as you have just done. You have stolen more this minute than I have stolen in my lifetime."

He held his eyes, blazing with accusation, upon Mr. Chambers's imperturbable face for several moments, then looked about on the five owners. There was a chance, a bare chance, they might not turn against him.

"Yes, I am 'Red Thorpe,'" he said in a vibrant voice that became more and more appealing with every word. "I knew it would be found out—some day. There are some things I always told myself I'd say to the world when this day came. But to you I want to say only this: For ten years I've been honesty itself. I've been honest with you—you know it. If you stand by me, I'll do everything I've promised."

He stood rigid, awaiting their verdict. There was a strained silence. The five looked dazedly at Rogers, at one another, completely at a loss.

"If the gentlemen desire to entrust their affairs to a most dangerous criminal, one who might defraud them of everything, that is their privilege," put in Mr. Chambers quietly.

Their bewilderment was gone; Mr. Chambers's words had roused their property instinct. A murmuring rose among them.

David and the mayor sprang up, but Rogers raised a hand and they remained beside their chairs. A flame began to burn in his white cheeks, in his deep eyes.

"I knew this day was coming," he said in a low voice that had a bitter note of challenge. "Instead of you, you weaklings"—he looked at the five—"and you, you mere soulless Acquisition"—his eyes blazed at Mr. Chambers—"I wish I had the world before me. I'd like to tell it what a vast fool it is in its treatment of such as me—how

eyeless and brainless and soulless! Oh, what a fool! But the world's not here."

He was silent for a moment. "And why am I at an end?—why?" His answer rang through the room with a passionate resentment, with an agony of loss. "Because the world did not care to step in and point the right way to me. To save me would have been so easy! I was worth saving: I had brains—there was a man in me. Whose fault is it that I am now at the end—a miserable remnant of a man? The world's. I was robbed of my chance in life—robbed, yes, sir, robbed!—and I could have made it a splendid life! Ah, how I've wanted to make it a splendid life! And the world—the world that robbed me!—that world calls me criminal. And I must pay the penalty, and the penalty is—what you see! Oh, my God!"

For ten years Rogers had cherished the purpose of accusing the world on the day of his exposure; but now his loss was so overwhelming, speech to these people was so utterly useless, strength was so little, that he could say no more—could only, leaning against the desk, gaze in hatred and despair at Mr. Chambers and the owners.

The faces of the five were pale and blank. There was a trace of sympathy in Mr. Jordon's face, and a momentary change in Mr. Chambers's that indicated—who knows what?

David sprang to Mr. Chambers's desk, his soul on fire.

"This, sir, is an inhuman outrage!" he flung down into the older man's face.

"It might also have been of interest to Mr. Rogers's clients," Mr. Chambers returned calmly, "to have known the record of Mr. Rogers's associate."

David's wrath had no time to fashion a retort, for the mayor, at his side, hammered the desk with a great yellow-gloved fist. "That's what it is!" he shouted. "It's a low, dirty, murdering trick!"

"I merely acquainted his clients with his record—which they have a right to know."

A huge sarcastic laugh burst from the mayor, and he pushed his face down into Mr. Chambers's.

"You," he roared, "you, when you're

in a deal, you always show your clients *your record*, don't you!"

Rogers, out of whose cheeks the fire had gone, leaving them ashen gray, tugged at the mayor's sleeve.

"It's no use!—let's go!" he begged chokingly. "Quick!"

David's eyes blazed down upon Mr. Chambers. "Yes, let's leave the infernal thief!"

He took one of Rogers's arms; the mayor, shaking a huge fist in Mr. Chambers's face, took the other, and they made for the door. Mr. Chambers, still seated, watched Rogers's thin figure, head pitched forward and sunken between his shoulders, pass out of the office. Brushing people out of his way had become the order of his life, and he did it impersonally, without malice, as a machine might have done it. And Rogers was one of the most insignificant he had brushed aside.

"Mr. Rogers, as of course you are aware, has not the rights of a citizen," Mr. Chambers said to the five. "His agreement with you is invalid; he cannot hold you to it. If you will kindly wait in the next room a moment, Mr. Jordon will speak with you."

After they had filed out he remarked to Jordon: "They are stampeded. They will come to your terms. I leave them in your hands." He touched the button on his desk and his secretary appeared. "If Senator Speed has come," he said, "ask him to step in."

When David and Rogers were home again, and the mayor and his profanity had gone, there was a long silence during which both sat motionless. David searched his mind for some word of hope for Rogers, who was a collapsed bundle in a Morris chair, gazing through the window into the dusky air-shaft.

At length he bent before Rogers and took his hand. "We'll go to some new place together, and start all over again," he said.

Rogers turned his face—the only part of him that the deepening twilight had not blotted out. It seemed a bodyless face—the mask of hopelessness.

"It's no use—I'm all in," he whispered. "Even if I had the courage to make another fight, there's no strength."

He was silent for several moments. Then a low moan broke from him. "Ten years!" he whispered. "And this is the end!"

XXX

THE morning light that sank down the deep air-shaft and directed its dimmed gaze through the window, saw Rogers lying dressed on his couch and David sitting with sunken head at the window, a sleepless night on both their faces.

There had been little talk during the crawling hours, save when the mayor had dropped in near midnight and set walls and furniture trembling with his deep chest-notes of profanity. Even Tom, awed by the overwhelming disaster, moved noiselessly about and spoke only a few whispered monosyllables. The blow was too heavy to be talked of; too heavy for them to think of what should next be done.

Once, however, David, whose personal loss was almost forgotten in his sympathy for Rogers, had spoken of the future.

"There is no future," Rogers had answered. "In a few days the owners of my buildings will hear about me. They will take the agency from me. I have a few hundred dollars. That will soon go. And then—"

The dinginess in the light began to settle like the sediment of a clearing liquid, and the sense that the sun must be breakfast-high worked slowly to the seat of David's will. He rose, quietly set a few things in order, then put on his hat with the purpose of going to the Pan-American for his breakfast and to bring Rogers's.

As he started for the door Rogers reached forth his hand. "I'm glad you found out about me, Aldrich," he said. "I can never tell you how much you've meant to me during the last eight months, and how much you mean to me now."

David grasped the hand and looked down into the despairing eyes. "I'm glad," he said simply.

After a moment Rogers's weak grip relaxed and he turned away his face with a sigh. David went softly out.

While David was at breakfast—his appetite shrank from it—the mayor sat down at his table, which had the pri-

vacy of an empty corner. "By the way," the mayor whispered, "d'you have any idea yet how Chambers found out?"

"No more than yesterday. We told you of the call of that detective. He must have been from Chambers, and he must have made the discovery. But how, we don't know."

"Poor Rogers!" The mayor shook his head sadly, thoughtfully. His face began slowly to redden and his eyes to flash. He thrust out a big fist. "Friend, I don't believe in fightin'—but, say, I'd give five years to flatten the face that belongs to Mr. Chambers!"

David had to smile at the idea of the mayor and Mr. Chambers engaged in fisticuffs. "It's sad," he said, "but men like Mr. Chambers are beyond the reach of justice."

The mayor dropped his belligerent attitude. "Oh, I don't know. Mebbe they can't be reached with fists, or law—but there's other ways. And I'd like to jab him any old way. I've been thinkin' about that daughter o' his. Wouldn't I like to tell her a few things about her dad!"

The mayor swayed away in response to a summons from the kitchen, and a few minutes later David entered his room bearing in a basket Rogers's prescribed milk and soft-boiled eggs. Rogers drank down the eggs, which David had stirred to a yellow liquid, and after them the milk, and then with a gasp of relief sank back upon the couch.

As David was clearing up after the breakfast he heard some one enter the office, and presently there was a rap on the door between the two rooms. David opened the door and found, as he had expected, Kate Morgan. She wore her coat and hat, just as she had come from the street. On her face was a strange, compressed look, and her eyes were reddened.

"Can I come in?" she asked with tremulous abruptness.

"Please do," said David.

She entered and moved to the foot of the couch where she could look down on Rogers. "I've come to say something—and to say good-by," she announced.

"Say good-by?" Rogers sat up. "Good-by? Why? Oh, you have a new position."

"No. I've no right to be here. You won't want me when you know. So I'm going."

Her face tightened with the effort of holding down sobs. The two men looked at her in wonderment, waiting.

"You know how broke up I was when you told me about yesterday afternoon," she went on, "and how mad I was at Mr. Chambers. And then to find out what I have! . . . Here's what I've come to tell you. Yesterday afternoon and last night my father was drinking a great deal. I wondered where he got the money. This morning I went through his clothes while he was asleep; there were several dollars. I asked him about it. He lied to me, of course. But I got the truth out of him in the end.

"You remember that detective you told me about last night. When he left here yesterday about noon he happened to see my father sweeping off the sidewalk. He began to talk to my father, got my father to drinking, gave him some money. After a while my father—he'd learned it somehow—he told the detective—he told him you were 'Red Thorpe.'"

The two men were silent a moment, looking at the strained face down which tears were running.

"So that's how it happened!" Rogers breathed.

"Yes—my father told!" The tremor in her voice had grown to sharp sobs—of shame, agony, and wrath. "My father brought all this on you. And it's all because of me. If you both hadn't tried to be good to me my father would not have been here, and everything would have turned out right. It's all because of me!—all my fault!—don't you see? I know you'll both hate me now. I know you'll want me to go away. Well—I'm going. But I want to tell you how sorry I am—how sorry! . . . Good-by."

David wanted to speak to her, but this was Rogers's affair rather than his.

She swept them both with her brimming eyes. "Good-by," she said again, and turned to the door.

"Miss Morgan!" called Rogers.

She paused and looked at him.

"Don't go yet."

He rose and came to her with outstretched hand. "It wasn't your fault."

She stared dazedly at him. "You're ruined—you told me so last night. And I did it. Yes, I did it."

"No. You couldn't help it. You mustn't go at all."

She took his hand slowly, in astonishment. "Oughtn't I to go?" she quavered.

"You must stay and help bear it," he said.

She looked steadfastly into his eyes. "You're mighty good to me," she breathed in a dry whisper. And then a sob broke from her, and, turning abruptly, she went into the office.

In the afternoon David walked over to St. Christopher's to meet Helen Chambers. Besides his bitterness and his suspense over seeing her, David felt as he entered the door of the mission—what he had felt on his three or four previous visits—a fear of meeting some wrathful, upbraiding person who would recognize him. But he met no one except a group of children coming with books from the library, and, unescorted, he followed the familiar way to the reception-room, where Helen had written she would meet him. This room, like the rest of the mission's interior, was practically unchanged; and in this maintenance of old arrangements he read reverence for Morton. He wandered about, looking at the friendly, brown-framed prints that summoned back the far ante-prison days. The past, flooding into him, and his sense of the nearness of Helen, crowded out for the time all his bitterness over Rogers's destruction.

When Helen appeared he was for an instant powerless to move. She came across the room with a happy smile, her hand held out.

"I'm so glad to see you again!" she cried, and a little laugh told him how sincere her joy was.

"And I to see you!" he said.

"It's been—let's see—five months since I've seen you, and—"

"Five months and four days," the desire within David corrected.

"And four days," she accepted, with a laugh. "And there've been so many things during that time that I've wanted to talk to you about. But how are you?"

She moved near a window. She was full of spirits this day. The outdoor life from which she had just come, the wind, the sun, the water, were blowing and shining and rippling within her. She had never shown him this lighter side with more freedom than now—not even during the summer seven years before when for two weeks they had been comrades; and David, yesterday forgotten, yielded to her mood.

He frankly looked her over. She wore a tailor-made suit of a rich brown, that had captured some of the warm glow of sunlit autumn, and a little brown hat on which bloomed a single red rose. Her face had the clear fresh brown of six months' sun, and the sun's sparkle stored in her deep eyes beamed joyously from them. She was a long vacation epitomized, idealized.

"May I say," he remarked at length, "that you are looking very well?"

For her part, she had been making a like survey of him. His tall figure, which had regained its old erectness, was enveloped in clothes that set it off well; and his clean-lined face looked distinguished against the background of the dark-green window-hangings.

"You may," she returned, "if you will permit me to say the same of you."

They looked at each other solemnly for a moment. Then she broke into a laugh that had the music of summer.

Her face became more serious, but all the sparkle remained in it. "There are so many things I want to talk over with you. One is a check my father has just given me. Every autumn he gives me a sum to spend on philanthropic purposes just as I see fit—he never asks me about it. The check's for twenty thousand dollars. I thought you might have some suggestions as to what to do with it—something in line with what we have often talked about. But we'll speak of that and some other things later. First of all, have you heard anything from your book?"

"Not a word."

"You will—and favorably. And I want to say again what I've written. I think it's splendid as a piece of literary work and splendid as a work of serious significance. And Uncle Henry is just as enthusiastic as I am."

David reddened with pleasure, and his enthusiasm, dead for over a month, began to warm with new life. Her eyes were looking straight into his own, and the love that had several times urged him beyond the limits of discretion now pressed him again—and again all his strength was required to hold it silent.

"But come!—we were to walk, you know," she said, smiling lightly.

During their silent passage through the halls to the mission door it returned to him that she was the daughter of the man who, by an even-toned word, had destroyed one of his hopes and utterly destroyed all of Rogers's. His high spirit faded from his face, leaving it tired and drawn; and she, looking up at him, saw the striking change.

"Why, have you been ill?" she exclaimed.

A grim little smile raised the corners of his mouth.

"No."

"Then you've been working too hard. What have you been doing since you finished your book?"

He briefly told of his discharge and his acceptance of a position with Rogers—and while he spoke his fluent bitterness tempted him to go on and tell her father's act of yesterday.

"But this was over a month ago," she said when he had ended. "Have the expected developments in Mr. Rogers's business taken place?"

"Tell her all," Temptation ordered. He resisted this command, and then Temptation approached him more guilefully. "Tell her all, only give no names but yours and Rogers's, and no clues that would enable her to identify her father." This appealed to David's bitterness, and instantly he began.

He told her Rogers's true story, which, of course, he had as yet not done—of Rogers's fight, so like his own—of Rogers's deception of the world for ten years, that he might live honestly—of his loneliness during that time, his fears, his secret kindnesses—of the first stages of the real-estate deal—of the vast meaning of success to Rogers, and of its meaning to himself—and, finally, of the happenings of the day before.

"So you see," he ended, "this Mr. A—— has utterly destroyed Mr. Rog-

ers, in cold blood, merely that he might increase the profits of his company."

She had followed him with tense interest, and an indignant flame in cheek and eye had grown higher and higher.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded slowly, "that any man would do such a thing as that?"

"Yes—and a most respected citizen."

"It was heartless!" she burst out hotly. "That man would do anything!"

It filled David with grim joy to hear her pass such judgment upon her own father. At that moment he was untroubled by a single thought as to whether he had acted honorably to betray her into pronouncing such judgment.

"That man should be exposed!" she went on. "Honorable business men should ostracize him. Won't you tell me his name? Perhaps my father can do something."

An ironic laugh leaped into David's throat. He checked it. "No, I cannot tell his name."

Her indignation against the destroyer gave way to sympathy for the destroyed. She thought of Rogers defeated, despairing, utterly without chance. As they came to David's street her sympathy drew her into it.

"I'm so sorry for him!" she burst out. "So sorry! I wish I could do something. I'd like to go in and tell him what I feel—if you think he wouldn't mind that from a stranger."

"I'm afraid he would," said David grimly.

They fell silent. As they drew to within a block of the house David saw the Mayor of Avenue A, whom he had left with Rogers, come down the steps. The mayor recognized them instantly, and a smile began to shine on his pink face. He had long been wanting to meet Helen, and now the chance was his. He came up, his overcoat spread wide at the demand of his waistcoat, and, pausing, took off his hat with his best ballroom flourish.

"I've heard a great deal about you through Mr. Aldrich," Helen said, when David had introduced them. "I'm very happy to meet you."

"And I'm happy to meet you, miss," he returned, bowing, making a graceful

sweep with his hat, and vigorously shaking the hand she had given him.

"And me, I've heard about you a lot—and that long before I saw Mr. Aldrich."

"From St. Christopher's, I suppose?"

"Yes, there—and elsewhere," said the mayor, smiling gallantly. "On the society pages. I've seen lots o' pieces about you, and seen your picture there among the beauties of society."

The mayor expected to see her blush with gratification and ask for more—as women always did. But she quickly shifted to another subject.

"Mr. Aldrich has just been telling me of a business affair you, he, and Mr. Rogers have been engaged in."

"Oh, has he?"

The mayor, in the agreeable experience of meeting Helen, had forgotten there was such a person as her father. But he was the gallant no longer. His feet spread apart, his face grew stern, and he looked Helen squarely in the eyes.

"Well!" he demanded. "And what do you think o' your father now?"

"My father?" she said blankly.

David caught his arm. "Keep still, Hoffman!" he cried roughly.

The mayor looked from one to the other in astonishment. "What!" he cried. "D'you mean you hadn't told her it was her father?"

The color of summer faded slowly from Helen's face, and a hand reached out and caught a stoop-railing. Her eyes turned piercingly, appealingly, to David. After a moment she whispered, "My father?"

He nodded.

Her head sank upon her breast, and for moment after moment she stood motionless, silent.

The mayor, when he had thought of her as an instrument to strike her father, had not thought the instrument itself might be pained. Filled with contrition, he stammered:

"Please, miss, I'm sorry—I didn't mean to hurt you."

She did not answer; she seemed not to have heard. A moment later she lifted a gray, drawn face to David.

"Mr. Aldrich," she said tremulously, "will you please put me in a cab?"

In the cab she sat with the same stricken look upon her face. She had, as David had once said to the mayor, always regarded her father as a man of highest honor. She had never felt concerned in his business affairs, or any business affairs, despite the fact that her interests overreached in so many directions the boundaries of the usual interests of women, and despite the fact that her heart was in various material conditions which business had created and which business could relieve.

Seen from the intimate view-point of the home, her father was generous and kind. She had heard of the reports that circulated in the distant land of business, and she had glanced at some of the articles that had appeared in years past in magazines and newspapers, and she was aware that stories were then current. The conception she carried of her father had given the silent lie to all these reports. As David had said, she believed they sprang from jealousy, or false information, or a distorted view. They had troubled her little, save to make her indignant that her father was so maligned; and even this indignation had been tempered with a philosophic mildness, for she had remembered that since the world began it had been the fate of every man of superior purpose, or superior parts, or superior fortune, to be misunderstood and to be hated.

But, all of a sudden, her conception of her father was shattered. This thing he had indubitably done was certainly not without the legal law, and perhaps not wholly without the cold lines of the moral; but it was hard-hearted, brutal.

"The man who would do that would do anything," she had said to David; and all the way home in the cab this thought kept ringing through her consciousness, and kept ringing for days afterward. It led logically and immediately to the dread question: "After all, may not these other stories be true?"

Helen did not belong to that easy-conscienced class who can eliminate unpleasantness by closing their eyes against it. She had to face her question with open vision—to learn what truth was in it. She secured all she could find in print about her father and read it behind the locked door of her room. There

was case after case in which her father, by skilful breaking of the law, or skilful compliance with it, or complete disregard of moral rights, had moved relentlessly, irresistibly, to his ends over all who had opposed him. The pictures these cases drew were of a man it sickened her daughter-love to look upon—a man who was truly, as the articles frequently called him, an "industrial brigand," and whose vast fortune was the "loot of a master bandit."

The articles seemed woven of fact, but she could not accept them unsubstantiated. She must know the truth—beyond a single doubt. At the same time, she, her father's daughter, could not go to the men he had wronged, demanding proof. At length she thought of her Uncle Henry, whom she loved and trusted, and whom she knew to be intimately acquainted with her father's career.

To him she went one night and opened her fears. "Are these things true?" she asked.

And he said, "They are true."

She went away feeling that the whole structure of her life was tottering. And two questions that before had been vaguely rising became big, sharp, insistent: What should be her attitude toward her father, whom she loved? And what should be her attitude toward his fortune, which she shared?

XXXI

WHEN David handed Helen Chambers into the cab she had not spoken to him, had not even said "Thank you," and had rolled away without giving him so much as a backward glance. He felt certain that she was deeply offended, and this conviction grew as day after day passed without a word from her. It had been brutal on his part and the mayor's to strike her so. He felt that she must detest him for doing it, and especially for trapping her into denouncing her father.

But there were other things to be thought of during these days. There was his future, upon which, uncertain as it was, he saw that Lillian Drew was to be a parasite; for she had made another call—while Kate was out of the office; he was thankful for that—and had car-

ried away the larger fraction of his small store of money. He was again face to face with a difficulty which he had been able to surmount before only with, as it were, his last gasping effort. What he should do he had no idea. But his own future he thrust aside as being a less pressing problem than Rogers's future and Rogers's present.

As Rogers had predicted, the fact that he was "Red Thorpe" quickly reached the ears of his clients, and they all lost no time in withdrawing their property from his charge. The owner who had forced David's dismissal as janitor demanded, with the same delicacy he had shown in his scene with David, that Rogers should vacate the rooms he occupied; but Rogers had a lease, and, moreover, had paid a month's rent in advance, so they were not forced into the street.

These days were for Rogers solid blackness. David had promised to share with him, but he saw that there was doubt of David's having anything to share; and even if David did, that would be charity, and but little more agreeable than public charity, which was becoming his great dread. That he who had the brains to achieve independence, who had been on the verge of fortune, should have come to his present extremity—this filled him with wild revolt.

Kate, with a subdued gentleness that begged to serve; Tom, with his alert willingness; David, with his constant presence and consideration; the mayor, with his ever-ready vituperation and his bluff words of hope that rang hollow—they all tried to lift the draping blackness from about Rogers—and failed, because they had nothing but blackness to hang in its place. But some definite plan for the future had to be made, and Rogers himself made it. Since Colorado was out of the question, he would, as soon as the month was up, secure as cheap a room as he could find and try to stretch his small funds to reach the day when he would need no more.

Tom wanted to go to work, but David prevailed on him to continue in school. "Something good will surely turn up," David said to the boy. But day after day passed, and nothing did turn up. He was on the point of yielding to Tom when into the general gloom

there shot, for him, a bright shaft of hope. Ten days after he had put Helen Chambers into the cab a letter came to him addressed in her handwriting. He hardly dared open it, for he expected reproof—delicately conveyed, of course, but still reproof. When he drew the letter from its envelope an enclosure fell unheeded to the floor. Instead of censure, he found this:

It seems your address was not on your manuscript, so Mr. Osborne has sent the enclosed letter to you in care of me. I can hardly refrain from opening it, for I feel certain there is good news in it. I congratulate you in advance!

You know how interested I am; so I know you'll come and tell me all about it just as soon as you learn the book's fate. You'll find me in almost any time.

David picked up the envelope—stamped in one corner with "William Osborne & Co.," a name he had once worshiped from afar off—ripped it open, and read the following, signed by Mr. Osborne himself:

We have been greatly interested in your story. If you will call at your convenience I shall be glad to talk with you about it.

David stared at the three typewritten lines. The letter was not an acceptance—but then it was not a rejection. A wild hope leaped up within him. Could it be that here was the way out of his present situation? Could it be that the success he had failed of five years before was at last to be won? He dared not let himself be drawn to these dizzy heights; he knew how far it was to the ground. So he told himself, chokingly, it could not be possible. Still, he admitted chokingly, there was a chance.

He slipped away without daring to hint at his hope—there would be time for telling later, if there was anything to tell—and at ten o'clock he reached the little dingy-faced building off Union Square that was the home of William Osborne & Co.

At first he had not the courage to enter. He remembered, as he walked on, a manuscript he had left here six years before. He had been allowed to carry it away—as he doubtless would this. When he reached the door again

he drove himself in and was carried to the top floor in a little, creaking elevator, and before his courage had time to recede he had given his name to a boy to be carried to Mr. Osborne.

In a moment the boy returned and led him to the rear of the large, desk-filled room and ushered him into an office, in which at a desk sat a white-haired man chatting with two visitors. The white-haired man rose as David entered, and smiled a kindly, spectacled smile. "I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Aldrich. If you'll excuse me for a minute, I'll be right with you."

David sat down in the chair he indicated, and waited with pulsing suspense for the two men to go. There, on one corner of Mr. Osborne's desk, which was littered with letters, manuscripts, and magazine page-proofs, he saw his book. He felt, as he waited, almost as he had felt five years before during the suffocating minutes between the return of the jury with its verdict and the verdict's reading. The verdict on the book was ready; what was it to be?

At length the two men went away. Mr. Osborne turned from the door and came toward David, smiling cordially, his hand outstretched. "Let me congratulate you, Mr. Aldrich!" he said heartily.

David rose and put a nerveless hand into Mr. Osborne's. "You mean—you like it?"

"Indeed, I do. If you and I can come to an agreement, we shall be glad to publish it."

David gazed swimmingly at him. There was a whirling, a bubbling, within him, but he managed to say, with fair control: "It's hardly necessary to say how happy I am to hear that."

Mr. Osborne sat down, and David automatically did likewise.

"You, Mr. Aldrich, have particular reason to feel happy. We print a great many well-written, dramatic stories—stories which are just that and no more. That, of course, is a great deal. But when a book, without impairment to its dramatic and artistic quality, leaves a profound impression regarding some aspect of life, that book has an element of bigness that the other stories lack. Yours is such a story, Mr. Aldrich."

David felt as though he were reeling off his chair. "Yes?" he said.

Mr. Osborne went on to praise the book in detail. After a time he proposed terms. David took in hardly a word of the offer; his mind was overrunning with his success, his praise. But he accepted the terms instantly.

This settled, Mr. Osborne picked up several yellowed typewritten sheets from his disordered desk. "By the way, are you the David Aldrich who submitted us a story five or six years ago?"

"Yes," said David.

"Here are the readers' opinions on it. I thought you might be interested in them, so I had them brought in."

He handed the sheets to David, and when he saw that David had glanced them through, he remarked:

"You see they all amount to the same. 'The author knows how to write, but he does not know life.' I remember the story very distinctly. I recall that, at a conference we had over it, we all agreed that, if you came to know life, you would probably succeed; that if you did not, you would probably fail." He gazed steadily at David through the kindly spectacles. "Since then, Mr. Aldrich, you have come to know life."

"I think I have." He strained to keep his voice natural.

"Yes, you have come to know life—to feel it. If you can keep on repeating this performance you are going to succeed, and succeed in a large way."

David did not dare to respond to this last sentence; he knew that his voice would not be steady.

"Here's another point I want to speak of," Mr. Osborne went on. "We can use several short stories from you in our magazine. If you have any, or will write some, that are anywhere near as good as the book, I can guarantee acceptance."

It was a moment before David could trust himself to speak. "I have none, but I should like to write some." Then he suddenly remembered he did not have enough money to carry him through the period that must elapse before the stories could be written and paid for. "But I fear I'm not in a position to write them just now," he added.

Mr. Osborne had had thirty years' ex-

perience with the impecuniosity of authors—even of authors as well dressed as David. "Money?" he queried.

There was no taking offense at the friendly way he asked this. "Yes," David confessed.

"I think we can solve that difficulty. I don't know how the book there is going to sell. I was a publisher before you were born, but after all my experience I have to regard the commercial side of publishing as pretty much of a gambling game. Critically, your book is certain of success. Financially—I don't know. It may win in a large way; I hope so. It may even fail—which, however, with so good a book I hardly think possible. You are sure of at least a moderate sale. Suppose, then, I make you an advance on your royalty. That will make it possible for you to write the stories. Say—let's see—well, three hundred. Will that do?"

David felt, as he had felt since he had heard his verdict, that to venture beyond a monosyllable would be to explode. He swallowed. "Yes," he said.

"Very well, then. We'll say three hundred. Do you prefer check or cash?"

"Cash."

Ten minutes later David entered the street, three hundred dollars in his pocket, his heart filled with the coin of joy, of hope. He wanted to run, to shout, to fly—and it took all his control to hold in his desire. His face was the glowing likeness of triumph.

At last the success he had prayed for, striven for, given up, had come!

He turned northward, to carry the news to Helen Chambers. A suggestion of hers flashed into his mind: the book might help pay his debt to the mission. Obeying impulse, he walked into a bank he was passing at the instant, and when he came out there was in an inner coat-pocket a draft for two hundred dollars made out to the Rev. Joseph Franklin.

All the way to Helen's door there was no pavement beneath his feet. When he had called there the last time—the time he had read her part of the story; he was a shabby creature then—he had borne himself very humbly toward the footman. Now, he asked for Miss

Chambers with a buoyant ring in his voice, and fairly flung his coat and hat upon the astonished servant; and he bowed with a new dignity to Mrs. Bosworth, whom he met on the stairway.

As he entered the drawing-room Helen came quickly toward him. "I can read the news in your face!" she cried. "It's there in great headlines. I'm so glad!"

He laughed joyously as he caught her hand. "Yes, Mr. Osborne took it! He took it!"

"I knew he would! And he likes it? Tell me—how does he like it?"

"You must ask him. But—he likes it."

"Immensely—I'm certain. Come, tell me all about it!"

They sat down and David told her of his half-hour with Mr. Osborne. Since receiving her note that morning he had not once thought of the end of their last meeting. If he had, and had been aware of the pain that meeting had brought her, he would have marveled at the ease with which she threw her misery aside for the sake of a more friend, a dishonored friend. But he did not wonder; he just drank recklessly of the glorious draft compounded of her praise and her joy in his joy.

At the end he told her of the three hundred dollars—never thinking that it was little more than the price of the simple-looking gown she wore, that it was but a penny to the quiet furnishings of the drawing-room, that it was her father's income for perhaps less than a quarter of a business hour. And, completely abandoned to the boyish happiness that forced him to share everything, he told her of the draft for two hundred dollars.

Her face shadowed. This man, who was paying back, had suddenly brought to mind her father, who was not paying back. But quickly a deep glow came into her eyes. "You should be as proud of this as of any of the rest," she said; and added, with a little catch in her voice, "I'm glad."

"You are going to win all you started out to win," she went on in her low-pitched, vibrant voice. "You are going to clear your name; you are going to make the world respect you; you are

going to achieve a personal success; you are going to carry out your dream to help save the human waste. Your life is going to be a rich life."

His success, her words, the glowing sincerity in her brown eyes, swept him to the heights of exaltation. Suddenly his love tried to burst from him.

He leaned toward her. "And there's something else to tell you," he said huskily.

"Yes?"

But he did not go on. Instantly his love was being fought back. Exalted though he was, the thought had rushed into him that he had no right to speak. He grew pale with the struggle, and sat staring at her, dizzy, choking.

"Yes? What is it?" she asked.

He swallowed hard. "Some other time," he said. He stood up. "I must go. I've stayed longer than I should."

She gave him her hand. "When the time comes, I shall be glad to hear it."

He looked into her steady eyes, and saw that she had no guess of what the thing was. "The time will never come," he said.

XXXII

WHEN David reached home the mayor had just brought over Rogers's luncheon, and Kate, with the help of Tom, was arranging it on the table. He threw his happiness among them in a score of words.

The mayor stepped forward, his face ruddied with a smile.

"Friend, put 'er there!" invited his rough diaphragm, and David put his hand to bed in the big, mattress-soft palm. "Well, sir, I'm certainly happy—that's me! On the level, when I first heard you were tryin' to write a book, said I to myself, private-like, 'He'd better be makin' tidies.' But you're the goods, friend! Every man and woman on the avenue has got to buy one o' your books, you bet!"

"Say, pard, you're certainly it!" cried Tom, who had seized him from the other side. "Dat puts you on top—way up where you belong. An' no more worryin' about de coin!"

"I'm glad, too—you know that, Aldrich!" said Rogers, grasping David's hand. Rogers's face was drawn; David's

success had freshened, emphasized, his own failure. "I wish both of us could have pulled out. But if only one of us could, it's best that that one is you. I'm glad, Aldrich!"

David felt the pain behind Rogers's words, felt their pathos, and he suddenly was ashamed of his success. "It's because I was doing something where the world did not have to trust me," he said apologetically.

"It's because you are the exceptional man, doing the exceptional thing. They have a chance. The others have not."

David's eyes fell upon Kate. She had not moved since he had announced his good fortune; she stood with her hands upon the table and leaning slightly against it, her white, strained face fastened on David. "I'm glad, too," she now said, in a voice that had a trace of tremolo; and, turning abruptly, she went into the office.

In there, alone, she sat at her desk with her cheeks in her hands. Soon, with a little burst of despair she cried out, "Why did this have to happen!" And she added, with a moan: "Oh, David, this puts you such a long ways off!"

The next day he had a note from Helen saying that she wanted very much to see him.

"You remember my speaking to you about the check for twenty thousand dollars my father gave me," she said, when he called in the afternoon. Her face was pale and she spoke with an effort. "I've decided what to do with it. I want you to help me."

"If I can," he said.

"I've been thinking a great deal about Mr. Rogers." She paused, then went on, her voice more strained. "He should not have lost that money. I have cashed the check. I want to give the money to Mr. Rogers—not as a gift, but as property that belongs to him."

He looked wonderingly into her pained eyes. "You're in earnest?" he said slowly.

"I am—I must do it. And I want you to take the money to him, from"—she obeyed a sudden instinct to shield her father—"from my father."

His anger against her father suddenly flamed up. "From your father?" he

said ironically. "I know how much your father knows of this plan!"

She went on as if she had not heard him, though she had quivered at his words. "I want you to take the money to Mr. Rogers. You will know what to say."

The full significance of what she had said was just dawning upon him. He gazed at her, wondering what must have been passing in her mind these last few days. "Mr. Rogers is very proud," he said. "He'll not take the money—at least, not from me."

"You're certain?"

He shook his head.

"Then I must take it to him myself."

She rose. "I'll be ready in a few minutes. You must come with me."

He rose also. Her white face that met him so squarely told him how deeply she must have felt, how strong her determination was.

"Yes, I'll come with you," he said.

When she reentered the library she was dressed in the suit of autumn brown, and the brown hat with its single rose, which she had worn the day they had met at St. Christopher's. He knew she felt the matter of her errand too keenly to speak of it, and too absorbingly to speak of anything else; and so, in silence, they went out into the street.

Twenty minutes later they entered Rogers's office. "Just wait a minute, while I tell him you're here," whispered David, and entered the living-room, where Rogers was. A little later he brought her in, introduced her to Rogers, and withdrew.

Helen had never seen Rogers. Her picture of him was purely of the imagination, and imagination had put in its picture the hard lines, the hangdog look, and the surly bearing that might well remain in the face and manner of a reformed criminal. She was totally unprepared for the slight figure with the wasted, intellectual face that rose from an easy-chair by the air-shaft window, and for the quiet gesture and even voice with which he asked her to be seated. She recognized instantly that to make him accept the money would prove a harder task than she had expected.

"Thank you," she said, and, sitting down, she studied Rogers's face for the

moment she was adjusting her faculties to the new difficulty. "Did Mr. Aldrich tell you why I wished to see you?"

"No." He would be courteous to her for the sake of the request David had made to him, but his hatred of her father allowed him to make only a monosyllabic reply.

To speak words that would show warm sympathy for him, and no disloyalty to her father, that was her problem. "Mr. Aldrich has told me of your land enterprise and how—it failed," she said with a great effort, feeling that her words were cold and ineffective. "He told me how you lost a large sum that you had practically gained. He told me that it was—my father—that made you lose it."

Her first effort would carry her no further. He nodded.

She clutched the arms of her chair, breathed deeply, and drove herself on. "You should not have lost it. I have come to bring you—to ask you to let me return to you"—a brown-gloved hand drew a roll of bills from the bag in her lap—"this money that belongs to you."

She held the elastic-bound roll out to him. His interlocked hands did not move from his lap. "I don't just understand," he said slowly. "You mean that this money is the equivalent of what I should have made in the land deal?"

"Yes."

His face tinged faintly with red, his bright eyes—he had discarded glasses, since a disguise no longer served him—darted quick flames, and he leaned toward her.

"Do you think I can take as a gift that which I honestly earned?" he demanded in a low, fierce voice.

"But it is not offered as a gift. It is restitution."

"Restitution! So you want to make me restitution? Can you restore the strength despair has taken from me? My good name was built on deception, but I had worked hard for it, and it was dear to me. Can you restore my good name? I've lost everything! Can you restore everything?"

The ringing bitterness of his voice; the wasted face, working with the passion of despair; the utter hopelessness of the future which her quick vision

showed her—all these stirred a great emotion which swept her father from her mind. Before, she had sympathized with Rogers abstractly; now, her sympathy was for a hopeless soul, bare and agonizing beneath her eyes. Her words rushed from her, in them the throb of her heart. "No! No! I can't give them back—no one can. Oh, what a wrong it was! What a shame!"

He stared at her. The bitterness on his face slowly gave place to surprise.

"Oh, but it was a shame!" she cried, her face aflame, her voice aquiver. And then a sense of the irretrievableness of this wreck laid hold upon her, and a quick sob broke forth. She felt a sympathetic agony for Rogers, and an agony that she, through her blood, was the cause of his wrecked life.

"Oh, it was terrible, terrible! You are right. Restitution cannot be made—only the pitiful restitution of money. But you must let me make that—you must!"

He felt that he was speaking to a friend, and it was as to a friend that he said quietly, "I can't."

"But you must!" She was now thinking of but one thing, how to force him to take the bills. "I'm not doing you a favor. I'm asking a favor of you. I come to you in humility, contrition. The money I bring is not my money—it is your money. My father entered your house and took it; I bring it back to you. You merely accept your own. You see that, don't you? Surely you see that!"

Rogers did not answer at once. He was so dazed by the rush of her words—words that sprang from complete sympathy and understanding, words that

might have come from his own heart—that he could not.

She had risen now and stood above him. "You understand, don't you?" she went on imploringly. "My father has done wrong; I feel it just as though I had done it. My conscience forces me to repair the wrong as far as I can. You must take this money for my sake, don't you see?"

He rose and started to speak, but she cut him off. "I know what is in your heart; your pride wants you to refuse. If you refuse, you do only one thing: you deny me the relief of partially correcting a wrong. That is all. Is it right for you to deny me that? Will you yourself not be doing a wrong?"

He was trembling; she had taken the only road to his consent. But he made no motion toward the money in her outstretched hand.

"For my sake—I beg you—I implore you." She spoke tremulously, simply. "If you like, I'll go down on my knees."

He held out a thin hand, and she laid the money in it. "For your sake," he said huskily.

"Thank you," she said.

Helen felt herself growing weak and dizzy—the reaction was setting in. "I must go. I can't ask you to forgive me—but won't you let me, as one that would like to be regarded as a friend, wish that there may be brightness ahead which you don't see?"

She held out her hand timidly. He grasped it. He could not speak.

"Thank you," she whispered, and slowly turned away. At the door she looked back.

"My best wishes are with you," she said, and went out.

(To be continued)

THE SUN'S ROSES

THE sun dropped all his roses down,
Just at the close of day,
And every river, lake, and bay
Looked up, and wished, in her sweet way,
Hers was the bright bouquet.

The roses fell—a crimson shower;
The great sun left the west;
One little brook, her love unguessed,
Long after he had gone, still pressed
His roses to her breast.

Alice E. Allen



BON VOYAGE

When unto other lands dear heart, you go,
And smiling friends at every turn you greet,
Keep in your heart a place for one you know
Who dares not now your eyes in frankness meet.

Dares not, because his trembling lips would fail
If in your eyes he read what he would know.
Silence, of pain or bliss, would sure prevail
And no farewells be said ere far you go.

Good-by! A pleasant voyage all the way,
A sunny sky, a calm and stormless sea!
And in my heart a little prayer I'll say:
A safe and quick return, dear one, to me.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY